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A

TREATISE

OF THE

HYPOCHONDRIACK

AND

HYSTERICK

DISEASES.

In THREE DIALOGUES.

By *B. MANDEVILLE*, M.D.

Scire Poteſtates Herbarum uſumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas *agitare inglorius artes.*
Æneid. Lib. xii.

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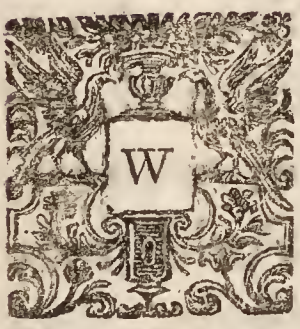


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THE PREFACE.



WHEN the crafty Tempter of Mankind, meditating their Ruin, attack'd our firſt Parents in their Pride, he ſhew'd himſelf profoundly skill'd in humane Nature; from which the Vice I named is ſo inſeparable, that it is impoſſible the latter ſhould be ever entirely deſtroy'd, as long as the firſt remains. I have no Deſign, Reader, to tire you with the Catalogue of irretrievable Calamities it has been the Occaſion of, both before and ſince the Creation; but ſhall

only obſerve to you, that as it was deſtructive to unexperienc'd *Adam*, by bringing Sickneſs and Death upon him, ſo it has ſtill continued to be no leſs pernicious to his forewarn'd Poſterity, by principally obſtructing the Progreſs of the glorious Art, that ſhould teach the Recovery as well as Preſervation of Health.

'Tis Pride that makes the Phyſician abandon the ſolid Obſervation of never-erring Nature, to take up with the looſe Conjectures of his own wandering Invention, that the World may admire the Fertility of his Brain; and it is Pride in the Patient, that makes him in love with the Reaſoning Phyſician, to have an Opportunity of ſhewing the Depth of his own Penetration. But if the Reaſons that are often given by the one, and taken for current by the other, were to be ſtrictly examin'd into, it would almoſt induce a Man of Senſe to diſown his Kind, and

make

make him bluſh, when he is called a Rational Creature.

I know that to advance this Doctrine is ſwimming againſt the Stream in our ſprightly talkative Age, in which the ſilent Experience of Pains-taking Practitioners is ridicul'd, and nothing cry'd up but the witty Speculations of Hypothetical Doctors.

In vain, ſays the Learned *Baglivi*: (a) *Nos latet æternumque latebit minima illa, ac ſubtilis, non ſolum à ſenſibus, ſed ab humanæ mentis acie prorſus remota ſolidarum æque ac fluidarum corporis viventis partium textura.* The emphatical Truth is loſt upon the Times, and he muſt not expect to be believ'd by our acute Philoſophers, whoſe Pride won't allow that it is poſſible, Nature ſhould have Receſſes beyond the Reach of

(a) *That moſt minute and ſubtile Texture, remote not only from the Senſes but likewiſe from the Reach of human Underſtanding, which the ſolid as well as fluid Parts are made of in a living Creature, is and will eternally be hid from us.*

their Sagacity, and reckons the injurious Aſſertion an Affront to human Underſtanding.

The ingenious *Sylvius de le Boe* was a Phyſician, that in ſearching after the Cauſes of Diſtempers gave no ſmall Liberty to his prolifick Fancy; yet ſpeaking of thoſe I am to treat of, he condeſcended to ſay, (*a*) *Cognitio rerum naturalium omnium eſt ab experientia per ſenſus facta; unde cauſas effectuum ſic compertorum exquirit ratiocinatione concatenata ingenium humanum. De veritate tamen inventa certus eſſe poteſt nemo; niſi poſtquam de ſuæ ratiocinationis ſoliditate confirmatus fuerit per eandem experientiam, ratiocinationem prædictam ipſo opere confirmando & comprobando.* How little

(*a*) *We have all our Knowledge of things natural from Experience made by the Senſes; from whence by reaſoning conſequentially human Underſtanding enquires into the Cauſes of the Effects we find; yet no body can be ſure that he is in the right, 'till after he has been convinced of the Solidity of his Reaſoning by the ſame Experience, proving and confirming the ſaid Reaſoning with matter of Fact.*

and

and precarious a Uſe at this rate Reaſoning is of in Phyſick, if compared to the abſolute Neceſſity of Experience, even by the Confeſſion of a Genius ſo fruitful in Suppoſitions, I leave all ſenſible Men to judge.

From what I have hinted, I don't queſtion but ſome of my Readers have already taken a Prejudice againſt me: But let me beg of thoſe impatient ones, that for what I have ſaid yet, and what they ſhall further ſee upon this Head in the firſt Dialogue, they would not cenſure, or by way of Pun condemn me for an Enemy to Reaſon, before they are come to the End of the Second, and that I ſhall have ſhew'd them what ſort of Reaſoning it is, I ſpeak againſt.

Some People, I know, will not be pleaſed with what is ſaid in the 39th, and ſome of the following Pages; but I hope no candid Reader will ſuſpect from it, that I deſign peculiarly

to reflect upon any one Town or Country more than another, much leſs to point at particular Perſons. The Terms I ſpeak in are general, and whoever will be pleaſed to adapt any thing of it to himſelf, is more officious than I deſire him to be. I thought it neceſſary to give this Caution, becauſe I would have no body imagine, that I had calculated for the Meridian of *London* only, what is equally applicable to moſt great Cities in *Europe*. But if any body thinks I have been too ſevere upon my own Profeſſion in the Firſt, let him read on, and he'll find, that I have abundantly made them Amends in the Third Dialogue.

The next, that I am afraid will quarrel with the Performance, will be ſuch Apothecaries, as are weak enough to be offended at what is ſaid by a Man that has the *Hypo*. I confeſs, they may meet with ſome things, that cannot claim their general Approbation, and are ſome

of them very diſobliging to the whole Fraternity; but if they'll conſider, how profeſs'd an Enemy to Phyſick, and over-fond of Univerſity-learning *Miſomedon* (who is the Man that exclaims againſt them) is repreſented to be throughout the Book; they'll find, that without ſpoiling his Character I could not have made him ſpeak otherwiſe than he does.

When I ſhall have ſatisfied all theſe, I expect others, that without entring into the Merits of the Cauſe, or examining, whether the Reflections I have made on Phyſick, and thoſe that belong to it, are juſt or not, will ask me, What reaſon I had to be ſo full of them in a Treatiſe, where no body would look for them? To whom I make this Anſwer.

Having a mind to publiſh my Sentiments concerning the Diſtempers to which I had more particularly apply'd my ſelf for ſome Years, I conceiv'd it would

would be leſs Preſumption, if I writ by way of Information to Patients, that might labour under them, than if I pretended to teach other Practitioners, that profeſs to cure them as well as my ſelf. It is natural to think, that this made me more ſollicitous to ſatisfy the firſt, than concerned, how it ſhould be reliſh'd by the latter. I knew the Study of Phyſick to be very auſtere in it ſelf, and that the practical Authors, generally writing to thoſe of their own Profeſſion, were very far from being diverting; and conſidering that the tedious Enumeration of Signs and Cauſes upon the Neck of one another, as well as the frightful Heaps of different Medicines, found in thoſe that have treated of the *Hypochondriack* and *Hyſterick* Paſſions, muſt be very tireſome and diſagreeable to People that ſeek Relief in a Diſtemper, of which Impatience is one of the ſureſt Symptoms, I reſolv'd to deviate from the

the uſual Method, and make what I had to ſay as palatable as I could to thoſe, I had in view for my Readers. To this end looking out for ſomething, both ſerious and diverting that might embelliſh, and yet not be too remote from the Subject, I pitch'd upon the Phyſical Remarks, which you ſhall find interwoven with the main Matter. (a) *Acriora orexim excitant embammata.* And reflecting on the great Expence, the *Hypochondriaci* are often at, both for Fees and Medicines, thought nothing could be more reaſonably pleaſing to them, than to be entertain'd at the Coſt of thoſe, that to many of them have been ſo chargeable to no purpoſe.

The whole is divided into three Dialogues: The Perſons introduced are *Miſomedon*, *Philopirio*, and *Polytheca*, of whom the laſt named has only a Share in Part of the Third.

(a) *Sharp Sauces quicken the Appetite.*

Miſo-

Miſomedon is a Man of Learning, who whilſt he had his Health was of a gay, even Temper, and a friendly open Diſpoſition; but having long labour'd under the *Hypochondriack* Paſſion is now much alter'd for the worſe, and become peeviſh, fickle, cenſorious and miſtruſtful. Notwithſtanding this, in fine Weather ſometimes he has lucid Intervals, that laſt for two or three Days: In theſe he is very talkative, loves to converſe with Men of Letters, and is often facetious. Tho' in his Diſcourſe, he ſeems not to want Senſe or Penetration, yet he is partial in his Cenſures, and unſteady in his Humour; ſometimes very complaiſant, at others captious, but always prone to Satyr. He is much given to ramble from one thing to another, and often to change his Opinion. When he ſpeaks of himſelf, he is apt to break out in Rhetorical Flights, and ſeems to take Pleaſure in talking of his Ailments, and relating

the

the Hiſtory of his Diſtemper, and what has happen'd to him. He has ſtudy'd Phyſick, but is no Well-wiſher to it, and bears a great Hatred to Apothecaries.

Philopirio is a Foreigner and a Phyſician, who, after he had finiſh'd his Studies and taken his Degree Beyond-Sea, was come to *London* to learn the Language; in which having happen'd to take great delight, and in the mean time found the Country and the Manners of it agreeable to his Humour, he has now been many Years, and is like to end his days in *England*.

Polytheca, who is the Wife of *Miſomedon*, had been a gay ſprightly Woman, of an eaſy pleaſant Humour; but having been afflicted with the Vapours to a high degree for many Years, ſhe can now hardly think of any thing but her own Diſtemper, and is as much a Friend to Phyſick and Apothecaries, as her Husband is an Enemy to them.

There

There are few *Hypochondriacks*, who, when the Diſtemper has been of a long ſtanding, are not remarkable for ſomething that is odd and ſingular in their Temper, their Manner, or Behaviour; and as *Miſomedon* is repreſented as an Admirer of polite Literature, and having been a Lover of Reading from his Youth, ſo I thought it not unnatural, that ſuch a Man, upon the leaſt turn of his Head, might become over-fond of *Latin* Proverbs, and fuller in his Diſcourſe of Quotations from the Claſſicks, than a Man of Senſe, that underſtands the World, would chuſe to be, if his Head was perfectly clear. This then is one of the Oddities which I have knowingly made *Miſomedon* guilty of. Many Readers perhaps will at firſt view find the ſame Fault with *Philopirio*; but upon better Examination they'll be convinced that what he does is only out of Complaiſance, and to fall in with the Humour of his Patient,

tient, to whom, when he comes to be well acquainted with him, he owns that he has made it his Study (*a*) to do ſo. Beſides, the learned Reader will eaſily ſee the difference there is on this Head between the Doctor and his Patient: All the *Latin* not relating to Phyſick which the firſt makes uſe of, conſiſts in familiar Phraſes that are often met with, and which every School-boy knows: But the Generality of the Proverbs which the other quotes are leſs trite, and ſuch as belong to a higher Form, and which to be well acquainted with, beſpeaks a more thorough Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, and a greater degree of Literature, than the Doctor ſeems to pretend to. *Miſomedon* likewiſe often turns his Diſcourſe palpably, and ſays things on purpoſe to make room for a Proverb, which *Philopirio* never does; and ſeveral Times when

(*a*) Page 377.

this

this latter ſays ſomething, to which a *Latin* Proverb might be applicable, and yet takes no notice of it, the other does it for him, quotes it, and without ſaying any thing elſe, lets him go on afterwards.

But how fond ſoever *Miſomedon* is repreſented to be, of Proverbs and other Quotations in *Latin*, yet he is not ſo unpolite, as to make uſe of them before thoſe who do not underſtand that Language; by which means, Care has been taken that in treating of the *Hyſterick* Paſſion, and what more immediately relates to the Complaints of the Fair Sex, nothing ſhould be crampt with *Latin*. To render that Part pleaſant and entertaining, as well as plain and inſtructive, I have made uſe of a third Perſon, and introduced a Lady, that feelingly deſcribes her own Ailments, and circumſtantially relates what had happen'd to her Daughter, who had been *Hyſterick* for ſeveral Years; and

and am perſuaded that from the hiſtorical Account which *Polytheca* gives of both, and what further paſſes between herſelf and the Phyſician ſhe conſults with, a much clearer Notion may be had of the Diſtemper call'd the *Vapours*, and the Variety of *Hyſterick* Fits, than from a bare Recital of different Symptoms confuſedly huddled together; and that the firſt, even to People of ordinary Capacities, will be as intelligible, as any that are extant of the latter.

It will eaſily appear, that *Polytheca*, as well as her Husband and Daughter, are feigned Patients of my own Contrivance: But be aſſured that every one of their Complaints was firſt taken from Nature. The Inſtances I give are ſo crowded with Symptoms, that I never expect to find one Perſon, whoſe Caſe exactly ſhall reſemble any of the Three; and as I have only ſet down the Signs that are obvious and com-

mon in the Diſtempers I treat of, ſo it is poſſible, that ſome *Hyſterick* as well as *Hypochondriacal* Perſons may be troubled with ſome peculiar Symptom or other, that is not to be found in the Book; but whoever have read it through (whether Men or Women) and in ſome part or other not met with three or four Symptoms applicable to themſelves, may depend upon it, that their Afflictions do not come under the Denomination of either.

In the Preface to the firſt Edition I made an Apology for not rendring into *Engliſh*, the *Latin* that was ſcatter'd through the Book, thinking it would be ridiculous (as I ſaid there) to hear two Men diſcourſing together, tranſlate to one another what both are ſuppoſed to underſtand. But ſince that I have heard ſo many Complaints of the *Latin* not being tranſlated, that I have alter'd my Meaſures, and made Notes at the Bottom of every Page, to explain what is not *Engliſh* in the Text

of

of it. But as it was not my Buſineſs in this Treatiſe to teach Languages, I have been more ſollicitous to ſet down the Meaning of the *Latin* Paſſages, than I have been about the Words themſelves; and I have had ſuch a regard to all Readers, that not to offend or make any of them uneaſie, I have ſoften'd the Phraſe, and deviated from the real Signification of the *Latin* in two or three Places, where I thought that a more juſt Tranſlation would have been too expreſſive to be read by or before every body. I have taken notice already, that among the Proverbs which *Miſomedon* makes uſe of, there are ſuch as are not common, and ſeldom met with, and it is poſſible that ſome of them may not have occurr'd before, even to Men of good Reading; but there is not one, of which I have ſaid in the Notes that it is a Proverb, or uſed proverbially, without having good Authority for it; for the Truth of

which I appeal to the *Adagies* of *Eraſmus*, where every one of thoſe that are the leaſt obvious may be found.

I know People, that have laugh'd at the *Latin*, which I have made the Dialogues to end with; but as I have not been able to find any thing ridiculous in it, I have alter'd nothing there. *Miſomedon* always begins to ſpeak *Latin* firſt; and I don't believe that any Man of Senſe, who will enter into the Character which is given to that Perſon, and likewiſe take notice of the Care which *Philopirio* takes to fall in with the Humour of his Patient, will find any Abſurdity in what I am now ſpeaking of.

That the Notes might not take up more Room than was neceſſary, the Reader will find, that no Notice is taken in them of any *Latin* or *Greek* that is explain'd in the Text it ſelf, and that no Words are tranſlated more than once, tho' they occur again afterwards.

Ano-

Another thing, which I fear will be carpt at, is, that two Perſons ſhould diſcourſe for half an Hour about a Science, which they both profeſs not to underſtand, as the Doctor and his Patient do about Mathematicks. This I own is very extraordinary: but no wiſe Man would be highly offended at it, before he had ſeen, what it was they ſaid concerning them. That real Mathematicians, at leaſt the greateſt Part of them, will not be diſpleas'd with it, I more than believe: And as to thoſe, who knowing little or nothing of that Science themſelves, yet depreciate others who don't pretend to it; thoſe Braggadocio's, who would be thought to be what they are not, and only make uſe of the Name of Mathematicks to impoſe upon the World for Lucre; they are very welcome to think of it as they pleaſe.

The firſt Edition of this Book was publiſhed in the Year 1711. Since that

I have added conſiderably to it, and made great Alterations in it; but I have changed nothing as to the Time in which the Converſation, that is the Subject of theſe Dialogues, is ſuppoſed to have happen'd: So that when the Reader meets with the Words *a late Author* or any other Paſſage, where things are ſpoken of as then preſent, he ought to ſubſtract at leaſt 19 Years from what is preſent now. And that the Book might juſtly continue to be conſider'd as wrote ſo many Years ago, I have not meddled with, or taken notice of any thing, that has been publiſhed or tranſacted ſince that time. I acquaint the Publick with this, that ſome might not apply to Men, now living, what was formerly deſign'd to People that have been in their Graves a dozen Years or longer.

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ERRATA.

Page 34. Line 2. read *cædam.* p. 44. l. 1. r. *Sæculorum.* p. 117. l. 16. after *much*, add, *thinking.* p. 135. l. 1. r. *Syriſſa.*

THE FIRST DIALOGUE BETWEEN PHILOPIRIO *a Physician*, AND MISOMEDON *his Patient*.

MISOMEDON.

I Have sent for you, Doctor, to consult you about a Distemper, of which I am very well assured I shall never be cured.

Philopir. Whatever your Case may be, Sir, it is a great Misfortune, you entertain so ill an Opinion of it; but I hope, your Disease may prove less desperate than your Fears represent it.

Mis. It is neither better nor worse than I tell you, and what I say, is what I am con-

vinc'd of by Reaſon, and not a ſuggeſtion of my Fears: But you think, perhaps, I'm a Mad-man, to ſend for a Phyſician, when I know before-hand that he can do me no good: Truly, Doctor, I am not far from it: But firſt of all, are you in haſte, pray?

Phi. Not in great haſte, Sir.

Miſ. I am glad of that; for moſt of your Profeſſion always either are, or at leaſt pretend to be, in a great hurry. But tho' you are at leiſure, Can you hear a Man talk for half an Hour together, and, perhaps, not always to the purpoſe, without interrupting him? For I have a great deal to ſay to you, ſeveral Queſtions to ask you, and know I ſhall be very tedious; but if you can bear with me, I'll conſider your Trouble, and pay you for your Time, and Patience both. Can you ſtay an Hour?

Phi. Yes, Sir, or longer, if there be occaſion.

Miſ. Then, pray Sir, ſit down.——I did not make you come up Stairs becauſe I keep Chamber my ſelf, for I'm abroad every Day; but I thought it beſt to Diſcourſe you in my Study, becauſe it is the quieteſt Room in the Houſe, and I hate to be diſturb'd. That you may be the better acquainted with my Diſtemper, I'll begin with you (*a*) *ab ovo*, and

(*a*) *From the beginning.*

give

give you as ſhort an account as I can, how I have paſs'd the greateſt part of my Life. I was very irregular, when I was young; but for theſe Seventeen or Eighteen Years, I have lived moderately enough, and but ſeldom been guilty of any Exceſs. I wanted but two Months of being One and Twenty, when my Father died and left me Three Hundred a Year; I lived then at *Oxford*, but upon this I left the Univerſity, and being deſign'd for the Law, to perfect my Studies and qualify my ſelf for the Bar, came up to *London*; where not being uſed to be ſo fluſh in Caſh, I quickly became Extravagant, and growing weary of my crabbed Authors, at laſt I threw by the Books, and minded nothing but my Pleaſures; of which ſome were very Expenſive. I went to ſee *France*, and the *Low Countries*, and coming back found, that by my way of living in three Years and a half, I had ſo far out-run the Conſtable, that half of my Eſtate was hardly ſufficient to pay my Debts, and clear the remainder. At Five and Twenty I Married; my Wife's Fortune paid off ſome Scores, and her ſelf was of ſuch an ingaging Temper, that ſhe wholly took up my Thoughts: I left all my looſer Company, and by her management was ſoon reclaim'd from my former Vices: Love and Paſtime was all our Employment, from Morning till Night; we ſtudy'd nothing,

but how to pleaſe and divert one another: Neither of us could be call'd Extravagant, yet both deſired to live handſomly; my Wife admired Cloaths, and I loved good Eating, and our neceſſary Expences exceeded twice my Income. I knew this would not laſt, yet it never affected me with the leaſt Concern, or ever gave me an Hour's diſquiet. I hated the Law, and indeed any thing of buſineſs; if a Place had offer'd, I would have purchas'd it; yet I was always remiſs in looking out for one. I never troubled my head but with juſt providing what we wanted; my Care was never extended beyond my preſent Occaſions, and I ſeem'd to be influenc'd by no other precept, than that of *Horace*, (*a*) *Quid ſit futurum cras fuge quærere.* After this manner having reduc'd every thing into Money, my whole ſubſtance laſted us ſix Years; during which, (*b*) *ſponſi vitam ducentes*, we were gay and contented, and even in our own Thoughts the happieſt Couple in the Univerſe. When I had about Thirty Pounds left, ow'd near Three Hundred, and ſaw no proſpect or probability of ever having any more, a diſtant Relation of my Mother's, whom I had

(*a*) *Avoid enquiring what will be to-morrow.*

(*b*) *Leading a Bridegroom's Life. A Proverb applicable to thoſe who live in Eaſe and Pleaſure.*

hardly

hardly ever heard of, died above an hundred Miles off, and left me a Thouſand a Year in Land, and a good Eſtate in Money. Whether this was more welcome, or ſeaſonable, I leave you to judge: Yet ſuch an evenneſs of Temper I enjoy'd at that time, and ſo much had I lived to my mind, that (a Coach excepted, which I ſet up to gratifie my Wife) it hardly made any viſible alteration in my manner of living. When I had taken Poſſeſſion of, and was entirely ſettled in my Eſtate, as ſoon as I had leiſure to reflect on the Condition I had been in, I could not look without horror on the diſmal Proſpect of Poverty and Want, to which I muſt in a very little time inevitably have been reduced, had not propitious Fortune, as it were by a Miracle, ſo unexpectedly ſnatch'd me from the frightful Precipice. I was often amazed at the Tranquility, or rather ſtupid Lethargy, I had been in, and made a firm Reſolution to be at leaſt ſo Prudent for the future, as not to neglect the management of my Affairs, or live beyond the bounds of my Revenue.

Among other things of Value, which my Kinſman had left me, there was a handſome Collection of Medals, and the greateſt part of the Library, which you ſee here. I had always born a great reſpect to Learning, and when I flung up the Study of the Law,

I ſtill continued an admirer, (*a*) *Humanioris Literaturæ*, and in my greateſt idleneſs, *Virgil* and *Horace*, *Terence* and *Plautus*, with half a dozen more of the *Claſſicks*, made always a great part of my Diverſion. Whether the opportunity of revolving ſome ſcarce and exquiſite Authors invited me to the purſuit of Learning, or that my riper Years led me to more ſolid Pleaſures, I don't know; but within a few Months after my new Acquiſitions, I became a great lover of Reading, and by degrees fell to hard Study; but notwithſtanding that I was very intent on my Books, I ſtill remain'd, as I had always been, (*b*) *rei Uxoriæ addictiſſimus*, and divided my Hours (*c*) *inter Venerem & Muſas*; after this manner for four or five Years I enjoy'd abundance of ſatisfaction, and tho' I had ſeemingly more Care upon me, paſs'd away my time rather more contentedly (if that be poſſible) than before. As to my Health, I was near Seven and Thirty, when I could have boaſted, that ſince the Small-Pox, which I had in my Infancy, I had not ſuffer'd an Hour's Illneſs, or endured a moment's Pain, and applying that of *Seneca* to my ſelf, have bragg'd, that I had always been happy; (*d*) *& quod eouſque ſine morſu animi vitam tranſieram.*

(*a*) *Of polite Learning.* (*b*) *A very fond Husband.*
(*c*) *Between Love and Study.* (*d*) *And that till then I had paſt my Days without Trouble of Mind.*

The

The first Cause I had to complain was, that now and then I began to be troubled with the Heart-burning, which in a little time became a constant Companion to me: Chalk and Water for above half a Year was a present Cure; then I used Lozenges, made up of Crabs-Eyes, burnt Ivory, Bole-Armenick, *&c.* these likewise eas'd me for a great while, whenever I took them; after them I made use of abundance of other things recommended in that Case, and at last found nothing reliev'd me more than the chewing of Liquorice. Hitherto I had only Quack'd with my self, and the highest I had consulted was our Apothecary in ordinary. I perceived, that all the Remedies I had taken were only Palliative, and none of them had touch'd the Cause, but on the contrary I grew daily worse, and the Heart-burning was no longer the only Symptom that disturb'd me. After every Meal I had flushings in my Face; all Day long I was troubled with Wind and sour Belches, and every Morning as long as I was Fasting, I had my Mouth continually fill'd with a clear insipid Water, which without any straining came off my Stomach; yet notwithstanding all this my Appetite was good, and I slept very well. This I confess was the reason, that I so long slighted my Distemper; but as it became more troublesome than ordinary, I sent for an E-

minent Physician, whom I knew to be a Man of great Learning. When I had told the Doctor my Case, and answer'd him what Questions he thought fit to ask, I desired, as the Prerogative of a Man of Letters, that I might be acquainted with the Cause of my Distemper, and have a rational Account given me of the Method and Prescriptions he design'd I should follow: which being granted after a small Pause; I was inform'd that the heat and burning all along the (*a*) *Oesophagus*, from which the distemper (from a vulgar Mistake of the Part) seem'd to have deriv'd the Name of Heart-burning, as well as the Flushings in my Face after Meals, were (*b*) *certo certius*, occasion'd by an (*c*) *Intemperies hepatis calida*, which in my Case happen'd to be accompanied with an (*d*) *Intemperies Stomachi frigida*, as was manifest from the cold (*e*) *Pituita*, which I voided every Morning, as well as the Wind, sour Belches, and other signs of Indigestion.

As to the Cure, that repeated bleeding from the left (*f*) *Salvatella* would satisfie both *Indications*, and to use his own terms, *utramque fere paginam absolveret*; for that

(*a*) *The Gullet.* (*b*) *Without all Doubt.* (*c*) *A hot temperament of the Liver.* (*d*) *A cold temperament of the Stomach.* (*e*) *Water.* (*f*) *A Vein in the Arm so call'd.*

by

by this means the Fountain of heat, the Blood, of which my Liver had too much, would by way of *Antiſpaſis* or *Revulſion* be drawn from the Right ſide, which was enough to anſwer the firſt *Indication*: Concerning the ſecond, he ſaid, that as *Veneſection*, in general, both by the Ancients and Moderns, was allow'd to quicken the Blood, ſo it would procure heat to that ſide, where the motion was made; which conſequently would be imparted not only to the upper Orifice of the *Ventricle*, to which alone the Name of *Stomachus* properly belong'd, tho' given to the whole (*a*) *Viſcus*; but likewiſe to the *Spleen*, which both as to its Office and Situation was to the Stomach as a Furnace to a Copper, for which reaſon by the Ancients it had always wiſely been call'd (*b*) *Fomes ventriculi*: He told me moreover, that it was in regard to that heat-adminiſtring *Viſcus*, that he ordered the opening of the *Salvatella*, and no other Vein, becauſe according to *Galen* and others, which he named, it had a peculiar Influence upon the Milt.

Beſides Bleeding, my Doctor told me, I was to be Purg'd, that by expelling the *Pituitous* Humour, (*c*) *per inferiora*, it might

(*a*) *Entrail.* (*b*) *Fuel to the Stomach.*
(*c*) *Downward.*

be

be drawn and remov'd as far as poſſible from the Stomach; that to this end he would preſcribe a Bolus of *Electuarium e Citris ſolutivum*, with ſome Grains of the *Trochiſci Alhandulæ*; having told me the Ingredients of the Electuary, he ſhew'd me how this Preſcription would likewiſe anſwer every *Indication*; that firſt the Conſerve of the Flowers of *Violets* and *Bugloſs*, as well as the *Pulvis Diatragacanthi frigidi*, would infallibly cool my Liver; ſecondly, that the *Citron*-Peal, *Ginger* and *Fennel*-Seeds would expel the Wind that troubled me, and warm my Stomach, whilſt the *Diagridium*, *Turpeth*, and *Senna*, which all enter'd into that Judicious Compoſition, would eliminate the *Peccant* Matter; and thirdly that (*a*) *pro Stimulo*, he added the *Trochiſci Alhandulæ*, in regard to the (*b*) *Pituita Viſcida*, which, as my Diſtemper was of ſome ſtanding, it was to be fear'd would cloſely adhere to the *Inteſtina*. After the Bleeding and Purging, I was for a Fortnight or three Weeks to drink the *Epſom* Waters, which (*c*) *ex ſuperabundanti* would *Refrigerate* my Liver, as well as conſtantly lead forth the *Pituitous* Matter; which, from my Vicious Conſtitution he foreſaw, would continue to be bred as

(*a*) *For a Spur.* (*b*) *Tenacious Flegm.*
(*c*) *Over and above.*

long

long as the Debility of the (*a*) *Facultas Concoctrix* of my Stomach was not wholly remedied: As to Diet, I was to be contented (*b*) *victu tenui*, and to avoid all things that were Fat, Hot, or Sour. Having for a while admired the Profoundity of the venerable old Gentleman's Skill, by which ſo dexterouſly he knew at once to take care of the heat of my Liver, and the Coldneſs of my Stomach, I gave him a handſome Fee, and thank'd him for his Advice. When he was gone, I confeſs that I did not ſo much as queſtion my Cure; but the more I conſider'd the Wiſdom I had heard, the more I wiſh'd that I had ſent for him ſooner; thinking that *Hippocrates* himſelf had certainly never acted with greater Judgment, or Sagacity. The next Day I ſent for the Surgeon and Apothecary both, and according to Preſcription in Eight Days I was copiouſly Blooded twice, and Purged four times: It is true, that by this time I had loſt my Heart-burning, and Sourneſs I complain'd of in my Stomach; but inſtead of it I had a Pain in it, which I had never felt before: I was as much troubled with Wind in my Bowels as ever, and ſo Weak and Faint that I could hardly crawl along,

(*a*) *Concoctive Faculty.* (*b*) *With a ſpare Diet.*

yet

yet I was reſolved to follow Directions; and remembring the old *Pentameter*, (*a*) *Dulcius ex ipſo fonte bibuntur aquæ*, went to *Epſom* to drink the Waters to the beſt advantage: The firſt Day I drank 'em the Pain of my Stomach was pretty much encreas'd, the ſecond I had quite loſt my Appetite, and the third I was taken with a violent Looſeneſs; in which I obſerved, that whatever I voided had received very little alteration in either my Stomach or Guts: After ſeven or eight Stools, which I had in leſs than an Hour and a half, I found my ſelf ſo feeble and diſpirited, that I could keep up no longer, and was ready to Swoon away. I ſent for the firſt Phyſician that was to be had, and begg'd of him to ſtop my Flux; but he told me, that it was againſt all Rules of Art, to give Reſtringents, before the Cauſe was removed, and hearing that I underſtood *Latin*, ſaid, (*b*) *Evacuanda ſunt excrementa occaſionem ſubminiſtrantia*, I'll order you a gentle Laxative; as ſoon as he had ſaid this he ſat down, and preſcrib'd; then took his Fee, and went away. His Bill was nothing elſe but the *Decoctum Sennæ Geronis*, and Syrup of *Rhubarb*, but ſeeing at the bottom,

(*a*) *Waters are beſt drank from the Spring it ſelf.*

(*b*) *The Excrements that are the Occaſion of it are to be expell'd.*

(*a*) *Miſce*

(a) *Miſce, fiat potio Purgans*; and feeling my Strength quite ſpent, I was afraid that I ſhould never be able to go through it, and yet thought that ſomething was to be done very ſuddenly; whilſt I was in this Perplexity, comes into the Room an honeſt Gentleman, that Lodg'd in the ſame Houſe as I did, to whom the night before I had related the Courſe I had taken; having ask'd me, how I did, and look'd firſt upon the Bill, and then upon me, he flings it away in a Paſſion, and ſays, "Pox on their Purging; I "think they have done that ſufficiently al-"ready; if you'll be ruled by me, I'll be "hang'd if I don't ſet you to rights before "Night:" not hearing me make him any anſwer, he took my Silence for Conſent, and immediately call'd for a Bottle of *French* Claret, which he ordered to be burnt with good ſtore of Cinnamon, Cloves and Mace, and a pretty deal of Orange-Peel; whilſt this was a-boiling he ſent for ſome Syrup of Quinces to ſweeten it, and when it was ready, made me take half a Pint of it, with a very brown Toaſt well rubb'd with Nutmeg, and ſup it off as hot as I was able to bear it; an Hour after I repeated the ſame Doſe, and two Hours after that I took ano-

(l) *Mix it and make a purging Potion.*

ther.

ther. It is not to be expreſs'd, what ſudden Benefit I received from this plain and palatable Medicine: At the very taking of the firſt Doſe, I felt my Spirits reviv'd, and every Limb ſeem'd to recover Strength; the ſecond check'd my Looſeneſs; and by the third the Pain of my Stomach was quite taken off: Three or Four Hours after, my Appetite return'd, I eat half a Chicken for my Supper, and Slept admirably well all the Night long: I ſtay'd at *Epſom* about a Month longer, but did not meddle any more with the Waters; thinking that I had learn'd by dear-bought Experience, (*a*) *frigidam non magis mederi doloribus Stomachi quam oleum extinguere incendium*, as *Eraſmus* had ſaid ſo many Years before me; and by the help of a wholeſome and nouriſhing Diet, gentle Exerciſe, and the moderate uſe of the beſt Claret I could buy, I found my ſelf perfectly well in a little time, tho' I never again recover'd that Strength and Vigour, which before the unmerciful Bleeding and Purging I had been poſſeſs'd of.

Being come back to *London*, I continued in tolerable Health for ſeveral Months, the only thing I complained of was the Old Di-

(*a*) *Cold Water is as improper to cure Pain in the Stomach, as Oyl is to quench Fire.*

ſtemper,

ſtemper, the Grumbling in my Bowels; that, as my Appetite encreas'd, return'd by degrees, and at laſt diſturb'd me both Full and Faſting; yet for a Year and a half or near two Years I did little or nothing to it, and bore the inconveniency of it with a great deal of Patience, becauſe from what I had undergone once, I was as much afraid of Phyſick, as a Child of being whipt; till by Over-perſuaſion of my Wife, I again conſulted one of the moſt Noted Phyſicians about Town. I told him every thing I knew of my ſelf, and left out nothing of what I have ſaid now. The Gentleman, I ſpeak of, was of the Modern Opinion, and when I had done, Ridicul'd very much the Method after which I had been treated: He told me; that the Heat of my Liver, the Coldneſs of my Stomach, and the *Spleen* being *a fomes Ventriculi*, were all Fopperies alike; (*a*) *Subterfugia*, as he call'd them, *ignorantiæ*, Figments, that had never had any exiſtence, but in the Brains of their Inventors; good for nothing, but to ſhew the ſmall Knowledge they had in Anatomy: As to *Galen* himſelf; that he had been a Conceited Buſie-body, that (*b*) *anili garrulitate plenus*, had foul'd abundance of Paper to no purpoſe, that he left us nothing

(*a*) *Evaſions proceeding from Ignorance.*
(*b*) *Being an eternal Talker.*

of

of any Value or Certainty, but what he had been oblig'd for to *Quintus* the *Empyrick*, who had been his Maſter; and that how Magiſterially ſoever he had determined (*a*) *de uſu partium*, he never had ſeen a Human Body open'd in his Life. As a Lover of Antiquity, I was at firſt very much ſcandaliz'd at theſe Expreſſions, but when he began to diſcourſe about my Diſtemper, the Reaſons he gave for the Cauſe of it, were ſo agreeable, the Hypotheſis, by which he ſolv'd every Symptom, ſo eaſie, the Indication for the Cure ſeem'd ſo naturally to flow from it, and whatever he ſaid was ſo Intelligible, that I was preſently reconcil'd with, and conceived a great Eſteem for him. He told me, that the Part affected was indeed the Stomach; but that it was a vulgar Error, to think, that there was great heat required for the Concoction of our Food, ſince in ſome Creatures it was altogether perform'd without, as was evident in Fiſhes, in whom there was not ſo much as any perceptible Warmth; yet, ſaid he, by feeding on their own Species, and ſwallowing one another, it is plain, that, Bones and all, they digeſt whole Bodies, ſometimes half as big as themſelves, without the help of chewing,

(*a*) *Concerning the Uſe of the Parts.*

and

and consequently are endued with a stronger Concoction than other Animals: He made me sensible; first, that the Aliment in every Creature was digested and dissolv'd by means of a certain adapted *Menstruum*, that by insinuating it self into the Pores was able to break the contexture of it: Secondly, that this *Menstruum* did not act by any *Muscular* or other *Organick* Force, but an *Intestine* Motion not unlike that of Yest, or Leaven in Dough, from which Analogy in the Operation it had received the same name in *Latin*, and was call'd a *Ferment*: Thirdly, that on the various faults of this *Ferment* all manner of Indigestions depended. I was pleas'd with the clear Idea I had of my Condition, thought my self (*a*) *ex Umbra in Solem*, and hasten'd with Alacrity to the rational method, which he propos'd to put me in.

The first thing I was to do, was to take an *Emetick* Potion or two, to discharge the Viscid (*b*) *Saburra*, that oppress'd my Stomach; then with *Chalybeats* and other powerful *Alcalicks* to subdue the fix'd *Acid Salts*, and with *Carminatives* and *Specifick Stomachicks*, mix'd with *Volatile Salts*, endeavour to Meliorate, and if possible restore the *Fer-*

(*a*) *A Proverb. From Darkness into Light.*
(*b*) *A Load.*

ment to its Priſtine State. I ſhall not trouble you with the particulars of what I took, but content my ſelf with telling you, that his Medicines were as well choſen, as his Method was juſt, and the Succeſs to my thinking anſwerable to both; for in leſs than a Fortnight all the Symptoms remitted, and after three Weeks I had nothing left to complain of: I did not leave off ſuddenly, but perſever'd for a conſiderable time in the uſe of his Preſcriptions, and remain'd well, as long as I continued the Medicines; but imagining my ſelf Cured, I no ſooner ceas'd taking, but my Diſtemper return'd even faſter than it had abated before. Preſently I had recourſe to the ſame Remedies, and was again reliev'd, but no longer than I took them: And after this manner for a great while, I was always either plagued with the Diſtemper, or the taking of Phyſick, which I thought almoſt as bad; till at laſt it grew ſo ſtubborn, that the ſame Remedies, that had done me ſo much good before, became utterly ineffectual; this made me very Melancholick, and, what vex'd me moſt, was that my Phyſician, in whom I ſo much confided, began to neglect and ſlight me; tho' in leſs than a Twelve-month he had received above an Hundred *Guineas* in Fees of me; which in a *Chronick* Diſeaſe, where the ſame Remedies are for ſome time continued, and

no

no conſtant Attendance is required, is pretty Conſiderable. When neither his former Preſcriptions, nor the various Changes he made in them could Eaſe me, and all his plauſible Reaſons for altering them were quite exhauſted, I perceived, that he grew perfectly weary of me. I could now but ſeldom ſee him; when he came he was always in haſte, and all the Comfort I got from him was, that he either found ſome fault with my Diet, or manner of living; or elſe charged me with omitting what he had ordered; till at laſt being Conſcious that I had never been more regular or obſervant, I told him my Thoughts; at which pretending to be offended he took the opportunity of picking a Quarrel, and left me in a Pet.

(a) —— *fugit improbus, ac me*
Sub cultro liquit ——.

And ever ſince, tho' often deſired, utterly refuſed to ſee me any more. (b) *Ingraveſcente malo*, I applied my ſelf to another——But I have tired you too much already, and am ſenſible, it is unpardonable to treſpaſs ſo unreaſonably upon any Man's good-nature, and deſire him to liſten to ſo tedious a Tale.

Phi. Your Story is ſo diverting, that I take abundance of delight in it, and your

(a) *Taken from* Horace. *But the latter part is a Proverb for leaving a Man in the Lurch,*

(b) *My Diſtemper encreaſing.*

Ingenious way of telling it, gives me a greater inſight into your Diſtemper, than you imagine: Wherefore, let me beg of you to go on, Sir; I am all Attention, and ſhall not interrupt you.

Miſ. Being, as I told you, abandon'd by my Phyſician, I went to another; and after that to two or three more, without following any of their Preſcriptions. I could never hear Bleeding or Purging propoſed to me, without reflecting on what my old *Galeniſt* had made me ſuffer before; and all the Remedies I took for ſome time, were only what I pick'd out of the old *Recipe's* of him I uſed laſt: For making now and then a review over the Bills he writ for me, I recollected what things had eas'd me the lateſt, and choſe from among them what Mr. Apothecary and my ſelf thought fitteſt for my purpoſe. I knew by Experience, that nothing of what he had preſcrib'd, though it ceas'd working to the ſame ends, would ever diſcompoſe me: This made me value his Preſcriptions as much, as I had eſteemed his Parts before: Nay, the loſs of him ſo much affected me, that I often thought I could willingly have given him triple Fees, and received him *(a) obviis ulnis*, if he would

(a) *A Proverb. With open Arms.*

only

only have kept his Temper, and invented new Reaſons to ſooth my Fancy, tho' he had done nothing to my Diſeaſe. But I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that ever ſince the Burnt-Claret cured me of my (*a*) *Lienteria* at *Epſom*, I had a mind to Study Phyſick; that, if I could get no benefit from, I might at leaſt enter into the Fallacies of, ſo treacherous and inſignificant an Art.

But being beſotted to the Ancients, I began very immethodically. For above two Years together I read *Hippocrates*, *Celius*, *Aurelianus*, *Aretæus*, *Galen*, *Celſus*, and ſeveral other Volumes of *Greek* and *Roman* Authors without any great advancement as to Knowledge, till being acquainted with the Phyſician I lately mention'd, I was put in a better way, went firſt thro' two or three Modern Anatomiſts, and ſlipt no opportunity of ſeeing publick Diſſections, not forgetting in the mean time *Harvæus (b) de Generatione* and *Borellus (c) de motu Animalium*, with ſome others, that made me underſtand the Oeconomy as well as the Structure of the Body. Having laid this foundation, I read with great Avidity the inventive *Sylvius de le Boe*, and faithful *Etmuller*, and of

(*a*) *That ſort of Looſeneſs when the Food comes away undigeſted.*

(*b*) *Of Generation.* (*c*) *Of the Motion of Animals.*

our own Nation the Speculative *Willis*, and practical *Sydenham*.

I had finiſhed my courſe of Anatomy, and was juſt enter'd upon the Authors I have named, when fearful of committing my Carcaſs to new Phyſicians, I made uſe, as I told you, of nothing but the Preſcriptions of the old one, that had forſaken me. To theſe I ſtuck for above half a Year; but at that time, when as I remember I was newly enter'd into my Forty fourth Year, worſe Symptoms ſtarting every Day, my Illneſs viſibly encreas'd; for beſides the unſavory Belchings, and continual Croaking (*a*) *Borborigmi*, the (*b*) *Phlogoſes* all over, and the gnawing Pain, as well as diſtenſion of my Stomach, which were become almoſt habitual to me, I frequently had ſtrong Pulſations and cruel thumpings in my Belly, eſpecially in the left ſide of it: I often Vomited preſently after Meals, tho' commonly I eat voraciouſly, and had almoſt a *Canine* Appetite: I had pricking and ſometimes ſhooting pains in my Bowels, in which likewiſe I often felt Tenſions, Snatchings, and Convulſive pullings: The ſame I had now and then in my Navel, as if that part of my Belly had been drawn downward: At

(*a*) *Winds in the Bowels that make great noiſe.*
(*b*) *Fluſhes.*

ſometimes

ſometimes I had oppreſſions at my Heart, and great ſqueezings of the (*a*) *Præcordia*, that laſted a whole Day; and again at others I had for two or three Days together ſtrange torments in my Back and Belly, that reſembled Cholick and Nephritick Pains; the ſame I often had in my Stomach; and I have thought more than once, that within my Trunk and all the noble (*b*) *Viſcera* it contains, I felt the ſame, that thoſe who are afflicted with the (*c*) *Arthritis vaga*, complain of in the Joints of their Limbs, and the Outſides of them.

Till I was Eight or Nine and Thirty my Body had been always Lubrick, and I had ſeldom leſs than Two Stools in Four and Twenty Hours; but then this good quality left me by degrees, and when I was One and Forty I hardly had one: Till growing ſtill (*d*) *Conſtipatioris alvi*, I came to be often bound for two or three Days together; yet the Coſtiveneſs I ſpeak of had hitherto given me little or no diſturbance; becauſe gentle *Laxatives*, eſpecially thoſe that are proper in *Tenſions*, which you call *Chalaſtica*, had ſeldom fail'd of removing it; but now it began to be what I dreaded moſt; becauſe

(*a*) *That Part of the Breaſt that is about the Heart.*
(*b*) *Entrails.* (*c*) *The Flying Gout.* (*d*) *More Coſtive.*

Nature would hearken no longer to thoſe eaſie Medicines, and all (*a*) *Eccoprotica* were ineffectual; beſides that, (*b*) *ventre clauſo*, the then reigning Symptoms (*c*) *incrudeſcebant* viſibly; I ſay the then reigning; becauſe I never was without three or four of thoſe, I have mention'd; or elſe if they remitted, and I was pretty eaſie in my Belly and (*d*) *Thorax*, inſtead of them I had violent Head-achs, which till I was Three and Forty I never had been troubled with: Theſe Pains commonly were ſucceeded with (*e*) *Vertigo's*, and I often ſtagger'd as if I had been Drunk, eſpecially if I look'd up haſtily, or made any other quick motion of a ſudden. The clear Water I uſed to fetch off my Stomach in the Morning, which was one of the earlieſt Symptoms I complain'd of, upon my taking of Tobacco had left me, and I had not obſerv'd it for two or three Years; but in the room of it there was by degrees come upon me a continual Spitting, which was always worſe, when I was moſt conſtipated; but yet, what I wonder'd at, never made me dry. My Urine often changed both in Colour and Thickneſs; and tho'

(*a*) *Laxatives that only expel the Contents of the Inteſtines.*
(*b*) *My Body being ſhut up.* (*c*) *Grew worſe.*
(*d*) *The Cheſt and all that Cavity in which the Heart and Lungs are contain'd.*
(*e*) *Swimming in the Head.*

moſt

moſt commonly it was wheyiſh and turbid, yet ſometimes all of a ſudden it would be as thin and limpid as fair Water, which it exactly reſembled not only in the look but likewiſe in taſte and ſmell; this clear ſort of Urine I have often made ever ſince I was two or three and forty; and when I do make it, it is always in large Quantities, a pint or more at a time very unaccountably; tho' of late Years I have obſerved, or at leaſt I fancy ſo, that this oftner happens after a hurry of the Spirits, when ſomething has vex'd, ſurpris'd, or otherwiſe diſturb'd me, than at any other Time.

When the Diſeaſe was got up into my Head, even tho' the Pain was tolerable, I always was plagued with ſevere watchings, and lay toſſing whole Nights in a thouſand fears and anxieties; without cloſing my Eyes; or if I did, I either dream'd of being Robb'd, or attempted to be Murder'd, or elſe falling from a Precipice, Drowning, or being hang'd.

The ſleeps I had were ever diſturb'd, and wearied inſtead of reviving me; I generally wak'd out of 'em in a fright, and often in cold Sweats. When theſe diſorders in (a) *ipſa arce, & ſede animæ*, had laſted for ſome time, ſtrange roving thoughts would ſlide

(a) *The Caſtle itſelf and the Seat of the Soul.*

through

through my Brain, and wild as well as ridiculous Fancies ſtole upon me, and for a while employ'd my Imagination. I had often unaccountable apprehenſions of things, which, tho' one moment I thought 'em abſurd, I could hardly conquer the next with all my ſtrength of Reaſon. When I was a Minute at quiet and had leiſure to reflect upon the miſery of my Condition, I was touch'd with an unſpeakable concern, to think that the cruel Diſtemper had now likewiſe invaded my Soul, as before it had tyranniz'd over my Body. Theſe diſturbances in my Head I ſeldom fail'd of, whenever I was more than ordinary Coſtive, which I was ſure to be, if I neglected Purging; for ſometimes in a Month or ſix Weeks, I have had no Stools, but what were provok'd by ſtrong (a) *Cathartick*s, that by cauſing great *Tenſions* in my Bowels, firſt tortured me in the working, and afterwards by benuming the *Fibres* of the *Inteſtina*, left my Body more Pertinaciouſly ſhut up, than they found it.

If ever I voided any thing naturally, (I mean without taking Phyſick) it was always blackiſh, and hard; and no Excrements came away, but with long ſtraining and violent

(a) *Violent Purges.*

Pain.

Pain. This often brought the *Hemorrhoids* upon me; but they were the internal, (*a*) *cæcæ, & furentes.* Think not that I bore all this without ſeeking out for new Remedies: Sometimes I ſent for two or three Phyſicians at a time; when any of the Pains, I have mention'd, were exceſſive, I try'd every thing, that was told me: Such a (*b*) *lerna malorum* and (*c*) *Syndrome* of Evils made me weary of my Life; and when the Symptoms began to be urgent, all my former dread againſt Phyſick vaniſh'd. Then came into my head; (*d*) *& poſt malam Segetem ſerendum eſt.* And, *poſt naufragium maria tentantur*, with twenty other ſayings to the ſame Purpoſe. 'Tis incredible what Preſcriptions I have ſubmitted to, and what nauſeous loads I have taken in vain; not but that I had relief by ſome Medicines, but none in above two Years, that was of any duration. I have been tolerably well for a Week, and perhaps continued a Fortnight without being very ill, but this was the moſt, and if I was a whole Day together at eaſe, I thought my ſelf in Heaven; till after having been

(*a*) *Blind and raging. Epithets commonly applied to the inward Piles, when they are very painful and don't run.*

(*b*) *A Proverb for a multitude of Evils.*

(*c*) *A Complication.* (*d*) *We muſt ſow again even after a bad Harveſt. And, Men go to ſea again tho' they have been Shipwrack'd.*

extremely

extremely bad for Ten Days without ſo much as any remiſſion, of a ſudden, by a very Copious Flux of the *Hemorrhoids*, which had never run before, I was wonderfully reliev'd; whilſt this Flux laſted I mended every Hour, at a Week's end I was almoſt perfectly well, without relapſing when it ſtopt: This happen'd in the Spring, and was Nine Years ago, laſt *April*.

I remain'd in tolerable Health all the ſucceeding Summer, and, to prevent the return of my Diſtemper, I went through a Steel Courſe, and after that to the *Bath*, where I drank the hot Waters the whole *Autumn* Seaſon; and uſing much Exerciſe, eſpecially Riding, I continu'd very well: But this was the longeſt Intermiſſion I ever had, ſince my Diſtemper came to the height, to this Day. By that time I had been a few Weeks return'd from the *Bath*, and Winter was come, I grew worſe again; but as the Summer before had been more favourable to me, than any I have liv'd after it, ſo that was the eaſieſt Winter I have had ever ſince. The next Summer I was indifferent, had ſome ſharp rubs, but they were of no long continuance, and ſometimes I was pretty well for a Month; at the latter end of it I obſerv'd, that the Weather began to have a great influence upon me: The Winter that ſucceeded it I was very ill, and at times as bad

bad as ever. Thus have I continued much after the ſame rate riſing and falling for theſe Seven Years laſt paſt, of which the greateſt part I have been ill, ſometimes indifferent, very rarely well, but often extremely bad; ſo that if I live till *October* next I ſhall have been twelve Years, reckoning from the beginning of my Forty Fourth, an (*a*) *Hypocondriacus Confirmatus.* When I am at beſt I am a Crazy *Valetudinarian*, always forced to obſerve ſo ſtrict a regularity in all my Conduct, as well as my Diet, and ſo nicely circumſpect in every thing I do, that I can never enjoy even that ſmall Portion of Health, that falls to my ſhare, and I ſo ſeldom am bleſs'd with: The leaſt Treſpaſs, nay the leaſt Overſight, draws on me the worſt of Symptoms, being always obliged either to fight againſt, or elſe labour under my Diſtemper, which makes my Life as miſerable, as my Conſtitution.

As to the Remedies I have made uſe of the greateſt part of that time, whether the Effect has been good or bad, I am as much beholden for what I know of 'em to the Dead, as I am to the Living; for tho' the increaſe of my Diſtemper ſoon after my Forty Third Year would not for a great

(*a*) *A confirm'd Hypocondriac.*

while

while allow me to read much, or follow any thing of either Buſineſs or Diverſion; yet after that violent long Illneſs, I never had any, that without intermiſſion laſted for ſix Months together; and improving every interval of Eaſe I have ſince ſtudied Phyſick with as much application, as my Strength would permit me. Having gone through the Practical Authors, with which, as I told you, I began, I went over to *Fernelius*, *Sennertus*, *Jacotius*, *Salius*, *Varandæus*, *Zecchius*, *Thomas a Veiga*, *Riverius*, *Foreſtus*, and ſeveral others of the firſt rank among the Learned: After them I conſulted thoſe, that had found fault with others, as *Cardan*, *Sanctorius*, the Voluminous *Mercatus*, *Ferrerius*, &c. not forgetting the excellent Cautions of *Ballonius*, or the Animadverſions of the Learned *Septalius:* I carefully examin'd every body, that had any ways dwell'd upon my Diſtemper, eſpecially *Claudinus*, *Agricola*, *Martini*, *Wedelius*, *Hartmannus*, *Matthiolus*, *Doringius*, *Rhodius*, *Petræus*, *Fiſcherus*, and both thoſe lower Shelves: Seeing that the (*a*) *Neoterici* often confounded the *malum Hypocondriacum* with the Scurvy, I likewiſe read the moſt valuable of all thoſe, that had purpoſely writ of the latter; as

(*a*) *The Moderns.*

Drawiſius,

Drawiſius, *Horſtius*, *Eugalenus*, *Reuſnerus*, *Lindanus*, &c.

As to Medicines and Preſcriptions, I have run over moſt of the *Pharmacopœa's*, that are extant, eſpecially the *Auguſtana*, with *Zwelferus* that Corrected it; I have read *Scroderus*, *Morellus*, *Quercetanus*, & (*a*) *inſtar omnium*, the *Sylva Medica* of *Waltherus*: But how ſmall is the Reward for the Drudgery of going through ſo many Voluminous Authors, when the only Benefit I have reapt from my Labour, and the upſhot of all my Studies in Phyſick, is, that I know it to be a deceitful Art, that is never to be relied on! for if we conſider, how ſtrangely the greateſt Phyſicians have diſagreed in the moſt eſſential Points of their Art, the multitude of Opinions, Sects, and Factions, that have been among them; their hatred, animoſities, and ridiculing of one another. (*b*) *Profecto non ſine nota Galenus tranſeat quin riſu excipiatur*, ſays *van Helmont de febribus*. If after that, we obſerve how various and oppoſite to each other their Hypotheſes have been, on which they have built all the reſt, how precarious the beſt of them are, and yet how ſtre-

(*a*) *What is worth all the reſt.*

(*b*) *Let not* Galen *paſs without Cenſure and being laugh'd at.*

nuouſly

nuouſly they have all been defended by their ſeveral Authors, and thoſe that adhered to them, every one pretending by his own Syſtem exactly to ſolve all *Phænomena*, and to be an uncontroulable Expounder of the Myſteries of Nature, which yet is but one; and without doubt has always been the ſame. If we mind how Hyperbolical their Praiſes, and how impudent ſome of their Aſſertions are, which they have left us upon Record, of the Uſe and Virtues of ſome Medicines, both Simple and Compound: With what ſeeming Candour and ſometimes ſolemn Aſſeverations thoſe (*a*) *Doſones* profeſs, that they will never fail of producing the effects, which they promiſe of them, and yet how often they delude, or rather how ſeldom any of them anſwer the expectation of him that tries them: How much they differ in the very Seats as well as Cauſes of Diſtempers; how notoriouſly they contradict one another to this Day, even in the Method of Curing, which is the very End of Phyſick; and this not only in the ſame Nations, Univerſities and Cities, but within the hearing of the ſame Patients: If, I ſay, we conſider all this, and how little their greateſt quarrels are likely to be decided, we may

(*a*) *A Name proverbially given to thoſe who promiſe much and perform little.*

conclude

conclude that the Art of Phyſick is no more to be depended upon than that of Aſtrology, and that even the Learned Profeſſors of the firſt have rendred themſelves neither leſs ridiculous nor more beneficial to the Publick than the ignorant Pretenders to the latter. What I ſay is notoriouſly true: (*a*) *oculis ac manibus tenetur.*

Not that I think the Fault lies in the Phyſicians: Many are Men of Senſe and Learning, whom I eſteem and honour; but I am perſuaded, that the Art it ſelf is Fallacious, and really pity thoſe, that have taken ſuch vaſt pains, as the Study of it requires, to ſo little purpoſe in the main. I beg your Pardon, *Philopirio*, for the freedom I take with you: I ſpeak as I think, and ſhall be glad to be convinced of the contrary; wherefore, before you give me your Opinion about my Diſtemper, if you'll take the trouble of ſhewing me that there is any Certainty in Phyſick, (*b*) *eris mihi magnus Apollo*, and I ſhall hearken to you with as much Attention, as you have had Patience in hearing me.

Phi. That the Arrogance of Phyſicians in general, and the great Knowledge which they are obliged to pretend to, are deſervedly cenſur'd, and ridicul'd by all Men of

(*a*) *A Proverb: It is ſeen and felt.*
(*b*) *A Proverb: You ſhall be my Oracle.*

Senſe, that examine into the Reſult of their Practice, I am (*a*) *ut vineta egomet cedam mea*, very willing to allow; but I cannot agree with you, if you would charge the truly Noble and Divine Art it ſelf with what is only to be imputed to the Pride, Avarice or Lazineſs of thoſe, that with ſo much Haughtineſs boaſt themſelves to be the Profeſſors of it, when in reality they neglect and deſpiſe it.

A Young Gentleman, that underſtands *Latin*, takes his Pleaſure at ſome Univerſity, or other, for Six or Seven Years, in which having at his leiſure Hours gone through the uſual Stages of Logick, natural Philoſophy, Anatomy, Botany, and perhaps Chymiſtry, he learns by heart all the Diſtempers incident to human Bodies, from Head to Foot, a few Signs by which they are known and diſtinguiſh'd from one another, and what Prognoſtication is commonly made upon every one of them, with the Method of Cure, and ſuch Remedies as the Author he reads is pleas'd to inſert and recommend: The Gentleman thus inſtructed being honour'd with his Degree, which cannot be denied him, is conſulted in the moſt

(*a*) *To prune my own Vine my ſelf. A Proverb made uſe of by Men, when they accuſe and don't ſpare themſelves or their Profeſſion.*

difficult

difficult Caſes, is ready to defend his Opinion in Mode and Figure againſt all Oppoſers, and thinks himſelf qualified to be Phyſician to the greateſt Monarch in the Univerſe; and yet it is certain, that ſuch a one is no more capable of diſcharging the weighty Office of a Phyſician, than a Man that ſhould ſtudy Opticks, Proportions, and read of Painting and mixing of Colours for as many Years, would, without having ever touch'd a Pencil, be able to perform the part of a good Hiſtory-Painter.

I own that the Studies I have named are neceſſary for all young Beginners; but they only make up the Eaſie, the Pleaſant, the Speculative, the Preparatory part of Phyſick: The Tedious, the Difficult, but the only Uſeful part in regard of others, I mean the Practical, which is not attempted by many, is only attain'd by an almoſt everlaſting Attendance on the Sick, unwearied Patience, and judicious as well as diligent Obſervation.

This is the Art it ſelf, to which all the Studies I named before are but the *Proœmium*. This the (*a*) *Schola Coa*, and the greateſt of its Members, *Hippocrates*, with ſome few of his Followers, profeſs'd; but being too ſevere, unpleaſing and tireſome,

(*a*) *The School of the Iſland* Cos.

it has been little regarded for many Ages, and it is chiefly to the Ancients that we are beholden for what we know of it. As the World grows wiser, Physicians of later times have found out more Compendious ways to Renown and Riches; by applying themselves particularly to Anatomy, Chymistry, *&c.* and by writing of, or performing something with Accuracy in any one only of the shallow auxiliary Arts, that all together compose the Theory of Physick, they know how to insinuate themselves into the Favour of the Publick; and from their giving Proofs of their understanding well one inconsiderable Branch of their Art, are stupidly believ'd to be equally skill'd in the whole. The great Anatomist that Artfully Dissects the Dead Body of a Malefactor, shall therefore be trusted with the live one of the Judge, till he has fitted that too for his Purpose. The witty Philosopher, who can so exactly tell you which way the World was made, that one would think he must have had a hand in it, in his Talk cures all Diseases by Hypothesis, and frightens away the Gout with a fine Simile, but when he comes to practise oftener reasons a trifling Distemper into a Consumption. But, says the Botanist, (a) *non verbis sed herbis:* He that by the

(a) *A Proverb, signifying that things are not to be done by Talking, but by Medicines: In* English, *Not by Words but by Herbs.*

colour

colour and ſhape of Seeds can foretell what Leaves and Flowers the Plants will produce is no ſmall Phyſician, and muſt have a great Inſight into the Seeds of Diſeaſes: Being ſo well acquainted with the Virtues of all the Simples, he knows, without doubt, what will Cure you, if God has created it. The boaſting Chymiſt values himſelf above the reſt, ſince by the force of Fire, (he'll tell you) and by his *Menſtruum* he exalts the Minerals to a higher pitch of Perfection than their Soil or Climate could ever have rais'd them, and deſpiſing the Efficacy of Simples, puts Nature her ſelf upon the rack to make her confeſs what Medicines ſhe has within her.

Miſom. Theſe I have always look'd upon as the only valuable Branches of Phyſick: Why do you call them inconſiderable? Can any Man pretend to a Methodical Practice without them?

Philop. I only call them ſo in reſpect to the main Practice it ſelf, and would by no means admit of a Phyſician, that ſhould not be vers'd in them; nay I would have publick Profeſſors, that ſhould not only inſtruct others, but ſpend moſt of their Time in making new Experiments, and if poſſible further Diſcoveries in every one of thoſe uſeful Arts; but I would not have People ridiculouſly pretend, that becauſe they have

more particularly ſtudied and taken Pains in any one of them, they therefore underſtand the Practice of Phyſick: Such as are deſign'd for the Practical part might content themſelves with learning as much of the Theory as is commonly taught in one, or at moſt two Courſes on each Branch, and after that preſently apply themſelves to ſteddy Obſervation, which to come to perfection in, they want above twenty Lives. If what I ſay ſeems Hyperbolical, and you would have an ample view of the Shortneſs of Life, in proportion to the Length of Time neceſſary to learn the Art, caſt your Eye on the Complaint of the Divine *Hippocrates*; that prodigious Man, after he had lived ſo long, and made ſuch an admirable uſe of his Time, was yet ſo Conſcious, and ſo full of the Truth of it, that he had not the Power to begin his Aphoriſms, the very Marrow and Quinteſſence of Practice, without diſcloſing it: (*a*) ὁ Βίος βραχὺς ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρή. 'Tis Obſervation, plain Obſervation, without deſcanting or reaſoning upon it, that makes the Art; and all, who neglecting this main point have ſtrove to embelliſh it with the Fruits of their Brain,

(*a*) *Life is ſhort, and the Art of great Extent.*

have

have but crampt and confounded it. (a) *Si excipias enim*, ſays a learned Author, *Paucos illos obſervatores, qui Caſus & Hiſtorias Medicas diligenter, feliciter & ad vivum prout ab ipſa rei natura procedebant, deſcribendo, Medicinæ pomœria ſummopere ampliarunt; ea quæ reliqui adjecere, falſam theoriam, & hujuſmodi ineptias ſpectantia, turbarunt potius impediveruntque illius progreſſus quam indicarunt aut promoverunt.* Where ſhall you find a Phyſician now-a-days that makes that Stay with his Patients, which it is plain the Ancients muſt have done, to make the noble Prognoſticks we have from them? But this would not only be too laborious, but a tedious way of getting Money; Self-intereſt now gives better Leſſons to young Phyſicians. If you are not extraordinary in any of the Branches I have named, rather than that you ſhould ſpend your Time before the ſquallid Beds of poor Patients, and bear with the unſavory Smells of a crouded Hoſpital, ſhew your ſelf a Scholar, write a Poem, either a good one, or a long

(a) *For if you except the Few, that have ſtuck to Obſervation and by diligently deſcribing Phyſical Caſes and Hiſtorys to the Life, as they had them from Nature, have very much enlarged medical Knowledge; all the reſt that has been added by others relating to falſe Theories and ſuch like triſles, has rather confounded the Art and hindred its Progreſs, than it has improved or done any Service to it.*

one; Compoſe a *Latin* Oration, or do but Tranſlate ſomething out of that Language with your Name to it. If you can do none of all theſe, Marry into a good Family, and your Relations will help you into Practice: Or elſe cringe and make your court to half a dozen noted Apothecaries, promiſe 'em to preſcribe Loads of Phyſick, never to forget the Melodious ſound of *Bolus*, and always to make your Bills, like the Chimes of the *Exchange*, Ring with a (*a*) *repetatur tertia quaque hora:* Nay, get but in favour with one that has great Buſineſs, and yours is done. Otherwiſe be a rigid Party-man, it is all one, *Whig* or *Tory*, ſo you are but violent enough of either ſide; or if you can Chat, and be a good Companion, you may drink your ſelf into Practice; but if you are too dull for what I have hitherto named, and in reality good for nothing, you muſt ſay little and be civil to all the World, keep a ſet of Coffee-Houſes, obſerve your certain Hours, and take care you are often ſent for where you are, and ask'd for where you are not; but tho' in thoſe ſeveral Coffee-houſes you are forced to ſit idle and loiter away your Time all day long, yet when out of 'em always counterfeit a Man that is in haſte, and wanted in a great many Places;

(*a*) *Let it be repeated every third Hour.*

as

as for the reſt, ſtudy what *Demea* ſaid of his Brother, to be *(a) Clemens, placidus, nulli os lædere, arridere omnibus*; contradict no body, never open your Lips without a Smile, and give no Peace to your Hat.

Thus you may ſee, that there is abundance of difference between the Art of Phyſick and the Practice of Phyſicians. *(b) Non enim jam ſtudent homines, ut artis quam profitentur periti fiant, ſed ut ſuam qualemcunque peritiam aliis care vendant.*

Miſom. What I have ſtudy'd of Phyſick, I confeſs is only the Theoretick part, and I have no Experience, but what I have to my Coſt learnt upon my ſelf through my own Illneſs; I never practis'd upon others, nor ever made (*c*) *in Care periculum*; but if it be true, (*d*) *quod utilitate hominis nil debet eſſe homini antiquius*, why ſhould any Man trouble his Head with what he could not compaſs, if he had twenty Lives, and which way do you judge of the Certainty of an Art that no body was ever Maſter of?

(*a*) *Gracious, Indulging, to ſay nothing that is unpleaſant to hear, and ſmile upon every body.*

(*b*) *For Men now-a-days don't ſo much make it their Study to become expert in the Buſineſs they profeſs, as they do to make others pay dear for that which they do know of it, how little or much ſoever that may be.*

(*c*) *A Proverb uſed when Experiments are tried upon men of little value.*

(*d*) *Man ſhould chiefly regard what is uſeful to Man.*

Philo.

Philo. (*a*) *Ex ungue leonem:* From the laſting Truth we diſcover in all thoſe Rules, that once, tho' many Ages ago, were ſettled by repeated and judicious Experience. Moſt of the *Diagnoſtick* Signs and Predictions from every Symptom, which *Hippocrates*, *Celius Aurelianus*, and a few more *Greeks* have left us, as they are the Reſult of ſolid Obſervation, will continue to be faithful Guides to all that can make uſe of them, as long as human Bodies and Nature it ſelf remain. As for the Labour and Time requir'd to make a tolerable Proficient in Phyſick, I refer you to the learned *Baglivi*, which being a late Author of Note, I don't queſtion but you have ſeen.

Miſom. I read him almoſt as ſoon as he came out; here he ſtands.

Phil. If what he propoſes was put in practice, Phyſick might ſoon be improved, and the Rules of it in twenty or thirty Years time brought to a great Perfection.

Miſom. But what Univerſity would be at the Charge of keeping ſo many Phyſicians? (*b*) *Unum ad unum*, ſays the Proverb; but he requires more, for I think he would have two for every Diſtemper, that ſhould ſtudy nothing elſe all their Life-time: One

(*a*) *A Proverb. By the Claw you may know the Lion.*
(*b*) *One to one thing.*

to

to read whatever has been writ of it, and from that collect all that might be of practical use; another to be constantly near the Patient's Bed-side, and faithfully set down every Symptom, nay every Motion he discovers.

Phil. Not only so: But speaking of him that is to attend the Sick, and considering what he is to do, he says, (*a*) *aperte constat unius hominis vitam vix, ac ne vix quidem, futuram satis ad unum duntaxat morbum perfecte illustrandum.* From these joint Observations he would have them draw short and distinct Conclusions by way of Aphorisms, without Art or Flourish, to serve for standing Rules in Practice, as without doubt they would be, to all Posterity. Before this is done, it is not to be expected that one Man should understand the whole Art; which *Galen* knew very well, when he said, (*b*) *Cum enim unius hominis vita ad omnium inventionem sufficere nequeat longi temporis observationes historia colligit, ut*

(*a*) *It is very plain that one Man's Life would not be sufficient to take notice and set forth what is to be known of one Distemper only.*

(*b*) *For as one Man's Life is not sufficient to find out every thing, so History collects the Observations that are made in great length of time, that by the help of it, one at last may be made a Man of consummate Knowledge, he being as it were the Compound or Product of all the Learning and Experience that the Men of so many Ages have from time to time been endued with.*

ejus

ejus beneficio tanquam ex multis tot ſeculorum hominibus unus efficiatur eruditiſſimus.

Miſom. But if the Phyſicians don't ſet about this Task of making Obſervations, with greater Application than they have done theſe Twelve or Fourteen Hundred Years, and we muſt have none to be depended upon till our Univerſities put *Baglivi*'s Project in Execution, the (*a*) *homo eruditiſſimus* in the Practice of Phyſick, which *Galen* ſpeaks of, is a good way off yet, and I believe, that our Great Grand-Children will hardly ever have the Happineſs to ſee him.

Phil. I am afraid ſo too: Therefore every Phyſician, that would diſcharge his Conſcience, ought to ſupply, as much as he can in his private Capacity, the Neglect of the Publick, and wholly apply himſelf to the Study of one Diſtemper only.

Miſom. I confeſs; that, hearing the Hypochondriack and Hyſterick Paſſions were the chief of your Practice, I was willing to ſee you for that Reaſon.

Phil. The Study of theſe indeed I have choſen for my Province.

Miſom. I muſt tell you, as *Davus* did to *Geta* in the *Phormio*, (*b*) *Provinciam cepiſti duram.*

(*a*) *A Man of conſummate Knowledge.*
(*b*) *You have undertaken a difficult Task.*

Phil.

Phil. I own 'tis a difficult one; but (*a*) *Dii facientes adjuvant*, Application makes every thing eaſie.

Miſom. It is true, (*b*) *Dii laboribus omnia vendunt:* Every thing is to be conquer'd by Application and Labour.

(*c*) *Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor;*
Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.

But ſince we are ſo inſenſibly come back to what I Ail, with your Leave for the preſent we'll have no more of Phyſick than as it relates to my Diſtemper; tho' I am mightily pleas'd with the Digreſſion we made, and ſhall be very glad to hear you enlarge upon the ſame Subject at another time: You and I muſt be better acquainted, *Philopirio*; if your Medicines do me no good, I am ſure your Company will: One thing above the reſt I admire in you, and that's your Patience, which muſt be unaffected, becauſe you can be gay in the Exerciſe of it. You can't imagine, how a pertinent lively Diſcourſe, or any thing that is ſprightly, revives my Spirits. I don't know what it is that makes me ſo, whether it be our talking together, the Serenity of the Air, or both; but I enjoy abundance of Pleaſure, and this

(*a*) *The Gods aſſiſt thoſe that are doing. A Proverb.*
(*b*) *A Proverb. The Gods ſell every thing for Labour.*
(*c*) *By Labour* Hercules *broke through* Acheron: *Nothing is impoſſible to Mortals.* Horace.

Moment,

Moment, methinks, I am as well as ever I was in my Life: The beginning of *June* I have obſerved for ſome Years always agrees with me very well, and the long continuance we have had of fine Weather, I fancy, has done me a great deal of good; I have been very eaſie theſe Eight Days, only laſt Night I had a pretty ſevere Fit of the Cholick. How ſtrange a thing is this Diſtemper of mine! To be ſo extraordinary well between whiles, as I am now, and ſometimes to be plung'd into ſuch an Abyſs of Miſery, as I have often been in, both of Body and Mind; nay, I cannot think of any Part of me, that at one time or other has not been affected by it: For Months together, I have had a perpetual ſounding and ringing in my Ears, that has been very troubleſome; and when it lies in my Head, I have ſuch a Dimneſs in my Eyes, as if I ſaw through a Miſt; tho' otherwiſe, conſidering I have read much and am near Fifty Five, my Sight is very clear. When I am at the beſt, I can feel that the long habit of my Illneſs has chang'd my very Humour: Formerly I fear'd nothing, and had the Conſtancy of a Man: from what I have related you may gather what Temper I was of beſides; but now I am full of Doubts and Fears; (*i*) *Leporis vitam vivo:* I am grown peeviſh

(*a*) *I lead a Hare's Life. A Proverb, for a Life of Anxiety.*

and

and fretful, irresolute, suspicious, every thing offends me, and a Trifle puts me in a Passion. The Name of (*a*)*Heautontimorumenos* never was half so applicable to any one, as it is to me: I can excruciate my self for all manner of Evils, past, present, and to come. I told you the State I was in, when my Kinsman died: This, tho' it is four and twenty Years ago, often runs in my Head when I am Ill, and makes me like one

(*b*) *Districtus ensis cui super impia*
Cervice pendet. ——

First I am angry with my self for having been guilty of such unparallel'd Supineness as I was; then am I oppress'd with tormenting Thoughts of what it might have brought me to, till I sweat again; and am sometimes frighten'd into such an Agony, as if all the Calamities that could have been expected from it, were in reality come upon me, and I saw my Wife and Children that Minute begging their Bread. Sometimes when I have been out of order in bad Weather it has come into my Head, that in an Account of some remarkable things in *Virginia*, I had read something concerning the strange Influence which the Air has there

(*a*) *One that torments or excruciates himself.*
(*b*) *Over whose impious Neck hangs a naked Sword.* Horace. *It is applied proverbially to one who thinks himself in imminent danger.*

upon

upon human Bodies, and among the reſt of a Gentlewoman, whoſe Cholick-pains were obſerved to encreaſe upon the riſing and coming nigher of the Clouds. This I have been afraid, would in time come to be my caſe; and the Thoughts of it have ſeveral times put me under ſtrange Apprehenſions. I'll give you another Inſtance, how unaccountably I am afflicted by mere Thoughts, and ſometimes work'd upon even by (*a*) *non entia.*

I believe my Wife is a very honeſt Woman, nor have I ever had the leaſt Reaſon to think the contrary; and as to my ſelf, I never lay with any other beſides her ſelf ſince I had her. I have been married almoſt Thirty Years; and tho' before that I deſerv'd it, yet I never in all my Life had *Gonorrhœa*, *Bubo*, or any other the leaſt Venereal Symptom, and have always been very ſound

(*b*) ——— *in partibus illis,*
Quas ſinus abſcondit; ———

as *Juvenal* calls 'em: Yet it is no longer ago than laſt Winter, that I could not be perſuaded, but that I was Pox'd to all intents and purpoſes, and 'twas a thouſand to

(*a*) *Things that have no Exiſtence.*
(*b*) *In thoſe Parts which the Lap conceals.*

one

one but I had been Salivated; for a conſiderable time I was all Day long examining my Shins, and Forehead, and feeling for *Nodes* and (*a*) *Tophi*: The loſing of my Noſe, my Palate, my Eyes, and all the frightful and ſhameful Conſequences of that Diſeaſe poſſeſs'd my Fancy for hours together, till the Horror of them entring deeper into my Soul, ſometimes ſtruck me with ſuch unſpeakable Pangs of Grief, as no Torture, or Death could ever be able to give the like. When I grew better, I found that all this had been occaſion'd by reading of the *Lues*, when I began to be Ill; which has made me reſolve ſince, never to look in any Book of Phyſick again, but when my Head is in very good order.

I have read and heard of Hundreds of Melancholy People, that had as many ſeveral Whimſies, and imagining themſelves to be what they were not, ſtuck cloſe to the Abſurdities of their Fancies, when they were well in every thing elſe, or at leaſt in tolerable Health: But I never was ſo bad as that. The Diſturbances of my Brain are never ſo laſting, and as ſoon as they are paſt the height, I have always ſhort Moments, in which, when my Soul exerts her ſelf to the

(*a*) *Swellings on the Shins occaſioned by the Pox.*

utmoſt of her power, I can judge of things as they really are. Theſe lucid Intervals and continual Relapſes that ſucceed them in the wane of a Paroxiſm, are for a while not unlike the alternations of Light and Darkneſs, in the Spring; the latter growing ſtill weaker and ſhorter, as the firſt encreaſe, till the Diſtemper leaves the upper Region, and my Underſtanding is cleared up again. Hence I conclude, that however my Temper and Conſtitution are ſpoil'd; my Reaſon, even when I am at the worſt, is only clouded, but not impaired. The Conſideration of this has often been a (*a*) *Solamen miſeriæ* to me, in the midſt of Pains and other Troubles. It is certainly a Comfort, tho' it is a poor one, that when I compare what I am now to what I was before, I find, that tho' every thing elſe is infinitely worſe, the (*b*) *acumen ingenii* (as much as I was ever Maſter of) the (*c*) *Divinæ particula auræ* is ſtill the ſame, and my Judgment rather improved.

Yet this is a Frailty of Nature. For tho' we own our ſelves to be a Compound of Body as well as Soul, and the firſt is the only Part the Exiſtence of which we are ſure of, yet by the words, *I* and *we*, when we ſpeak of our ſelves, and mean our own perſons,

(*a*) *A Solace of Miſery.* (*b*) *Edge of my Underſtanding.*
(*a*) *Particle of Divine Emanation. Uſed proverbially for the Soul.*

Socrates

Socrates tells us in *Plato*, nothing is underſtood but the Soul. The Reaſon you'll tell me is, becauſe mere Matter cannot think. But this is *gratis dictum*; and tho' it has the Air of an unqueſtionable Axiom, yet it is built upon the falſeſt Suppoſition in the World, *viz.* That what we cannot comprehend is therefore impoſſible; for it could never have ſprung from any other Origin, than our avow'd Incapacity of conceiving which way mere Matter ſhould be made to think. When we have confeſs'd, what every body muſt be conſcious of, that we are far from knowing all the Properties that may belong to Matter, is it, I beg of you, more eaſy to conceive that what is incorporeal ſhould act upon the Body, & *vice verſa*, than it is that Omnipotence ſhould be able in ſuch a manner to modify and diſpoſe Matter, that without any other Aſſiſtance it ſhould produce Thought and Conſciouſneſs? Nor is it claſhing with Chriſtianity to affirm, that we conſiſt of nothing but what is corporeal, and that Man is wholly mortal. The Reſurrection of the ſame Perſon (tho' we were only corporeal) muſt neceſſarily include the Reſtitution of Conſciouſneſs; and our firm Reliance on ſuch a Reſurrection, fully anſwers whatever Religion requires of us concerning the Belief of future Rewards and Puniſhments. This Opi-

nion of Man's being wholly mortal, would moreover remove and utterly abolish one of the greatest Difficulties Divines have to cope with; I mean the Question of the Soul's intermediate State between Death and the Resurrection: For it is evident that the Moment this Doctrine is received, all the Disputes *de ſtatu mortuorum*, muſt ceaſe of courſe. It is then neither Reaſon nor Religion which inſpires us with the Fondneſs we have for the *Divinæ particula Auræ*. What is it then? you'll ſay. I am loth to ſpeak againſt my ſelf; judge you your ſelf of Facts. The Body of Man is thought to be of mean Deſcent; the animal Functions of it have a near Reſemblance to the ſame Functions in Brutes: It is generated and born like theirs; and the difference between the Bodies of Men and thoſe of Beaſts is ſtill leſs in their Decay. Death to all our Senſes is the ſame in both; both promiſcuouſly moulder away to the ſame Duſt; and the Proverb, (a) *omnia idem pulvis*, tho' I would not apply it in its figurative Senſe, is here literally true. The Reflection on this is mortifying; but then on the other hand, the Soul being inviſible is thought to be of the higheſt Extraction. As the Beams of the Sun are undoubtedly de-

(a) *All the ſame Duſt.*

rived

rived from that glorious Luminary, ſo the Souls of Men are look'd upon as ſo many certain Emanations of the Deity. Therefore the greateſt Philoſophers, before Chriſtianity as well as ſince, have taken up ſtrong Reſolutions to believe the Soul to be immortal; tho' ſome of them have own'd, at the ſame time, that they had no other Reaſon for ſuch a Belief, than what was ſuggeſted to them by Self-love, their own eager Wiſhes that it might be ſo; and that tho' it ſhould not be true, they ſtill deſired to be perſuaded that it was. (*a*) *Me vero delectat; idque primum ita eſſe velim; deinde etiam ſi non ſit, mihi tamen perſuaderi velim.* Oh, the unfathomable depth of human Pride!

But I ſhall talk you to Death, *Philopirio*, and I can't help it; I am over-joy'd at the Health I am in; every thing pleaſes me. (*b*) —— *gratior it dies & ſoles melius nitent.* 'Tis Heaven to me when I think how perfectly well I am; but then how miſerable on the other ſide again is the Thought, of harbouring ſome where within me, tho' now I feel it not, a vaſt enormous Monſter, whoſe Savage force may in an Inſtant bear

(*a*) *I am delighted with it; and that firſt, becauſe I would have it ſo: Secondly, tho' it is not ſo, ſtill I deſire that I may be perſuaded that it is ſo.* Cicero.

(*b*) *The Day goes on more agreeably, and the Sun ſhines with better Luſtre.*

down my Reaſon, Judgment, and all their boaſted Strength before it. It is inconceivable, that when I perceive my Affliction coming upon me, I ſhould be ſo ſenſible as I am, that the Dangers I dread, and Sorrows I foreſee, are only Chimera's, mere Falſities, and nothing but the Impoſitions of a Diſtemper; and yet, as it encreaſes, ſhould ſink underneath the weight of it, tho' arm'd with ſo much Reſolution againſt it. I know it, I reſiſt it, yet I can't overcome it; and when it begins to be violent, I muſt apply to my ſelf in ſad earneſt, what *Phædria* in the *Eunuchus* ſaid on a fooliſh Occaſion: (a) *Prudens, ſciens, vivus, videnſque pereo.*

Phil. I could hearken to you with pleaſure for Hours together, but am afraid you'll weary your ſelf: I would not have you ſpeak with ſo much Spirit; you ſoar too high, and don't conſult your Health.

Miſom. I take you right, and thank you; but I find my ſelf very well; tho' I know, that talking with ſo much vehemence, has diſcompos'd me before now; but pray don't leave me yet; for having told you every thing that has occurr'd to my Memory concerning my Diſtemper, I am now full of Expectation, to hear what you think both of that and me.

(a) *I ſee my Ruin before-hand, and I can't help knowingly to run into it.*

Phil.

Phil. I had no thoughts of going, and am ready to give you my Sentiment upon all I have heard.

Miſom. One word before you proceed. You are without doubt acquainted with all the *Hypotheſes* of Note, and ſo am I: Wherefore, that I may underſtand you the better, I beg to know before-hand, whoſe it is you go upon in the Explication of *Hypocondriaciſm*, or elſe whether you have a peculiar one of your own.

Phil. Indeed, *Miſomedon*, I don't make uſe of any.

Miſom. How is that poſſible? Which way then can you reaſon about the Cauſes and Seat of the Diſtemper, or ſo much as ſolve the leaſt of the Symptoms that attend it?

Phil. I don't pretend to reaſon about either the one or the other; nor did I ever ſtrive to ſolve any of its Symptoms, otherwiſe than by endeavouring to remove them.

Miſom. Would ever Man of Learning offer to cure Diſtempers of that complicated difficulty, as the Hypocondriac Paſſion, immethodically, after the manner of Ignorant Quacks! I am amaz'd at your Language, and of all the Phyſicians I have conſulted, which are not a few, I declare, that I never had one from whom I leſs expected to hear what you juſt now ſaid, than from your

ſelf. (*a*) *Quanta de ſpe decidi!* What! are you an *Empyrick?*

Phil. That is an odious Name, eſpecially in *England*; but then you know that the Word is much abus'd, and that the *Empyricks* among the Phyſicians of all Ages have been as famous a Sect as any, that ever were diſtinguiſh'd by a Name: That the firſt Author of it, *Heraclion*, was a Phyſician of Renown, and abundance of his Followers Men of great Parts and Learning. They were of Opinion, that the Art of Phyſick conſiſted in downright Obſervation, and a world of Experience; and that all manner of reaſoning about the Cauſes of Diſtempers, and being Witty in deducing the Symptoms from 'em, were very inſignificant toward curing People that were ſick: So far I am an *Empyrick:* But then there are ſeveral things ſaid of 'em, that are worſe; as their denying, that the Knowledge of natural things, and the Body itſelf, were any ways material to the Profeſſion, and that their Experience, (as an Author that preaches very much for Moderation among Phyſicians calls it,) was (*b*) *merè Stupida, non repetita, caſu non ductu inventa, & prorſus Circumforanea.* Here I

(*a*) *What vaſt Hopes am I fallen from! A Proverb.*

(*b*) *Altogether ſtupid, not repeated, acquired by Chance not with Deſign, and entirely ſuch as that of our Mountebanks.*

ſhould

ſhould differ from them; but theſe Things are partially writ.

Miſom. Why ſo?

Phil. Firſt, becauſe it is Nonſenſe, (ſaving that great Man's favour) to ſay, they were all for Experience, and at the ſame time not for repeated Experience: Secondly, becauſe it is inconſiſtent with the Character of Men of Senſe, which 'tis own'd ſome of them were, that they ſhould have no manner of thought or forecaſt in the Application of their Experience, whether they had been Phyſicians or not; for at that rate, if they had given any thing with Succeſs to a ſtrong Man of Thirty, in a Fever of only one Day's ſtanding, it muſt follow, that either they would have given the ſame (I ſpeak of the Doſe as well as the Medicine) to a weakly Child of two Years Old, that had been in a Fever for Ten Days together; or elſe, if they ſtuck ſo cloſe to their Experience, never adminiſtred the ſame Medicine again, till they had met with another ſtrong Patient of Thirty, agreeing in every Circumſtance with the former.

There is no Medium, if what is ſaid of them be literally true; and if it be not, as I don't think it is, we can't tell how far the account of their Opinion is ſtrain'd, or how much they may have been abuſed. What is deliver'd to us concerning them ought juſtly

juſtly to be ſuſpected, becauſe it comes all from their profeſs'd Enemies, and chiefly from *Galen*, the moſt inveterate of 'em all, as is plain throughout his Works. So much for *Empyricks*.

As for curing Diſtempers immethodically; ſince it is equivocal, I muſt tell you in the firſt place, that I am none of the Sect call'd the *Methodici*, headed by *Theſſalus Theſſalicus*, tho' I am far from approving of every thing that *Galen* has writ againſt them. Secondly, if by Method you mean a certain Rule, (*a*) *a qua deviare piaculum eſt*, and ask me, whether I have a conſtant Theory, by which I am always directed in the Cure, I ſtill anſwer in the Negative: But if now you put the queſtion, whether Men of Learning were ever of this Opinion? I anſwer, Yes; and not to name *Paracelſus*, *Van Helmont*, *Bontekoe*, *Craane*, and a great many that you might tell me you would ſhut out for Wranglers, as they were; I muſt put you in mind, that neither *Hippocrates* himſelf, nor the *Coan*, *Cnidian*, or other Schools, nor any of the Phyſicians of Old *Greece*, which without diſpute were the beſt that ever the World could boaſt of, follow'd any Theory, or what you call Method at all; and if you think it a Myſtery how they could do without, *Baglivi* will unfold it to you; who, ſpeaking of the Difference be-

(*a*) *Which it would be a Crime to deviate from.*

tween

tween the Modern Phyſicians, and thoſe I named, has theſe Words, (a) *quod nos per leges Theoriæ, id illi ſola mentis perſpicacite, longo uſu Confirmata peragebant*; which was worth all the Theories on Earth.

Miſom. But I don't think it Prudence for every body to follow the Steps of thoſe prodigious Men, unleſs they were likewiſe of their great *Genius* and Sagacity, as well as laborious and indefatigable Temper; that vaſt Stock of Obſervations, it is probable they had, without any Coherence or Diſpoſition of them into Claſſes, would make no ſmall Confuſion in an ordinary Man's Brains. Order helps Memory, and even an indifferent Theory muſt eaſe a Phyſician in his Practice; and the Art of Phyſick, which you complain your ſelf is too great a task for one Man, would be ſtill more difficult without ſome ſuch help.

Phil. As to general Practice, or the whole body of the Art, there is no diſpute but all the Diſtempers incident to human Bodies ought to be ſet down diſtinctly, and the Obſervations rang'd under the ſeveral Heads they belong to. But with your leave, this is not the Point in Queſtion: As much Order as you pleaſe: What I am againſt, is, the Speculative part of Phyſick, as it is

(a) *What we do by the Rules of Theory, they perform'd by nothing but their own Sagacity ſtrengthen'd by long Uſe.*

diſtinct

diſtinct from the Practical, that teaches Men to cure all manner of Diſtempers in their Cloſets, without ever ſeeing a Patient; 'tis this Product of fertile Brains and luxuriant Fancies, the early Antients knew nothing of. *Jevain*, an *Arabian*, was the firſt that made that Diſtinction; for which an honeſt Phyſician of the ſame Country has ſince claw'd him off, as he deſerv'd, as may be ſeen in *Averrhoes*. Believe me, *Miſomedon*, 'tis all a Cheat; it is the Obſervations, and not Reaſons, that conſtitute the Art; and the latter are no more neceſſary to Phyſicians, than falſe Lights to Shop-keepers, which we know are only contriv'd to make their Goods look the better.

Miſom. I don't deny the Neceſſity of Obſervations, but you ſhall never perſuade me, that the Multitude of Obſervations, (which the more they are, the greater you own is the Practitioner's Certainty) can ever hinder him from giving a Reaſon for what he does.

Phil. Whilſt a Man's Obſervations are only made on things of known Appellations, and are not extended to Particles, Properties or Figures, for which there are no Names ready coined, you are in the right; but a curious Obſerver learns in time to diſtinguiſh, between things that very nearly reſemble one another, have the ſame name, and ſeem to thoſe who are leſs acquainted with them

not

not to differ at all. Now if you pleaſe to conſider, that there are no Words in any Language for an hundredth part of all the minute Differences in many things that yet are obvious and eaſily perceptible to the Skilful, you will ſoon find, that a Man may know a thing perfectly well, and at the ſame time not be able to tell you, why, or how he comes to know it. What a Variety of different Hues there is in the ſeveral Mixtures, that all come under the Denomination of Cloth-colour, and have no other Name: Therefore to come at ſuch or ſuch a particular, you muſt ſhew a Pattern, or elſe you can never make your ſelf intelligible. The practical Knowledge of a Phyſician, or at leaſt the moſt conſiderable Part of it, is the Reſult of a large Collection of Obſervations, that have been made not only on the *Minutiæ* of things in human Bodies both in Health and Sickneſs, but likewiſe on ſuch Changes and Differences in thoſe *Minutiæ*, as no Language can expreſs; and when a man has no other Reaſon for what he does than the Dictates ariſing from the Obſervations he has collected, it is impoſſible that he can give you the one without the other; that is, he can never explain his Reaſons to you, unleſs he could likewiſe communicate to you that Collection of Obſervations, of which his Skill is the Product. As for Example; whilſt your

your Servant went to tell you, I was come; I ſaw in your Parlour a Head of *Van Dike*'s, which I would ſwear to, is an Original: But ſhould any body, eſpecially one that had no skill in Painting, ask me, why I would be ſo poſitive, when it might be a Copy, that was very well done, and like it, and I was either to give him an intelligible Reaſon, why I knew this from any Copy that could be made, (which yet is very true,) or elſe to be hang'd; I muſt die like a Fool.

Miſom. I confeſs I never heard better Reaſons, to avoid giving any, in all my Life.

Phil. You are witty upon me: But remember, what you ſaid your ſelf not a quarter of an Hour ago, when you reflected on Mens Opinion of the Soul. 'Tis certainly Pride, that makes us ſo fond of the Idol Reaſon, but it is an unaccountable dotage, that we ſhould hug it ſo cloſe, as to let it ſlip, and ſtill continue the ſame love to the ſhadow and bare appearance of it. Reaſon, like Truth, is ſingle, and therefore ought to have a ſolid and unſhakable Foundation; nothing, which has a bare Suppoſition for its Baſis, can deſerve the Name; and whatever Conſequences are drawn from an Uncertainty, tho' they may be good Logick, and perhaps witty Arguments, yet cannot be call'd Reaſons. In the time of *Galen*, who was bred

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an Empyrick and the Pupil of a very great Maſter, the eminent Phyſicians were honeſt pains-taking Drudges, that watching almoſt Day and Night by their Patients Bed-ſides, ſtuck cloſe to Obſervations, and minded nothing, but how to cure thoſe that were committed to their Care, without a thought of pleaſing any other way.

Miſom. (*a*) *O domus Anti, quam diſpari domino dominaris!*

Phil. This made Phyſick a very Auſtere Study, as well as Myſterious to all the World beſides; and conſequently the reaſon of what was done to the Sick was as unintelligible to the moſt ſubtile Philoſopher, as it was to the greateſt Clown. *Galen* himſelf, a Man of very great Senſe, and no leſs Pride, having entertain'd the Ambition of raiſing himſelf above any of his Contemporaries, foreſaw, that to exceed the moſt skillful of them in real Knowledge, would be a very difficult task, if not impoſſible, and at beſt a tedious work of endleſs Labour: He was well acquainted with the ſtate of Phyſick and the Palate of his *Garrulous Age*, and found, that nothing would ſooner or eaſier eſtabliſh his

(*a*) *Oh Houſe of* Antius, *how unlike is the Lord by whom you are govern'd* now, to him who governed you before! *A Proverb uſed, when Matters are worſe managed by thoſe, who have the Adminiſtration of them, than they were formerly.*

Repu-

Reputation, than his Wit: Accordingly he left the Obſervations to them that liked them, and fell a writing fine Language in a florid Style. He told the World that Phyſick was a rational Art, that they were Beetle-headed Fellows, that could not make it intelligible, and preſently gives them Reaſons, ſuch as they were, for every individual thing he could think on. This took wonderfully with the People of thoſe Days. Seeing his Reaſons were ſo well accepted, he writ on and ſtuck at nothing; where his own Wit could not help him out, he borrow'd of others: His *Materia Medica* he took from *Dioſcorides*, without ſo much as naming his Name: Where he had his Anatomy I don't know, but *Veſalius*, a great Anatomiſt, proves from his Blunders in no leſs than 106 places, that he never ſaw the Inſide of a human Body: And yet he aſſign'd every part its Office with as little Heſitation, as if he had made them, or been ſet over them as *Major domo*. This was the beginning of People's reaſoning about Phyſick, from Speculation and Probability; and that the cauſe of all the *Hypotheſes* we have had ſince, the beſt of which will be always defective and full of Error.

Miſ. From what firſt you ſaid of the *Arabian*, that divided the Art into Speculative and Practical, and now of *Galen*, whom I know to have writ with abundance

dance of heat againſt the Empyricks, Methodiſts, &c. I find you would infer, that the Phyſicians did not begin to reaſon about Phyſick, and make Hypotheſes, becauſe they thought that what they writ was true, and would be of ſervice to their Poſterity in curing the Sick; but to ingratiate themſelves with the Ages they lived in; and that they did not ſo much find fault with others, to have things mended, as to eſtabliſh their own Reputations upon the Ruins of thoſe they overthrew.

Phil. I would ſo; but above all, to avoid the unwholeſome, as well as tireſome Office of being perpetually near the Bedſide, to obſerve every Motion the Patient makes, ſo unavoidable to a Man, that would be skill'd (*a*) *in morbis acutis.* This muſt have been a miſerable Confinement, I own; as I do likewiſe, that it has been none of the leaſt Motives, that made me chiefly apply my ſelf to a Chronick Diſeaſe, where the Attendance ſhould be neither ſo conſtant, nor ſo unpleaſant.

Miſ. An Ingenuous Confeſſion: For which I don't like you the worſe. But if every Patient had a Phyſician to himſelf, they muſt have had abundance of them; yet conſidering, that among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the

(*a*) *In acute Diſeaſes.*

People of any Quality always kept them in their Families, and that many of their Slaves were brought up in that Art; I don't wonder ſo much at that, as I do, which Way they got their Experience, when they ſtay'd ſo long with one Patient, and often throughout the whole courſe of his Illneſs. They could ſee but a few.

Phil. When they had done with one, they went to another, and were never idle: The ſtrictneſs of Obſervation which they were obliged to, was whilſt they learn'd their Art, tho' that was the greateſt part of their Lives; and thoſe that lived in Rich People's Families were generally the Diſciples of ſome chief Phyſician, that taught them their Buſineſs. A Man would have been laugh'd at in thoſe Days, that would have pretended to practiſe Phyſick of his own Head, before he was near Threeſcore, or at leaſt above Fifty Years of Age: Till then they only follow'd the Directions of their Maſters, and ſerv'd the Sick much after the manner of our Nurſes: But ſuch as had undergone, and happen'd to out-live the Fatigues of this ſevere Diſcipline were had in great Veneration, and almoſt ador'd, when once they ſet up for themſelves; For then they came to be Maſters in their turns, and not only viſited the Sick, but likewiſe took an Opportunity of inſtructing their Scholars, from the

Caſes

Caſes they had in Hand; as the practical Profeſſors of Foreign Univerſities now teach their Students in the Hoſpitals.

Miſ. Knowing, *Philopirio*, by my own reading, that moſt of what you ſay is true, I begin to be ſomewhat of your Opinion, and am apt to think, that the Art it ſelf may yield ſome very good Rules when it is well cultivated, and that the diligent and humble Obſervers of Nature, always (*a*) *eandem incudem tundendo*, knew abundantly more of it, than all the lazy and proud Expounders of it, that have ridicul'd 'em ſince.——I ſee 'tis paſt Seven, and I always ſup half an Hour after, ſo that now I ſhall not have time to hear from you, what I would be ſatisfied in; but I can't blame you for that, ſince my own talkative Humour and Impertinence in asking you ſo many other Queſtions, have been only in fault; yet as our Entertainment has been very pleaſing to me, I won't repent, but only deſire you to come again to-morrow about the ſame Hour: (*b*) *de tuo nil decidet, Philopirio*; what Time I make you loſe, ſhall be at my Charge, (*c*) *non ſum cumini*

(*a*) *By beating upon the ſame Anvil. A Proverb: Applied to Perſeverance in any Buſineſs.* (*b*) *You ſhall be no loſer. A Proverb.* (*c*) *I am not ſtingy. A Proverb.* Cumini Sector *is the ſame in* Latin, *as one that will ſkin a Flint, is in* Engliſh.

Sector, and you'll never find me ſtingy, when I am troubleſome.

Phil. If you are pleaſed, I have paſt my Time very agreeably.

Miſ. But don't go yet, if you are not in haſte: When they are ready below, I ſhall have my Man come up to me: if you can ſtay a quarter of an Hour longer, your Company will oblige me.

Phil. With all my Heart; half an Hour, if you pleaſe.

Miſ. You are a Man after my own Heart. I ſhall have a good Opinion of Phyſick at laſt; and ſo far I promiſe you, that I am your Convert already, that henceforth I'll judge no more of a Phyſician's Skill from his having a very good Theory, than from his Fencing well I would of his Courage: For curing the Sick in reality, is Fighting; when doing it in Speculation is no more than Fencing.

Phil. I won't allow it to be ſo much, unleſs you mean ſuch Fencing, as Squire *Bickerſtaffe*'s againſt the Wall; and then I like your *Simile:* For as the old Gentleman puſhing either in *Tierce* or *Quart*, or what Thruſt he thinks fit, never miſſes the Man he aims at; ſo theſe ſpeculative Doctors, relying on one Hypotheſis or other, never fail of hitting what Diſtemper they pleaſe; and the Compariſon is the more juſt, becauſe both

both Parties venture with equal Confidence, and meet with the ſame Oppoſition.

A Witty Man that can expreſs himſelf in good Language, and is tolerably vers'd in the Theory of Phyſick, may, by the help of a well-contriv'd *Hypotheſis*, find out probable Cauſes, floridly account for every Symptom, exactly tell you the Indications that are drawn from them, and build upon them ſuch a rational Method of Cure, as that even Men of Senſe ſhall applaud him, and think him an Oracle in Phyſick; tho' all this while he knows nothing of the Art it ſelf.

Miſom. (*a*) *In pace Leones.*

Phil. But carry him once to a Patient of Diſtinction, that is a little fearful of himſelf, and has newly been attack'd with only a ſlight Fever; Let him fairly be ſatisfied in every thing that he deſires to know, and before he gives his Opinion, if he pleaſes, come again; Then put ſome home Queſtions to him, tho' nothing but what the meaneſt Practitioner ought to know: As, what Alterations he expects from the Medicines he preſcribes, and when they ſhall be ſeen? When the Diſtemper will be at the height, and whether it will break ſhortly, or be of long

(*a*) *Lyons in Peace. A Proverb. Applied to thoſe who boaſt of their Valour, when it cannot be tried, or themſelves are out of Danger.*

Continuance? Put, I ſay, theſe Queſtions to him, and, by his evaſive Anſwers, and wavering Incertitude, you'll ſee how little real Skill he has. Ask him directly, whether the Patient will live or die? If he has Cunning, this will puzzle him, and rather than give you a ſatisfactory Anſwer, he'll fly for refuge to Religion, tho' he never ſhew'd any regard to it before; and tell you, if you urge farther, that he thinks it Preſumption to be poſitive in things of that nature.

Miſ. I always thought this the Fault of the Art itſelf, becauſe I read in a great many practical Authors: (*a*) *In prognoſi ſemper cautus ſit Medicus*: or ſomething elſe to the ſame Purpoſe.

Phil. No, *Miſomedon*: This is no Rule of the Art, but a Trick of the Phyſicians, that their Ignorance may not be detected: Of the ſame ſtamp is, (*b*) *Ut honori Medici conſulatur*, which is ſo obvious; and theſe Cautions are commonly uſed by thoſe, that teach to reaſon about Diſtempers; whoſe Practice is more built on the Probability of their Hypotheſis, than the Certainty of Obſervation. This is not the Language of the Ancients: *Judicium difficile*, ἡ δὲ κρίσις χαλεπή: 'Tis difficult to judge, ſays *Hippocrates*, He don't bid them prevaricate with

(*a*) *A Phyſician ought always be cautious in his Prognoſticks.*
(*b*) *That the Honour of the Phyſician be taken care of.*

their

their Judgment, or ſay little, and take care not to diſcover their Blind-ſide; which is the Engliſh of *Cautus ſit Medicus.*

Miſ. As I told you before, I am off of the Reaſons; but is it not poſſible, that a Block-head, who is even incapable of giving thoſe little Reaſons you deſpiſe, may paſs for a skilful Phyſician, if he ſhould only feel the Pulſe, look dull, ſquat down, and write a Bill? Pray how ſhall we know them aſunder, if neither of them is to give us any Account of his Knowledge?

Phil. As for that, Let him be Grave or Airy, Young or Old, I'll give you an infallible Touch-ſtone to try him by. If in any acute Diſtemper whatſoever, his Anſwers be direct and plain, his Predictions clear, and what he ſays proves true, you may truſt him with all the reſt; (*a*) *ſi ſecus, non*; and the more ample and circumſtantial his Predictions are, depend upon it, the greater is his Skill. This is an Aphoriſm, that will hold good in all Countries and all Ages.

Miſ. I believe it may; and your talking of this, makes me remember, that when you ſaid how the Junior Phyſicians ſerv'd in the Manner of our Nurſes, I was going to tell you a Story, which ſomething then put out of my Head again.

(*a*) *If otherwiſe, not at all.*

It is now three Years ago, that my Son had the Small-Pox; as ſoon as he was taken Ill, we were afraid that it might be what it proved: A Phyſician being ſent for, he told us, (what we knew very well before,) That as yet there was nothing to be ſeen to the contrary, but that it might be the Small-Pox, that the Diſtemper being ſo rife, as it was, they were always to be feared in People that had never had them. As ſoon as the Doctor was gone, my Wife's Siſter, who is the Boy's Godmother, perſuaded us to ſend for a noted Nurſe, that for forty Years together had done nothing elſe, but tend People in this Diſtemper; the Woman comes, looks upon him, and preſently tells us, that it would be the Small-Pox. When the firſt Spot appear'd, which at leaſt was two Days after, ſhe ſaid, that they would be the *Confluent*, and a very Malignant ſort; the Youth in the mean time was very Ill. As they came out he ſeem'd to be a little better, yet Nurſe ſhook her Head, ſaid, he would be in great danger of his Life, and ſending now for a Penny-worth of one thing, and then for Two Penny-worth of another, had the cooking of him wholly to her ſelf: At laſt he grew delirious, and his Fever ſo violent, that I began to blame my ſelf horridly to truſt the only Son I had to an old Woman; tho' hitherto whatever ſhe had foretold

told was come to paſs. A Phyſician was ſent for again in haſte, and we heard of abundance of Miſmanagements; Bleeding and other things that had been omitted; he told us, that the Patient was too far gone, but that nothing ſhould be left undone, that Art could perform, tho' it was twenty to one if he recover'd. When we thought him at the worſt, and that (a) *ad triarios res redierat*, all of a ſudden Nurſe changed her Note, and ſaid, her Life for his, her Maſter would do well; as, to make ſhort of my Story, he did. The Doctor triumph'd, the Apothecary rejoyced, and every body was pleaſed. About a Twelvemonth after, having ſeen the whole Family make much of the old Woman ſeveral times, I happen'd to talk of her one Day to my Wife, who hearing me ſpeak in praiſe of her Predictions, confeſs'd, that by Perſuaſion of her Siſter, who had conjur'd her to truſt no body elſe, ſhe had conſented to the throwing away of every ſcrap of the Medicines, that had been preſcrib'd to her Son; who, as ſhe expreſs'd her ſelf, ow'd his Life to no body but God and Nurſe.

Phil. Hearing you ſpeak of the Small-Pox, I cannot but obſerve, firſt, how the

(a) *There was imminent Danger. A Proverb.*

Changes

Changes of the *Exanthemeta*, or rather ἐξανθέματα, the Puſtules of it, lead us to the Knowledge of the Alterations, that during the Courſe of it happen within; how the Encreaſe, State and Decreaſe of the Diſtemper differ as to Time, as well as Violence, according to the Number, Magnitude, and Colour of the Puſtules themſelves, and conſequently, how much the Phyſicians are to blame, that treat them all alike: Secondly, how what we know of the Certainty of the ſeveral Periods in every ſort is owing to the viſible Directions we receive from the Puſtules without, and the Diſtemper's being more Endemick to all *Europe*, and oftner Epidemick in moſt parts of it, than any one Fever beſides, and conſequently its being more taken notice of: Laſtly, how all this juſtifies the Obſervations that *Galen* and others have deliver'd to us concerning the Expectation of a (*a*) *Criſis* and Deſpumation, with the whole Doctrine of the critical Days, in all Fevers, which yet are now ſo much ridiculed by the Modern Phyſicians, merely becauſe in the reſt they have nothing ſo viſible and notorious without to direct them, and won't take the Pains of making ſufficient Obſervations to underſtand and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Species of them.

(*a*) *A phyſical Term for the Time in which a Judgment may be made, which way the Diſeaſe will turn.*

Miſom.

Miſom. How come you to think well of *Galen* now, when it is not long ago that you found ſo much fault with him?

Phil. Galen, when he ſtuck cloſe to what he was brought up in, was a great Phyſician, and all his Obſervations I highly value; but all the fulſome Stuff, which with ſo much Aſſurance he would, againſt his Conſcience, palm upon the World for Reaſons, I muſt look upon with much Contempt.

Miſom. You are very ſevere: Why againſt his Conſcience?

Phil. Becauſe it is impoſſible, that a Man of his Senſe, who without doubt was conſcious of his own Deficiencies in Anatomy, the animal Oeconomy, *&c.* could believe the hundredth part of what he has writ.

Miſom. But you don't tell me, how you like my Son's Nurſe.

Phil. I ſhould be loth to truſt one no better qualified than this Nurſe, with the curing of Diſtempers. What I ſaid of Prognoſticks, I meant of Phyſicians, of whom we cannot ſuppoſe, but if they had made judicious Obſervations as long as Nurſe had made hers at random, they would in that time have likewiſe got a vaſt Experience of the (a) *Juvantia*

(a) *Things that help, and things that offend. Two technical Words. When the Nature of a Diſtemper was doubtful or unknown, the Ancients preſcrib'd ſome innocent Medicines, which*

vantia and *Lædentia* in that Diſtemper; eſpecially if they had had the Skill in the *(a) Materia Medica*, that is required in the meaneſt Practitioners. But yet your Story may ſerve to illuſtrate what I have ſaid; becauſe it ſhews, how much ſtupid Obſervation it ſelf, even that which is made in ſpight of our Teeth, *nobis invitis*, makes us knowing in, and acquainted with the thing we are forced to be converſant with. Every body knows, what Flax, Yarn, Silk, Wool, and the ſeveral Manufactures made of them are, ſo far, as readily to diſtinguiſh them from other things. Abundance of People can tell you the Names of ſeveral Wares of Drugſters, and Dyers, when they ſee them: But what vaſt Skill is required to underſtand theſe things thoroughly? What curious and particular Remarks belong to the entire Knowledge of every one of them, as far as it depends upon the Senſes? Thoſe that are verſed in them, how ſoon by Seeing and Feeling them do they enter into the Worth, Goodneſs, difference of Sorts, *&c.* of them, (*b*) *primo intuitu:* This Skill we know by

which they were well acquainted with, and according as they did either good or hurt, tho' in a ſmall degree, they form'd a Judgment of the Method by which the Cure was to be attempted.

(*a*) *Every thing that Medicines may be made of.*

(*b*) *At the firſt Glance.*

Experience

Experience is not to be learn'd, but by conſtantly converſing with, perpetually handling and viewing the ſeveral Commodities we ſpeak of, for Years together; and we daily ſee that the craftieſt, and otherwiſe moſt expert Men, who know theſe things but ſuperficially, and no otherwiſe than by making Uſe of them, are impoſed upon by the greateſt Dunces that deal in them.

And as to the Knowledge of Mankind: How much better and quicker ſhall ſuch as they that have either travell'd, or lived in populous Cities, and have ſeen Variety of Faces every Day, judge of the Wit, Humour, *&c.* of People; than thoſe that have led ſtudious, rural, or otherwiſe retired Lives? But if perhaps a Witty Man, proud of his Parts, that has always lived in the City, ſhould think that this is more due to a natural Genius, Sagacity, and Penetration, than to Uſe, Practice and Experience; let him go into the Country, look on a Flock of fourſcore or an hundred Sheep, examine them one by one, and make what Obſervations he pleaſes; let him repeat this every Day, for two or three Months, nay for half a Year together, as long as his Patience will hold out, and he'll find at laſt, that he ſhall yet be far from knowing them all aſunder; when at the ſame time the Clown, that keeps them, ſhall not only know every one of 'em readily

readily at a good distance, but likewise think the Difference that is between them so considerable, as to wonder at the Stupidity of those that cannot find it out at first View. Physicians bid us feel the Pulse, and inspect the Tongue and Urine of the Patient; but there are other things to be taken notice of in the Eyes and Face of sick People, that cannot be express'd, and yet yield more certain Rules for Prognostication, to those that are vers'd in them. How incomprehensibly nice must the Movements be of some Muscles, that even Children, when they are acquainted with us, can by our Countenances discover whether we are pleas'd or out of humour, tho' at the same time we shall neither Smile nor Frown? But above all; how intelligible, as well as copious, is the Language of the Eyes to those that are Masters of it? And yet it is palpable, that our Skill in these, which insensibly becomes habitual to us, is gain'd only by a Constancy of Use, and a Frequency of Observations, which yet were many of them made without Reflection or Design.

Misom. I am convinced, that what you would infer from the Instances you have given, is undeniable; for when we see, that human Skill, in whatever falls under the Senses, cannot be improved, much less consummated, but by Use, Experience, and Practice

Practice of long continuance; it is unreasonable to think, that from so general a Rule, sick People, and the several differences between one sick Person and another, or the same Person when sick of different Distempers, should be the only Exception. What Patience and Assiduity in making Observations must it cost the *Chinese* Physicians, to acquire that prodigious Skill they have in feeling Pulses, which *Thevenot* in his Voyages tells us they do with that Exactness, as to find out by it the most latent Causes of Diseases; taking up a good half hour, when they visit a Patient, in feeling and examining his Pulse.

Phil. Monsieur *Thevenot* had his Informations concerning *China* chiefly from the *Missioners* that were there; and the *Jesuits* have so grosly imposed upon us in their Relations of that Part of the World, that little Credit can be given to what they say: therefore I am apt to believe rather that the Fathers made this Story to extol the *Chinese*, or else that those Physicians pretend to more than they can perform. That their Chymists are guilty of this latter to some purpose, the same *Thevenot* can witness; for he says of them, That they promise not only to make Gold, but likewise to make People live for ever. But all this notwithstanding, I am very willing to own that in feeling Pulses,

Pulſes, as well as the Inſpection of Urine, we are very deficient to what ſome of the Ancients were.

Miſom. I have heard of a *Waterologer*, or *Piſs-Prophet*, ſo expert, that he could tell by a Man's working-day's Water, what Trade; and by his *Sunday*'s Water, what Religion he was of.

Phil. All things myſterious will ever be liable to be ridicul'd, becauſe there is always room for Impoſture; but I am perſuaded that by Application and Patience much more might be gathered from Pulſes and Urine both, than what is commonly taught or now known; and I have reaſon to believe that ſome Men have really been poſſeſs'd of a ſuperiour Skill.

Miſom. All I can ſay upon the whole of your Profeſſion is, that conſidering the Time, as well as the Places and Manner, in which the neceſſary Experience in Phyſick can only be acquired, there is among all the Arts and Sciences no Study ſo difficult and laborious, nor any Obſervations ſo irkſome and diſguſting as thoſe that are required to make but a tolerable Proficiency in Phyſick.

Phil. It is without doubt this Irkſomeneſs and Difficulty of the Art, that has deterr'd or diverted Practitioners from purſuing the true Rules of it, and made them content themſelves with either plauſible Suppoſitions,

ſitions, and amuſing Diſſertations about the whole, or elſe with being over-curious in its eaſie Branches. Mankind is naturally impatient, and when with all our Endeavours we are not able in a conſiderable time to diſcover a Truth, we commonly give over ſearching after it, and fall into pleaſant Diſputes and witty Speculations concerning it. Nor is this a bare Aſſertion of my own, but the *Dogma* of a Man of general Learning, who, in Knowledge of human Affairs and political Wiſdom, has had few his Equals; I mean Sir *Francis Bacon*, who ſays, (*a*) *Poſtquam homines de veritate inveniendâ ſemel deſperaverint, omnino omnia fiunt languidiora, ex quo fit, ut deflectant potius ad amœnas diſputationes, & rerum quaſdam peragrationes, quam in ſeveritate inquiſitionis ſe ſuſtineant.*

Miſom. Your Quotation is a very *a propos*; but I hear ſomebody coming up Stairs; my Supper I ſuppoſe is ready. —— So it is. —— Well, *Philopirio*, (*b*) *Ne mihi deſis in Craſtinum.*

Phil. (*c*) *Ne quid ambigas, adero. Miſomedon, vale.*

(*a*) *When once Men come to deſpair of finding out the Truth, it diſpirits them, which is the reaſon that they turn aſide to pleaſant Diſſertations and ſome curſory Views of Things, rather than perſiſt in and ſupport themſelves under the Severity of their Enquiries.*

(*b*) *Don't fail or diſappoint me To-morrow.*

(*c*) *Depend upon it, I'll wait on you. Farewel.*

Miſom. (*d*) *Miſera eſt valetudo, cum valedicit medicus.*

Phil. (*e*)*Salutem precatus ſum; nec valedixi; ſed dixi, vale.*

Miſom. (*f*) *Heu quam caligant medicorum preces! ego quod do fulget. Reſpice.*

Phil. (g) *Dum placet auditus, non moror viſum; præterquam quod nobis ſatis ſunt oculatæ manus.*

(*d*) *A Man muſt fare miſerably when the Phyſician gives him over.*

(*e*) *I wiſh'd you Health and Happineſs and did not give you over, but bid you to fare well.* This is very bald in *Engliſh*, but not ſo in *Latin*, by reaſon of an Ambiguity in the Word *Vale-dicere*, which ſignifies to bid a Man to fare well when we go from him, and likewiſe to give him over or abandon him when we think him to be paſt Recovery.

(*f*) *How dark are the Wiſhes of Phyſicians! What I give ſhines. Look at it.*

(g) *When I am pleas'd with what I hear, I don't matter looking. Beſides that we Phyſicians have diſcerning Hands.* This latter is a Proverb in the *Latin*, often applied to Phyſicians, and ſignifies judging of what they receive by their feeling.

THE SECOND DIALOGUE BETWEEN PHILOPIRIO *a Physician*, AND MISOMEDON *his Patient*.

MISOMEDON.

BY your coming again, I see you are satisfied with what I did.

Phil. I thought you very generous, *Misomedon*; Does your Health continue as well as the fair Weather? How are you to-day?

Misom. I had a Pain in my Stomach this Morning, but now I am well again, only more troubled with Wind than I was Yesterday.

day. (*a*) *Sed ad rem.* I am very well pleas'd with the Reaſons you have given me, why you decline following any Hypotheſis; and that for the future I may the leſs rely upon 'em my ſelf, I ſhall be glad if you will ſhew me the Errors and Fallacies of the moſt probable ones, that have been made to explain the Hypochondriack Paſſion. Firſt to begin with that which is the Baſis of the whole Oeconomy, Concoction: How do you reliſh what my Modern Phyſician (as I call'd him) told me about it; that it is perform'd by vertue of an adapted Ferment, that inſinuating it ſelf into the Pores of the Aliment is able to break the Contexture of it, and not by the help of any Heat, as the Ancients groſly imagin'd? This Opinion, which is now eſtabliſh'd, and almoſt generally receiv'd, has, to my thinking, ſo great a Reſemblance to Truth, and anſwers ſo well all the *Phænomena* of Digeſtion in every Creature, that I believe nothing drawn from ſolid Reaſon or Experience can be ſaid againſt it.

Phil. That there is a Ferment, or at leaſt a certain *Menſtruum*, that in the Stomach digeſts or concocts our Aliments, is more than a Suppoſition; and that in Fiſhes there is no Heat aſſiſting in this Operation is demonſtra-

(*a*) *But to come to the Buſineſs.*

ble;

ble; but then it is as plain, that this *Menſtruum* in Fiſhes is more powerful, than in other Creatures; if we conſider, how often not only Heads, Legs, Arms, and whole Quarters of Men, but likewiſe things of greater Solidity, have been found in the Bellies of Sharks and other large Fiſhes, ſometimes intire as they were ſwallow'd, and ſometimes half or more conſumed.

Miſom. I have often admired how any *Menſtruum* ſhould be of that force as to diſſolve human Bones, and things of harder Subſtance, and yet not be Corroſive, or affect even the Tongue with the leaſt Acrimony; nay moſt Fiſhes, whether raw or boil'd, have nothing about them (the Gall excepted) but what is either Sweet and Luſcious, or Viſcous and Inſipid, or at the worſt of an oily taſte. A little Fiſh ſwallows a leſs, when perhaps the Moment after he becomes the Prey of one that is bigger, and he again meets with the ſame Fate, if he comes in the way of thoſe that are larger than himſelf.

Phil. This made a merry Gentleman compare a great Fiſh, in which they found a pretty large one, in him another, and a third in that, to a Neſt of Boxes, where every one holds the next leſs, and in that all that are leſs than it.

Miſom. This is what I think ſo unaccountable, that without the help of chewing, or any great ſtrength of Muſcles, a Ferment ſhall conſume an entire Fiſh, without doing any harm to what muſt needs be very *Homogeneous* to it, the Belly of the Fiſh that contains it.

Phil. We muſt ſay of their Bellies, what the *Schola Salernitana* ſays of Cheeſe, *(a) Caſeus eſt nequam, quia concoquit omnia ſequam:* But if the Power of their Ferment were yet ſtranger than it is, this could only ſatisfie us, that there are Ferments that are able to digeſt the Aliments without the help of Heat; but it is far from proving that we have ſuch a one, when Experience ſhews us the contrary. Firſt, we find that all cold things taken in quantity offend the Stomach, and damp, if not totally deſtroy, the Ferment. Secondly, it is evident that Aromaticks, and ſuch other Drugs as are call'd hot, and abound with ſpirituous and fiery Particles, comfort the Stomach, aſſwage its Pains, and cure Indigeſtions occaſion'd by Cold; nay, becauſe we cannot procure Heat enough to it otherwiſe, we make uſe of Fire it ſelf, not only by a previous dreſſing of our Food, but likewiſe by eating it whilſt it is hot.

(a) *And is not Cheeſe a peeviſh Elf,*
Digeſting all things but it ſelf?
According to the old Engliſh *Tranſlation of that verſe.*

Miſom.

Miſom. This may be more out of Cuſtom than any Neceſſity.

Phil. I cannot well prove that it is abſolutely neceſſary; but ask them, that in Winter are expoſed to the Wet and Cold without uſing great Exerciſe, which they receive more Benefit from, a Meſs of hot Victuals, or raw Roots and Herbs? And if you ſay, that what they may chuſe is more to gratifie their Palates than their Stomachs, take an Inſtance from the common Diet of Children, by which you'll find that boil'd warm Milk generally agrees well with, and nouriſhes them, when the ſame Milk raw and eat cold will gripe and diſorder them: Every body knows, that a Glaſs or two of good Wine to thoſe who are no profeſs'd Drinkers, whets the Appetite to a Proverb, and that likewiſe the Spirit of it does the ſame to ancient People, in whom the natural heat is diminiſh'd: But I appeal to your own Experience: Remember what it was, that at *Epſom* had encreaſed the Pain in your Stomach and quite deſtroyed your Appetite, as well as Digeſtion, and then think on the Remedy that cured you.

Miſom. Yet the Hypotheſis of the Heat's being the Cauſe of Concoction won't ſolve the *Phænomenon* of the Fiſhes, more than that of the Ferment anſwers the common Experience, which you alledge.

Phil. That's true; and therefore they are both insufficient single, at least as to our Bodies. There is hardly any thing that Men have less agreed upon, than the concoctive Faculty of the Stomach, and what it really is that digests our Food. *Wedelius* is of opinion, that Chyle is nothing but a Mixture of Oil and Serum: *Tilingius* affirms that is made by a nitrous Salt; the Great *Harvey*, by Trituration; *Willis*, by an Acid and Sulphur; *Diemerbrook* and *Sylvius*, by the Saliva; Dr. *Mayow*, by a Nitroaerial Principle. *Aristotle* and *Galen* thought it was done by Heat; others by a Ferment spew'd from the Glands in the Bottom of the Stomach; and others again by the Relicts of the Meat grown sour. *Sanguinetti*, an *Italian* Physician, thinks none of these so proper as a certain Saline-Armoniacal Liquor, separated by the inner and glandulous Coat.

Misom. That there is a Sour in most Stomachs, I believe; and Mr. *Boyle* seems to have suspected That as the Cause of Digestion, when he made his Observation, that Meats would look extremely white, by being kept in acid Liquors.

Phil. Helmont, *Mæbius* and *Tachenius* did the same. But what must we say to Dr. *Musgrave*, who from the Experiment he made, concludes it to be a Volatile *Alcali*?

He

He mixt the mucous Subſtance taken out of the Stomach of a *Jack*, near the *Pilorus*, with a Solution of Sublimate, and it became much whiter than it was before. Another Quantity mix'd with Syrup of Violets turn'd green. The ſame Perſon has obſerved like Effects by mixing a Liquor found in the Stomach of a Hedge-hog with a Solution of Sublimate and Syrup of Violets. *Leeuwenhoeck* likewiſe affirms that Concoction is not performed by an Acid Liquor diſſolving our Meat.

Miſom. But he aſcribes it to the Motion of the Stomach and Guts, which bruiſes and breaks the Meat to pieces. I remember the paſſage very well. He thinks that this Motion is cauſed by the *Diaphragm* preſſing upon the parts of the lower Belly as often as we take our Breath. And to account for Concoction in Fiſhes, he takes the moving of the Gills to be an equivalent to Lungs, in compoſing and dilating the Stomach. But I cannot think the Force in either a ſufficient Cauſe for ſuch an Effect.

Phil. That the Motion he ſpeaks of contributes with ſeveral other things to Concoction, I don't doubt; but if we ſhould take notice of every thing that has been ſaid on this head, it would take us up a Twelvemonth, tho' we ſhould talk of nothing elſe. I ſhall have occaſion to touch upon this

Subject

Subject again hereafter; therefore I desire we may say no more of it now, but come more closely to your self, the Distemper you labour under. First, let us examine the several Causes to which the Hypochondriack Passion has been believed to owe its Rise. The generality of the Ancients accused the Spleen, but no otherwise, than as it was the Office of their *Atra bilis*, or Melancholy; except *Diocles*, who would have it, that in this Distemper Part of the *Ventricle* was inflamed: But as these Opinions are not much insisted upon, we will spend no time about them.

Some of the Moderns would lay all the Fault upon the *Meseraick* Vessels; others again blame nothing but the empty space, that is under the *Diaphragm* between the Stomach and the Spleen; as the most proper Nursery, as well as Receptacle for the many Winds that always infest the Hypochondriack Patients.

Misom. This among others I know is the Hypothesis of *Fischerus*, who has writ a particular Treatise of the Distemper; but neither his nor a great many others could ever give me any Satisfaction; what to me seems more plausible is, that of *Sylvius de le Boe*, who says, that if the Cause be not in the Stomach itself, it cannot be remote from it, and thinks, that it proceeds from an Effervescency

veſcency of the bilious Humour, as it comes out of its Duct with the pituitous Humour, which it meets in the *inteſtinum duodenum*; and he deduces from the Faults of both, and the Superiority of one or other of 'em, all the different Symptoms that are complain'd of.

Phil. I have nothing againſt his Hypotheſis, as to the ſolving of the *Phænomena*; only, as to his Method of Cure, it will not hold good; which is in a great meaſure built upon the Evacuation of that peccant Humour, which of the two is moſt predominant; for if the Doctrine of the four Humours, as well as the diſtinct Purges, belonging to each of them, that only eliminate one peculiar Humour, without meddling with the reſt, ſhould be erroneous; then it is Demonſtration, that if you follow his Advice, you do nothing.

Miſom. And that I am afraid it is, tho' none was ever more generally or longer eſtabliſh'd; as to my ſelf, I confeſs I could never find out, which way *Tamarinds*, *Rhubarb*, *Aloes*, *Scammony*, &c. that are call'd (*a*) *Cholagoga*, ſhould ſingle out the Bilious Humours from the other three, and with ſo much dexterity ſend them packing, without offering to diſturb any of the reſt. I can't imagine, but

(*a*) *Medicines to purge bilious Humours.*

that

that *Agarick*, *Turbith*, *Hermodactyls*, and *Colloquintida*, are as well (*a*) *Menalagoga* and (*b*) *Hydragoga*, as they are (*c*) *Phlegmagoga*, which forſooth is their Title; nay, I am ſure, that all (*d*) *Cathartick*s (they may call 'em by what fine Names they pleaſe) will purge every thing that comes in their way, and take the very Fleſh from your Bones, if you make them ſtrong enough, or repeat them often. What I ſay, I ſpeak by woful experience, as *Van Helmont* did, who when they had purg'd him ſeverely to Cure the Itch, ſaid that he had learn'd——Here it is Page 52, (*e*) *quod Pharmaca purgantia non purgarent, aut mundarent ſed putrefacerent; quod vividam corporis mei ſubſtantiam liquaſſent; & in putrilaginem reſolviſſent: Quod in-*

(*a*) *Medicines to purge melancholy Humours.*
(*b*) *Medicines to purge watry Humours.*
(*c*) *Medicines to purge Phlegm.* (*d*) *Strong Purges.*
(*e*) *That Medicines call'd purging did not purge or make clean, but cauſed Putrefaction; that they had diſſolv'd and turn'd into Corruption the living Subſtance of his Body: That inſtead of ſelecting and ſeparating one thing from another, they contaminated and carried off promiſcuouſly whatever they touch'd in any Manner, the very Blood and even the Fleſh from the Bones, as well as any thing elſe: That the Corruption which came away made it evident, that the corrupting Cauſe was a mere Poiſon to the Body, that had a Faculty of liquifying and rendring putrid: That whatever was thus corrupted would by the Propulſion of Nature continue to be carried off, till the Strength of the Poiſon was ſpent; and that Purges had this Effect upon People in perfect Health, as well as upon thoſe that were ſick.*

differenter

differenter contaminarent quicquid quoquo modo attingerent, sive cruor esset sive demum ipsamet caro vivens; non autem selective unum pro alio elicerent & seperarent: Quod Contaminatum denotaret suum Contaminans esse merum venenum Corporis liquefactivum & putrefactivum; quod contaminatum propulsante naturâ effluueret, donec vis Pharmaci exantlata esset: Quod hoc fieret in sano non secus atque in ægro, &c.

Phil. Van. Helmont was as rash, as he was witty; I am always extreamly pleas'd with his good Sense, and Energetick way of writing, but have often wish'd that his Reasons had been better back'd with Observations, than I have found some of them. But to return to *Sylvius:* We may observe of him that he was a Man of Candour; for however he made this Hypothesis, he seems not to be very fond of it, submits every thing, he says, to Experience, and recommends to all Physicians, not to persist in an Error, if they find that they have committed any.

Misom. Certainly, (a) *Satius est recurrere, quam currere male.*

Phil. What I think most suitable to the Observations I have made, and consequently most probable, is the Opinion of those;

(a) *It is better to run back again, than to run wrong. A Proverb, of which the Application is obvious.*

that

that abſolving the Spleen, Meſeraick Veſſels, Bilious, and Pancreatick Juice, *&c.* throw all the fault upon the Stomach.

Miſom. Now you ſurpriſe me again: For how can you approve of no Hypotheſis, and yet think them in the right, that ſuppoſe the Fault to be in the Stomach?

Phil. Let me explain my ſelf. I may know one to be an ill Man, and yet have reaſon not to believe ſome Crimes that are laid to his Charge: So here, by what I know from Obſervation, it is demonſtrable to me, that the cauſe of Hypochondriac and Hiſterick Diſeaſes is in the Stomach; and yet I am not ſatisfied with what is ſaid about it by others, when they begin to particularize, tho' they are of the ſame Opinion as to the *Viſcus* to be blamed. *Diocles*, as I have already ſaid, accuſes the Stomach; the learned *Highmore* does the ſame; and I am of their Opinion as to the *Viſcus* in Queſtion. But as the firſt ſuppoſes, that there is an Inflammation toward the lower part of it near the (*a*) *Pilorus*; and the other, that the Tone of it is become ſo looſe and flaccid, that it can hardly perform its Office, and concocts the Aliments but imperfectly; ſo I have Reaſons to diſſent from both, becauſe they both claſh with the Obſervations I have made.

(*a*) *The lower Orifice of the Stomach.*

Miſom.

Miſom. Willis, who places the Diſtemper among the Convulſive, I remember, refutes this *Highmore*, and chiefly for not allowing the Spleen to be of any other uſe than to warm and cheriſh the *Ventricle*. What he ſays himſelf of Fermentation I like wonderfully, and have read ſeveral Paſſages in that Treatiſe above twenty times with a great deal of delight; the Office he aſſigns to the Spleen is certainly very rational, and ſometimes I can't help thinking, that he has hit upon the true Cauſe of my Diſtemper. I know you are no Admirer of thoſe Flights of Invention in Phyſick, but I muſt read you a Paſſage or two of the fifth Chapter: I have lent out the *Latin*, and ſhall make uſe of the Tranſlation: What can be more natural, than this Analogy between the Body and a Still? *It ſeems to me, that the Brain, with the Skull over it, and the appending Nerves, repreſent the little Head or Glaſs Alembick with a Spunge laid upon it, as we uſe to do for the highly rectifying of the Spirit of Wine: For truly the Blood when rarified by Heat is carried from the Chimney of the Heart to the Head, even as the Spirit of Wine boiling in the Cucurbit, and being reſolved into Vapours is elevated into the Alembick; where the Spunge covering all the opening of the hole, only tranſmits the more penetrating and very ſubtile Spirits, and carries them to the Snout*

of

of the Alembick: In the mean time the more thick Particles are ſtay'd and hindered from paſſing: Not unlike this manner, the Blood being dilated into the Head, its Spirituous, Volatil and Subtle Particles being reſtrain'd within, by the Skull and its Menynges, as by an Alembick, are drunk up by the ſpungy Subſtance of the Brain; and there being made more noble or excellent, are derived into the Nerves as ſo many Snouts hanging to it. Lower he ſays, *Since we treat of Ferments, which are found in the animal Body, we may here opportunely enquire, what is the Uſe of the Spleen, concerning which all good things are ſaid by ſome; that it is as it were another Liver, and ſerves for the making of Blood for the* Viſcera *of the lower Belly: It is by others reputed to be of a moſt vile uſe; that it is only the Sink or Jakes, into which the* Fæculencies *of the Blood are caſt. By reaſon of its Structure we make this ſort of Conjecture, becauſe the Arteries do carry the Blood to this, and the Veins bring it away, neither any other thing is carried in or convey'd out; and for that, its Subſtance is fill'd with black and ſtagnating Blood; it ſeems that it is, as it were, a Store-houſe for the receiving of the Earthy and muddy Part of the Blood, which afterwards being exalted in the Nature of a Ferment, is carried back to the Blood, for the heating of it. Wherefore while*

the

the Blood being carried by the Arteries enters the Spleen, ſomething is drawn from it, to wit, the muddy and terreſtrial Particles; which are, as it were, the Dregs and Caput Mortuum *of the Blood, that by this means the whole Maſs of the Blood might be freed from the Melancholick or* atrabilious *Juice; which is ſeparated in the Spleen, even as the Yellow* Bile *or Choler is in the Liver; wherefore for the moſt part, the Spleen is of a black or blewiſh Colour, by reaſon of the Fæculencies and Dregs there laid up. But as this Juice depoſited in the Milt, or Spleen, is not altogether unprofitable; but by reaſon of the Plenty of fixed Salts is of a very fermenting Nature, it is not preſently as the Choler caſt into the Sink, but it is farther cooked in the Spleen, and being exalted goes into a Ferment; which being laſtly committed to the Blood promotes its Motion and Volatiliſation; wherefore as ſomething is drawn from the Blood, entering the Spleen by the Arteries, to wit, the crude Juice of Melancholy; ſo ſomething is continually added to the ſame, flowing back through the Veins; to wit, the ſame Juice concocted and exalted into the Nature of a Ferment; Even as Chymiſts in Diſtilling, that the Liquor may be made better, ſeparate the Spirituous and Subtile Parts from the* Caput Mortuum, *and then pour them on again; and this work they ſo often repeat till the* Caput

Mortuum *is by frequent Diſtillation volatilized, and the Liquor rightly exalted even in all its Particles.*

Phil. Theſe are Flights with a Witneſs. *Willis* was a Phyſician of great Note, a Man of Wit and Learning, who indulged Speculation in Phyſick, as far as his Imagination could carry him, and ſome of his Contrivances have been thought to be very ingenious. Theſe *Simile's*, I confeſs, are very diverting for People that have nothing elſe to do: In ſome of our Modern Hypotheſes there is as much Wit to be diſcover'd as in a tolerable Play, and the Contrivance of them coſts as much Labour; what Pity it is they won't cure ſick People.

Miſom. Is it not very natural? What d'ye think of it?

Phil. Yes, it is very natural, and what I think of it I'll tell you. You have ſeen without doubt a pretty *Simile*, comparing a yielding Miſtreſs to a green Faggot that's laid upon the Fire; the weeping, and crackling in the Flame of both is a happy Thought; and ſo are the Spunge of the Brain, and the Nerves for Snouts in the Alembick of *Willis*; but ſure no Mortal would lay any ſtreſs upon, or look for any real Application in either. Can a Man that underſtands but half ſo much of Anatomy as one may learn at a Butcher's-Stall, think, that a Woman is like a Faggot,

got, or the inside of the Body like a Still? That the first of the *Simile*'s is an Error you might have been convinced of from a Song, that the Boys used to sing at *Paris*, I believe much about the time that you were there; it began; (a) *Il y'a bien de la difference d'une Femme et un Fagot*, &c. and that the second is false, I can shew you presently.

Misom. If the making of Hypotheses be very easie, I am well satisfied, it is not very difficult to ridicule them.

Phil. They cannot be ridicul'd so much as they deserve; when their Authors would have us draw any Consequences from them in matters of the highest moment; but if you are in earnest, let us once examine the *Simile*, and take the Still to pieces. First, What Comparison is there between the Function of the Heart, the great Treasury of Blood and Life, and the vile Office of a Chimney?

Misom. But you are Captious, won't you allow of either Trope or Figure? By Chimney he means the Furnace that gives the Heat, the Fire-place of the Still.

Phil. No, *Misomedon*, there is more Artifice in this than you are aware of: The word Chimney is made use of designedly, to hide, as much as possible, the deformity of the

(a) *There is a great Difference between a Woman and a Fagot.*

Still: For the *Caput Mortuum* being in the Spleen, if he had call'd the Heart the Furnace, as he ought to have done, it would have been too plain, that he had made the Fire between the Head and bottom of the Still. But if we overlook this, what muſt become of the Kidneys, the Liver, the Pancreas, and all the reſt of the Entrails? I wonder he did not make a pair of Bellows of the Lungs, unleſs he was afraid of ſpoiling them ſo near the Fire; or make room in his Still for the Ventricle, which if not the chief, is at leaſt one of the principal *Viſcera*, and infinitely more neceſſary than the Spleen. The *Caput Mortuum* is always look'd for in the loweſt part of all; then why ſhould he grope for imaginary dregs in the Spleen, when putting his Hand a little lower he might have met with real ones? But what muſt we ſay to all the Four-footed Animals, that have Hearts, Milts, and Brains, as well as we; whoſe Heads are elevated no higher than their Rumps; if they are Stills too, conſidering that the Fire is in the middle, and forces the Contents as much one way as the other; it is an even Bet, in which of the two moſt Spirits will be made; only thoſe in the back part will not be quite ſo fine, becauſe they have no Spunge there.

Good God! was Wit given to Mankind for ſuch ignoble Purpoſes, as that we ſhould amuſe

amuſe our ſelves with it where Health and Life are at ſtake, and in the midſt of Danger make a mock of Nature, inſtead of obſerving and aſſiſting her? But let us ſee what *Willis* ſays of the Spleen; where he treats of the *Paſſio Hypochondriaca*. Here he leaves the Simile, and ſays: ——*So it ſeems, that the Blood being laid up in the Spleen, and there getting a Sourneſs, as it were by Stagnation, puts on the nature of a Ferment, whereby indeed the reſt of the Maſs of Blood, and perhaps the other Humours are actuated, and as it were ſpiritualiſed into a more lively Motion*———of which let us examine the Probability. Firſt, there are no Cavities in the Spleen, but the Veſſels that run through it: in theſe the Blood will not ſtagnate, as long as it is fluid, and that it ſhould any where Coagulate naturally, is impoſſible; for as *Van Helmont* ſays very well, (a) *Venæ ſuum Cruorem etiam in Cadavere retinent fluidum conſenſu totius Anatomiæ, Cruor autem extravenatus mox in grumum concreſcit.* Where then ſhall it be laid up till it is ſowr? For to retain it in the *Parenchyma*, the Subſtance of the Spleen it ſelf, which at beſt can only be conſider'd as a Strainer, is keeping Water in

(a) *The Veins keep their Blood fluid even in a Corpſe, as all Anatomiſts muſt allow, but Blood got out of the Veins preſently congeals to a clod.*

a Sieve. But Secondly, If we ſhould allow him, that it may be kept there; let him give us a Reaſon, why all the *Fæculencies* of the Blood ſhould reſort to the Spleen only, and not as well to the Liver, or other Parts, unleſs they are drawn thither by ſome *facultas attractix*, ſo much ridicul'd in the Ancients: (*a*) *Omnes enim humores*, ſays *Etmuller*, ſpeaking of the Spleen, *ſicuti in reliqua viſcera pulſu moventur, & nullus naturalium Corporis partium appetitus pro Nutritione earum demonſtrari poteſt.* Thirdly, if we grant that the Blood ſtands in need of ſomething to ſpiritualize, and make it brisk, more in a Man than in a Boy, which is yet a ſtrange Suppoſition, how and which way ſhall this be done by a Sowr, or as he afterwards call it, the Sharpneſs and Auſterity of a Ferment; as if a Man were to ſqueeze an Orange into a Cup of Ale? What Notion at this rate muſt People have of the Blood, in which there can be nothing that's ſharp or ſowr, without immediate Prejudice to it, as from all the Experiments of the *Chirurgia infuſoria* is manifeſt? Nay, this ſowr Ferment would offend even the

(*a*) *For all the Humours, as in other Viſcera, are carried along by Propulſion, and it is impoſſible to prove ſuch a thing as an Attraction of the natural Parts of the Body, by the Help of which they receive their Nouriſhment.*

Spleen

Spleen it ſelf, if that be true, as it is very probable, which *Tachenius* in *Hippocr. Chymic.* ſays (*a*) *Quod omne acidum extra ventriculum naturæ inimicum ſit.*

Mind how plauſible he ſtrives to make his Hypotheſis! how he adapts it to the Palates of ſplenetick Patients, where he quotes the Opinion of *Velthuſius*, who, he ſays—— *has determined it to be highly probable, that a Ferment is contain'd in this Inward; whereby the ſluggiſh Particles of the Blood are brought into a ſtate of Activity: Becauſe taking notice that in Children and others indued with a ſanguine Temperament, and more Fat, or dull Habit of Body, even as their Manners and Diſpoſition of Mind were inclined to Idleneſs, Softneſs and Dullneſs, ſo their Spleen was ever of a reddiſh Colour, and full of florid Blood like the Liver; from hence he concludes, that the Spleen but little performs its Office, in theſe, as the genital Parts before ripe Age, or in thoſe of weak Loins; but on the contrary, for as much as Men of a middle Age, and chiefly thoſe who are of a ſevere Countenance and of a lean Body, as in them appear Marks of Cunning, Sagacity, Fortitude and Conſtancy; ſo their Spleen is found to be of a livid, or blewiſh colour, and imbrued with Blood, as*

(*a*) *That whatever is ſower, is hurtful to Nature, except in the Stomach.*

it were, muddy: Further he argues from hence, that the Blood being kept long in the Spleen, as in a Conduit or Receptacle, turns plainly into a Ferment; by which its remaining Mass, being from thence inspired, is made more subtil, and begets more acute Spirits both in the vital and in the animal Kingdom, or Government; for he supposes our Bodies naturally to abound with too much Humidity, by which indeed the Function of the Parts, and many of the Viscera, *are very much dull'd: But that the Spleen does communicate to the Mass of Blood, solid, firm and constant Parts, and not easily to be dissipated; and that those do wipe away that Moistness, and with it carry away in some measure that Softness from the Blood and Spirits, which is predominant in tender Age: Almost after the same Manner as the Northern Wind, or the Eastern Gales fanning, and immediately penetrating the Air, with the Driness and Stength of their Parts, breathe Health and Strength to the Air and to our Bodies*——This is what the *French* call *Raisonner à perte de vue*, and yet methinks it is engaging, as is especially what he after says,——*which kind of Spleeny-Juice being dilated to the Brain, sharpens the animal Spirits and raises them up, being sloathful, and irritates them into quick Motions, from whence it is commonly said the Sharpness and Sagacity of the Mind doth proceed from*

from the Spleen, and ſplenetick People are accounted ingenious——You ſee, *Miſomedon*, how your witty Men give every thing a Gloſs, and let not the leaſt Shadow of Reaſon ſlip that can aſſiſt them: *Proverbs*, vulgar Sayings, any thing to give a lift to an Hypotheſis; but how high a Compliment ſoever what I read laſt may appear to be at firſt view to *Hypochondriacks*, it is but a ſorry one in Reality; to put them in mind that they are beholden for their brighter Parts (the *Divinæ particula auræ*, of which you know Men are ſo fond) to a ſowr Ferment made from the Dregs and muddy Part of the Blood, by ſtagnating in ſuch an ill-look'd *Viſcus* as the Spleen, and give them the Mortification of thinking their Wit and their Diſtemper of the ſame Original. Beſides, that which it is built upon will hardly hold Water; for the Word Spleen in its figurative Senſe is made uſe of to expreſs Paſſion, Malice, Rancour, and a perverſly ſatyrical Temper, rather than Sharpneſs and Sagacity: What ſplenetick People are counted to be, I won't diſpute; but the Epithet it ſelf, which is ever taken (a) *in malam partem*, is given to no Body becauſe he is Witty or Ingenious; but for being Touchy,

(a) *In a bad Senſe.*

Waſpiſh,

Waſpiſh, and Unſociable, always denoting a Vice, and not a Virtue of the Mind: Being a Foreigner I dare not be very poſitive in what concerns the Language; yet the incomparable *Butler* ſeems to be of my ſide, where he ſays of the *Phanaticks*, to whom he deſigns no Panegyrick, that they are

As peeviſh and as ſplenetick
As Dog diſtract', or Monky ſick.

But to ſhew you, that I would not diſoblige my Patients more than *Velthuſius* or *Willis*, I'll readily allow whatever they ſaid of their Sharpneſs and Sagacity: nay I'll add, that they are oftner Men of Learning, than not; inſomuch, that the *Paſſio Hypochondriaca* in High-Dutch is call'd **Der Gelahrten Kranckheyt**, the Diſeaſe of the Learned; becauſe they are more ſubject to it than other People. If the Spleen be the occaſion of all this, it certainly finds them Books too: I urge this ſo far, to let you ſee what wrong Conſtructions even great Men can put upon things to ſerve an Hypotheſis. *Hypochondriacal* People are generally Men of Senſe, that's very true: Not that the Spleen is the Cauſe of both, or either indeed; but becauſe Men of Senſe, eſpecially thoſe of Learning, are guilty of Errors, that, unleſs they are of a very happy Conſtitution, will infalli-

bly

bly bring the Diſeaſe upon them, ſuch as Blockheads can't commit; for all Men that continually fatigue their Heads with intenſe Thought and Study, whilſt they neglect to give the other Parts of their Bodies the Exerciſe they require, go the ready way to get it, as by undeniable Arguments I ſhall demonſtrate hereafter: So that ſoft-headed People are no otherwiſe exempt from this Diſeaſe, than the grand Seignor's Eunuchs are from Claps, by being uncapable of performing what may occaſion it.

Miſom. But what can you ſay to the Anatomical Obſervations, that are in behalf of this Hypotheſis?

Phil. That I have more convincing ones againſt it; for as *Velthuſius* and others, the mighty Champions for the Honour of this *Viſcus*, will have it, that even the ſowr Ferment of the Stomach is likewiſe borrowed from the Spleen, ſo the latter muſt be at leaſt as neceſſary an Organ as the firſt, by their Hypotheſis: Then what will they ſay of all the Dogs that have had their Milts cut out; as *Diemerbroek*, *Etmuller*, with fifty more, and I my ſelf have ſeen more than once, that Eat as voraciouſly, digeſted as well, and, as far as I could ſee, were as ſenſible Dogs as their Neighbours? Does not one ſuch an Inſtance deſtroy their whole Fabrick? But not to inſiſt upon this, and to make it appear what

what Cobweb Reaſons they depend upon; let us mind the Obſervations themſelves, and the Conſequences they draw from them. The hinge of the whole turns upon the Spleen's not performing its Office in Children nor ſoft-headed People; becauſe in them it looks Red, and not Livid, as it does in Men of ſharp Senſe. As to Children, I know the Obſervation is very true: But neither their Liver, the Kidneys, nor any of the other *Viſcera*, nor the Muſcles, the Fleſh it ſelf, are of ſo deep a colour in any Animals, when they are young, as when they are come to their full Growth: Would they conclude from this likewiſe, that they did not perform their Office? But that the ſame Redneſs of Spleen is always to be found in ſlothful ſoft-headed People, I doubt much: At leaſt I don't believe that they have obſerv'd it often enough, to lay ſo much ſtreſs upon it: But, as I am not able to contradict them, I muſt allow whatever they can make of it. The next thing I ſhall enquire into, is what we are to underſtand by the Spleen's but little performing its Office: In order to which we'll divide its Functions into two parts; the one, to receive the Dregs from the Blood; and the other, to volatilize them into a Ferment, to quicken and enliven the Blood. If the Spleen in thoſe Inſtances of its Redneſs performs neither of the two Functions, then

what

what becomes of the Dregs of the Blood? Which way does the Blood get rid of them? And where are they laid up during the Non-age of the Spleen? But if it receives the Dregs, and is only deficient in volatilizing them into a Ferment, and ſending it away into the Blood, then it ought to be more livid in them than in adult and witty People; becauſe it keeps all the Dregs: Beſides that, when the Spleen ſhould come to be ſtuff'd with *Fæces*, and no more able to receive the Recrements of the Blood, which ſhould therefore be forced to flow back into the Neighbouring Branches of the *Cæliack* Artery, *&c.* this would produce the ſame Diſtempers, which according to the Hypotheſis and *Willis*'s own Words muſt follow in all Stoppages of the Spleen.

Miſom. I ſee very well that if the Spleen ſhould perform one part of its Office to the full, and be wholly wanting in the other, none would be more ſubject to the *Hypochondriack* Paſſion, than Children and ſoft-headed People, which I ſuppoſe is the (*a*) *abſurdum*, to which you would bring them: But *Velthuſius* ſays no ſuch thing, and only concludes, that the Spleen performs its Office but little; that is, receives few *Fæculencies*,

(*a*) *Abſurdity.*

and

and makes little, or but an imperfect Ferment; or elſe, which is moſt probable, lets the *Fæculent* Blood paſs through its Subſtance without altering it much.

Phil. I'll anſwer that preſently: But firſt let us look into the Merits of that ſpecious Compariſon between the Non-performance of the Genital Parts, and that of the Spleen. The Genital Parts, 'tis very true, don't perform their Office before the Years of Puberty; but then they are never of any ſervice to the Blood; the Blood depoſits nothing in them, but what it had better keep, and the leſs they are made uſe of, the richer that remains; for it is undeniable, that no Function depauperates the Blood, or ſhortens even Life it ſelf, more than theirs. The Spleen on the other ſide is very uſeful to the Blood, and according to their Hypotheſis, the Sink where it empties all its Filth, and cleanſes it ſelf. After this I muſt ask you, or any Man alive, Whether the Conſequence to be drawn from the Analogy, that is between them, can run otherwiſe than thus? Becauſe the Blood can be eaſie without the Operation of Organs, that only prey upon and rob it of its moſt Balſamick Parts, therefore it may likewiſe diſpenſe with the Operation of an Organ, that draws the Dregs from and cleanſes it: Which, if I may be allow'd to make a Compariſon in my turn, is to ſay, as well

well as a Man may be twenty Years without paying Taxes, ſo well he may live the ſame time without ſhifting himſelf. Now for your Objection: *Velthuſius* you ſay makes the Spleen perform its Office but little, which may be underſtood that the Fæculent Blood paſſes through the Spleen without receiving any great Alteration, and if ſo, all my fine Concluſions come to nothing. Very well: But the *Fæculencies* paſſing through the Spleen with ſo little Diſturbance, I hope you'll allow me that they ſtill remain in the Blood; from which it muſt follow, that in a little time the whole Maſs of it will be *Fæculent*, unleſs you either ſuppoſe, that in Children and ſoft-headed People, when the Blood has once got its proportion of *Fæces*, no more new ones will enter into it; or elſe, which is the laſt ſhift, that their Blood has no Dregs at all, or at leaſt, very few in Compariſon to that of others; ſo there is another Advantage to Fools that *Eraſmus* never dreamt of, and the Muddieſt and moſt Fuliginous Blood is only to be look'd for in Men of the brighteſt Parts, for the ſame Reaſon, I ſuppoſe, as the Smoak goes to the Faireſt.

Miſom. So much for *Willis* and his Opinion of the Spleen; which *Viſcus*, and the Liver, I believe, are two *Aſylums* that Phyſicians often take Refuge in, when they meet with Diſtempers which they know not well

what to make of. There is a notable Case in the *(a) Philosophical Transactions*, that has much confirm'd me in this Belief. It is of a noble Lady, who for many Years had labour'd under all the Symptoms that are call'd Hysterick. The most eminent Physicians, and among them the famous *Mayerne*, had all along suspected the Liver and Spleen to be in Fault, and often pronounced them *Schirrous*. Yet when the Lady died, upon Dissection both these *Viscera* appear'd to be perfectly sound: Nay, some body has observed, that the Spleen is the only Part in which no Worms have been found.

Phil. That both the Spleen and Liver are often unjustly accused is certain, yet many times they are affected. In the same (*b*) *Transactions*, you might have met with the Case of a young Gentlewoman, who, by being very intense on her Needlework, and by too close an Application to it, with a total Neglect of Excercise, became Hysterick: Dying of a Fever she was open'd, and her Spleen so large, that tho' the Substance of it was putrid, it weigh'd five times as much as an human Milt commonly does.

Misom. As you are of Opinion, that the *Hypochondriack* and *Hysterick* Passions proceed

(*a*) *Philosophical Transactions*, N° 173.
(*b*) *Philosophical Transactions*, N° 194.

from

from the ſame Original, what do you think of this Treatiſe of Vapours?

Phil. It is ſome Years ago, that I read it; but the hint of the Hypotheſis I remember then appeared to me to be taken partly from *Highmore* in charging the Stomach, and partly from *Willis* in accuſing the Brain; tho' the Author makes no Pretence of ſiding with either. The Symptoms being very different, as well as many, in this Diſtemper, it is no ſmall Difficulty to ſolve them all from one and the ſame Cauſe; that is, from either Crudities alone, or elſe the Irregularity of the Spirits, without any other Aſſiſtance; which the Author obſerving very well, explains firſt as many *Phænomena* as he can from Crudities, and afterwards accounts for the reſt from a Deficiency of Spirits, as the Conſequence of thoſe Crudities, which to me ſeems very natural, and therefore I think the Hypotheſis very ingeniouſly contriv'd.

Miſom. There is one thing in this Treatiſe puzzles me, which is this: The Author ſays, that the inordinate Motion of the Spirits is not the *adæquate* Cauſe of the Diſeaſe; this he proves from the nature of the Remedies, which all Phyſicians, even the very Authors and Aſſerters of that Opinion, preſcribe in this Diſeaſe; as Spirit of Sal-Armoniack, Spirit of Urine, *&c.* wondring that ſo many Ingenious Men ſhould act ſo contrary to

their Reaſon, or Reaſon ſo contrary to their Experience; becauſe it is ſo manifeſt, that the Medicines he ſpeaks of, by rendring the Motion of the Spirits more violent, muſt neceſſarily put them into a greater Confuſion; In all this I think he is much in the right; but then here again, *p.* 31. he ſays, *Note alſo, that when I ſay Crudities are the Cauſe of this Diſeaſe, I do not deny but that it is the Diſorder of the Spirits, which immediately cauſes the Convulſions and ſeveral other Accidents. However I think that Crudities ought to be look'd upon as the Principal and Efficient Cauſe, and this Diſorder of the Spirits and Symptoms it produces, only as Effects which flow from them.* Here I think the ſame Objection which the Author makes againſt *Willis* and *Sydenham* (who without doubt he means by the Aſſerters of that Opinion) holds likewiſe good againſt himſelf: For if what he ſays of thoſe Remedies, be true, as I think it is unqueſtionable, let the Diſorder of the Spirits, which he allows, be an immediate Cauſe, an Effect, or what he pleaſes, as long as the ſame Diſorder produces Convulſions, and ſeveral other Accidents, and conſtantly accompanies Hyſterick Fits, it muſt likewiſe be encreas'd by the Remedies preſcrib'd, when the Patients are in them, and all the volatile and ſpirituous Medicines that in the Paroxiſm are uſed to make the Convulſions

and ſeveral other Accidents ceaſe, will conſequently prolong and make them worſe.

Phil. It is eaſie to cavil at Particulars in any Hypotheſis; but then it is as eaſie to maintain them. I know it is a received Opinion now-a-days, that a Man of Senſe who underſtands Anatomy, and ſomething of Mechanick Rules, ought to penetrate into the Manner of every Operation that is performed in a Human Body, it being but a mere Machine; nay, 'tis beneath a Gentleman, that pretends to Natural Philoſophy, to be ignorant of any thing, or ſo much as ſurmiſe, that it ſhould be in Nature's power to contrive a Work, for which he could not give a plauſible Reaſon.

Miſom. You ſay the Hypotheſis is ingeniouſly contriv'd, and may be eaſily defended; but yet you ſeem to diſlike ſomething in it. If the Scruple I had be of no weight with you, what have you to object againſt it?

Phil. Nothing, but what I have againſt all Hypotheſes in general; I can't endure a Man ſhould make a formal Deſcription, with ſo many Circumſtances to make you believe it is true, and write a whole Book upon a thing which he knows in his Conſcience that he knows nothing of. We are altogether in the Dark, as to the real uſe the Liver, the Milt, and Pancreas are of to our Bodies; nay, wholly ignorant of their

Offices otherwiſe than that they are *Organa Colatoria*; through which ſomething is ſtrain'd, and all that has been ſaid of them beſides, by the moſt ſagacious Men, has been nothing but Conjecture, in which the beſt Anatomiſts could never yet agree: If we conſider, with how little Certainty we can ſpeak of Organs ſo conſpicuous, ſuch groſs and large *Viſcera*, is it not amazing to ſee ſome Men made of no other Mold, nor aſſiſted with more helps in Anatomy than you or I, ſuppoſe themſelves ſo well acquainted with things inviſible and almoſt incomprehenſible, as this Author does in his little Book? Where he not only traces the animal Spirits through the unknown Labyrinth of the Brain, even to an *angle of incidence*, but likewiſe determines Thought it ſelf, comprehending the very Soul in the Mechaniſm of the Body, as plainly appears in his mechanical Explication of the Cries and Groans, that are obſerv'd in Hyſteric Fits. Speaking of Nature's Endeavours to remove by ſtruggling the uneaſie Heavineſs the Patients feel, he goes on thus, *But the Soul finding the Body unable utterly to repel this Evil, and that it is beyond her Power to conquer it, ſhe ſinks under her Pain and Anguiſh, and breaks out into Cries and Groans; thereby to intimate to them, that are about us, ſhe wants their aid, not being able by all the troubleſome Agitati-*

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on of the Lips and Tongue to form one distinct Word to demand it. This is very florid, I confess, but not less extravagant; yet well to be maintain'd, because it is not easily contradicted: But I never stand upon Niceties with an Hypothesis; knowing that the Authors of them think it very immaterial, what they suppose, so they can but solve the *Phænomena* from it. Shall I tell you sincerely how the generality of them are made in Physick?

A Man that has a mind to Compose, and have the Honour of being call'd the Author and Inventor of an Hypothesis; first examines those, that upon the Case in Question have been made before him; by his reading, without the Expence of much, he becomes acquainted with all the Faults, which the latter Supposers still have found with their Predecessors; and having heard at the Universities, and among Men of Letters, what Objections may be made against the last of all, he has the human Body, the whole Microscom at his Service, to manage it as he pleases, till he can find out something that may serve his Purpose; in the Search of which he is not so sollicitous to dive into the real Cause of the Distemper, as he is to find out such a one, as his Capacity will let him explain the Symptoms from: Therefore whenever I meet with an Hypothesis, I first examine whether it be the Product

of diligent Obſervation, or of a prolifick Brain, and after that I judge of it by the lump.

Half a Year ago I was ſent for very late at Night to a Gentlewoman near thirty, whom I found in hyſterick Fits; the relation they gave me of her, was, that ſhe enjoyed a perfect Health, and had never been Hyſterick before; that ſhe was gone to bed in good Order, and very well contented, where having been about half an Hour ſhe had been taken as I ſaw her: Whilſt I was there ſhe recover'd, and complain'd of nothing but being giddy. The next Morning I underſtood that ſhe had ſlept very well, after I had left her; and endeavouring to find out what might have occaſion'd her Diſorder, I could learn nothing from her, but that the Day before ſhe had drank of ſome generous Wine, more plentifully than ſhe was uſed to do, tho' as ſhe thought, not to exceſs. I ſaw this Gentlewoman about a Fortnight ago, and heard from her own Mouth, that ſhe has continued well ever ſince. This being fact, as I ſolemnly declare it is, I would ask what room there can be in this Caſe to ſuſpect, that either Crudities or a Deficiency of Spirits were the Cauſe of her Diſturbance? Or whether it can be attributed to any thing, but a great plenty of Spirits too violently agitated, and conſequently a Confuſion of them; Which latter the great *Sydenham* has not in his Cloſet,

ſet, but in his Practice obſerv'd to be the internal efficient Cauſe of all Hyſterick and Hypochondriacal Diſeaſes; *Sydenham*, I ſay, that candid as well as expert Phyſician, whoſe juſtly deſerv'd *Encomium* you may read in this eminent *Foreigner*; where he is call'd, (a) *Artis noſtræ Ornator & Ornamentum, qui ſepoſitis Opinionum Commentis ad Obſervationes prorſus ſe dedit, & à prima Ætate ad Extremum uſque Senium cum naturâ cohabitavit.*

Miſom. But do you think *Sydenham* could have ſolv'd all the Symptoms from that Cauſe?

Phil. So as to ſatisfie himſelf I believe not, but I dare ſay, he never troubled his Head much about it, and throughout his Works you may ſee, how immaterial he thought thoſe Trifles to the real Practice of Phyſick. As for inſtance; tho' no Man ever writ more to the Purpoſe upon Fevers than himſelf, yet concerning the Differences of Periods, peculiar to the ſeveral Sorts of Agues and intermitting Fevers, he ingenuouſly confeſſes, that he could give no ſatisfactory Reaſon for it; yet almoſt all Phyſicians beſides, that

(a) *One that had adorn'd our Art and been an Ornament to it himſelf; that having ſet aſide the Fictions of Men's Brains, had ſpent all his Time in making Obſervations, and from his Youth to his old Age cohabited with Nature.*

write upon the ſame Subject, pretend to give us very plauſible ones: What can be the Reaſon of this? If he had only had a Mind to diſſent from others, Can we think that a Man of his Senſe and Learning could not have made ſome agreeable Conjecture or other, as well as the reſt had done before him? 'Tis then doubtleſs an Evidence of his Candour and Sincerity, that would not let him, to gain Applauſe and Reputation, impoſe upon Poſterity by aſſerting what he was not convinc'd of firſt from his own Experience, or appear more knowing than he knew himſelf to be.

It is an admirable Inſtruction to all Phyſicians, which the learned *Baglivi* gives us for the compoſing of a laſting Hypotheſis; having firſt ſtipulated that it muſt by no means be drawn from our own Fancies, but from the undoubted *Phænomena* of Nature it ſelf, he bids us follow the Method of Aſtronomers, whoſe whole Art, ſays he, chiefly conſiſts in this: Firſt they obſerve diligently the *Phænomena* of the celeſtial Bodies; from thence afterwards they aſcend into Theories exactly delineated after a Geometrical Manner; and when they have learnedly examin'd, and are thoroughly vers'd in theſe things, they are able to foretel, and define all the Motions, Sites, Conjunctions, *&c.* of thoſe Bodies with all the Certainty imaginable:

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So that first they take care of having a vast Train of Observations, and then they compose a Theory, that they may give a plausible Reason for them; and tho' they have among them several Systems of the Heavens, as that of *Copernicus*, *Tycho Brahe*, *&c.* that contradict, and clash with one another; yet in foretelling the *Phænomena* and Motions of the heavenly Bodies, that is, the computing of the Eclipses, and various Aspects of the Planets, they none of them either differ or fail. The Mystery of which Matter lies in this; that all Astronomers, tho' every one of 'em conceives a Theory of the Stars peculiar to himself, have drawn their Theories from one and the same constant Observation of the celestial Bodies; for whatever one has observ'd, the other still must have observ'd the same. So that the Reasons they can give of what they observ'd, and the Hypotheses they are able to build upon it, consisting only in Opinion, may vary and be all fallacious; but the things observed being true, the Inferences that are drawn from them by Rules as certain, must always be the same.

I am extremely pleas'd with this Example: For besides the Illustration the Author design'd it for, it puts me in mind of two things, which I can't forbear taking notice of: The first is, that, if a Man, whom we'll suppose so wholly ignorant in Physick and Astronomy,

Aſtronomy, as not to know that there are two ſuch Arts in being, was always to be either converſing with the ſick, or elſe minding the Motions of the Stars, and dividing his time between the two Studies, to ſpend 20 or 25 Years in making what Obſervations he could in both, without the leaſt Inſtruction of Men or Books; I think it highly probable, that ſuch a one, tho' a Man of an exquiſite Genius, vers'd in Arithmetick, and every thing elſe, but the two Arts I named, would not believe the Knowledge, that could be got by obſerving the different Motions of the celeſtial Bodies more capable of ever being reduced to an Art of Rules and Certainty, than that which might be acquired by likewiſe obſerving the various Courſes of Diſtempers incident in our Terreſtrial ones.

From which Conſideration I infer; that it is as yet inconceivable, to what prodigious pitch human Knowledge, in all things, that fall under the Senſes, tho' never ſo changeable, remote or irregular, may be carried by diligent Obſervations, when they are faithfully tranſmitted from one to another, and without Intermiſſion continued for ſeveral Ages. The ſecond is, that we may learn how weak and fallacious a Proof, the Solution of the Symptoms from an Hypotheſis muſt be, of our being acquainted with

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the true Cauſe of a Diſtemper; when from this Inſtance of Aſtronomy it is evident, that the ſame *Phænomena* exactly anſwer to different Hypotheſes, of which at beſt only one can be true.

Miſom. But I think this is rather againſt you; for that Fact, that all Aſtronomers of what Hypotheſis ſoever, agree in their Calculations, ſhews, that not to be miſtaken it is ſufficient to have one, that explains the *Phænomena.*

Phil. So it is, as long as they don't reaſon from the Hypotheſes, and then any one may ſerve; for from their not erring it is manifeſt, that they conclude nothing but from their Obſervations, by Rules as certain; whilſt the Hypotheſes only make a ſhew, and are wholly inſignificant.

Miſom. I believe, with you, that in Phyſick, as well as Aſtronomy, what is obſerv'd is of greater Uſe by far, than what is ſuppos'd; yet in natural Philoſophy nothing is to be done without an Hypotheſis. Tho' I am pretty well wean'd from the Adoration I formerly paid to the Ancients, I ſtill have a great Reſpect for them: Yet notwithſtanding the Praiſes, that are due to thoſe Founders of Arts and Sciences, a Man of Senſe muſt acknowledge, that the manner of explaining *Phænomena* both above and below, in uſe among Modern Philoſophers, has more

Reaſon

Reaſon and Solidity in it, than that of the Ancients. They knew nothing of created Things, farther than their outward Senſes would let them penetrate into them. Their *Facultates Attractrices, Concoctrices & Expultrices*, with all the occult Qualities, were very poor Solutions to thoſe of Monſieur *Des Cartes*; and if, ſince *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, or *Ariſtotle*, Men had not made uſe of their rational Part, and exercis'd their Faculty of thinking, we muſt have been ignorant of her Operations in a thouſand Inſtances, that now we can very well account for.

Phil. The real Knowledge we have of Nature beyond the Ancients, that we are not indebted for to Obſervation, would I believe upon ſtrict Examination not amount to much; but as to the Explication of her Operations, that often changes with the Times, and looking back you may all along obſerve a faſhion in Philoſophizing as much as in wearing of Cloaths, tho' in the firſt perhaps it laſts longer, than in the latter. *Cartes* has been much admired, but his Philoſophy loſes ground every Day. No Hypotheſes ever became famous, before it had pleas'd a great Part of the learned World; and ever ſince the Fall, Mankind has had the ſame Strength of Thought: The reſt depends all upon Experience; wherefore as long as that increaſes, and our Ficklneſs continues,

tinues, it is impoſſible that ever a Syſtem or Opinion ſhould be generally receiv'd, or laſt for ever. When I hear a Man lay a great ſtreſs upon any, I divert my ſelf with the Thoughts of what Fate the beſt of them have met with hitherto: For what I am going to ſay has been the Caſe of all of them.

An Hypotheſis, when once it has been a little while eſtabliſh'd, becomes like a Sovereign, and receives the ſame Homage and Reſpect from its Vaſſals, as if it was Truth it ſelf: This continues till Experience or Envy diſcovers a Flaw in it: Yet unleſs it be a great Man indeed, that finds fault firſt, his Diſcovery is only anſwered with Contempt for a while: But when another Hypotheſis is broach'd, (which is commonly ſoon after) that not having the Fault of the former, and being likewiſe well contriv'd, gets a conſiderable number of Followers: Then you ſee all that fought under the Banners of the old Hypotheſis briſtle up, and every Man of Note amongſt them thinks himſelf perſonally injured, and in Honour obliged to ſtand by it with his Life and Fortune. Now all Arts and Sciences are ranſack'd, and whatever can be drawn from Wit, Eloquence, or Learning, is produced to maintain their own Leige Hypotheſis, and deſtroy the upſtart one; and the whole Party is alarm'd with as much Concern as they

they are in a Man of War, when they have receiv'd a Shot under Water: In the mean time they that have liſted themſelves under the new Hypotheſis are not idle, and thus both Parties enter into a perfect ſtate of War; the better ſort fighting with Arguments, the reſt with perſonal Reflections. This Play is generally continued for a conſiderable time with a great deal of Violence; and I have obſerv'd as much Hatred and Animoſity between the *Ariſtotelians* and *Carteſians*, when I was at *Leiden*, as there is now in *London* between *High*-Church and *Low*-Church.

Miſom. And for ought I know with as much Reaſon. But Difference in Opinions will make men Enemies, (*a*) *etiam ſi de fumo diſceptarent.*

Phil. If the new Hypotheſis is continually ſupplied with Men of Senſe, that zealouſly eſpouſe its Cauſe, and keeps the Field till ſome of its chief Enemies, and thoſe that firſt oppos'd it, are dead, it daily gets ground till it triumphs at laſt, and aſcends the Throne of the poor old one, that like an *Emeritus* in *Chelſey*-College is laid by among the reſt of the maim'd *Hypotheſes*,

(*a*) *Tho' they ſhould diſpute of Smoak. A Proverb, to wrangle about the greateſt Triſles.*

(*a*) *ſenio*

(a) *ſenio belloque fracta.* If you conſult Hiſtory, you'll find that the more witty and talkative the Age is, the more fruitful it is of Sects, Opinions and Hypotheſes: If you would know, how we come by ſo many; the beſt Wits lay out their Talents that Way, and one encouraging the other, make it as catching as the Itch: ſo that you may apply to it what *Juvenal* ſays ſomewhere upon another Account:

——— (b) *dedit hanc contagio labem,*
Et dabit in plures; ſicut grex totus in agris
Unius ſcabie cadit, & porrigine porci,
Uvaque conſpecta livorem ducit ab uva.

Miſom. As I brought you upon talking of *Hypotheſes*, I ſuppoſe againſt your Inclination, ſo I ſee, you are reſolv'd to fit me for it, and deſign to tire me with them before you give over: Therefore to have done with them at once, rather than hold any more Arguments about them, I'll ſay, as you'd have me, that they are only pieces of Wit, mere *Jeux d'Eſprit*, ſtudy'd for Diverſion, and that no greater ſtreſs ſhould be laid upon them, than upon Plays and Roman-

(a) *Become decrepit by Age and War.*

(b) *This Paſſage of* Juvenal *is uſed to expreſs the Force of Contagion, and the ill Conſequence of bad Examples. To give the Senſe of it in* Engliſh, *Mr.* Dryden *thought it ſufficient to ſay: As one infected Sheep confounds the flock.*

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ces, the Authors of which ought to be ſuppoſed to have as little to do, as the People they write them for. But now you muſt reſolve me one thing, which I have had a mind to ask you a great while: Speaking of the Emperick Sect yeſterday, you ſaid, that if they had held the Knowledge of the Body and Nature to be of no Importance to the Art of Phyſick, you would differ from them: But as long as you don't care for reaſoning about Diſtempers, either in finding out the Cauſes, or the curing of them, I can't ſee what Occaſion you can have for underſtanding any thing but the general Practice of our old Women. In my Opinion a Man wants but little Anatomy to preſcribe a Pen'worth of *Venice* Treacle for a Cold, half a quarter of a Pint of Linſeed Oil for a Pleuriſie, and a Spoonful of Honey for the Phtiſick.

Phil. You may go on with Whey for the Bloody-Flux, Madder for the Jaundice, Jeſuits Bark for Agues, and twenty Medicines more of the ſame Stamp; that I ſhall never eſteem the leſs for being common.

Miſom. I don't ſpeak againſt the Goodneſs of the Medicines; but it is certain, that whoever makes uſe of them thus at random, only becauſe they have often done good, builds upon a very ſtupid Experience. If you grant this, as I don't ſee how you can avoid

avoid it, then pray tell me what Arts are there required more to make a Phyſician that ſhall practiſe after that way, than what you may often find in a good Nurſe? For you ſay, they muſt not rely upon any thing, but what is within the reach of their outward Senſes, and never make uſe of, or at leaſt truſt to, their Reaſon.

Phil. Before I anſwer directly, I beg leave to put you in mind of what is almoſt worn thread-bare, the *Simile* of a crooked Stick, which to make it ſtrait we bend to the contrary ſide. When you ask'd me, how I could without the Help of ſome *Hypotheſis* or other reaſon about the Symptoms, Cauſes, *&c.* of Diſtempers; becauſe I would by no means have you expect from me thoſe nice Explications of unſearchable Nature, which your witty *Theoriſts* rack their Brains for from a bare Suppoſition, I anſwer'd you at once, that I did not reaſon about them at all; but now I have ſhew'd you the demonſtrable Error of the Ingenious People of our Age, who are ſo fond of their Parts, as to think, that beſides Anatomy and Philoſophy, a Man of Senſe wants no other Helps to penetrate into the Cauſes of the moſt intricate Diſtempers, if he is but once acquainted with the Symptoms: Now I have ſhew'd you this, I ſay, I ſhall not ſcruple to tell you that I would not make a Step without Rea-

ſon, more than thoſe Philoſophers, to which Title I don't pretend, whatever I may to the Reality of its meaning: I would not have you think, that I ſpeak of that lofty ſelf-ſufficient Reaſon that boldly truſts to its own Wings, and leaving Experience far behind mounts upon Air, and makes Concluſions in the Skies; what I make uſe of is plain and humble, not only built upon, but likewiſe ſurrounded with, and every way limited by Obſervation, from view of which it never cares to ſtir.

As to the ridiculous and unartful manner of preſcribing, with which you ſeem to charge me, I thought, that by demonſtrating what Labour, Induſtry and Patience were requiſite for the compoſing of a faithful Hiſtory of every Diſeaſe, in order to cure it, I had taken ſufficient care to prevent any Suſpicion that way.

Miſom. I am ſatisfy'd, and thought my ſelf anſwer'd as ſoon as you condeſcended to join Reaſon to Obſervation. For as to the other reaſoning, that both begins and ends in Speculation, I told you Yeſterday, that I had done with it my ſelf. If I had known your Mind ſooner, we ſhould not have ſpent half ſo much time in talking of Suppoſitions, tho' I am not diſpleas'd with having ſtarted thoſe Difficulties as I did: Becauſe being now by your Anſwers better inſtructed

ſtructed in the Notions you have of theſe things, whatever you ſhall ſay about the hypochondriack Paſſion, will be better entertain'd, and have more weight with me; whether it concerns the Diſtemper in general, or my Caſe in particular.

Phil. It is a Cuſtom in all our Foreign Univerſities for Students in all Faculties, after having paſs'd the ſeveral Examinations they are to undergo, before they take their Degree, to compoſe and defend againſt all that will oppoſe, a *Theſis* or Diſſertation, the Theme of which is what they are pleas'd to chuſe themſelves, and always ſome Head or Point relating to the Profeſſion they belong to.

Miſom. I know it: They are Printed; and being neatly Stitch'd in Covers of Marble-Paper, diſtributed among the Scholars: For when I was at *Utrecht*, where I ſtay'd but three Days, there happen'd to be a Promotion of a Doctor in the Civil Law, or, as they call it, *utriuſque juris*; and as I ſtood in the great Auditory, the Candidate himſelf, with both his *Paranymphs* (which you know is the Name they give to the two Gentlemen, his Friends, that attend him) taking me I ſuppoſe for what I was, a Stranger, made way through a great Crowd, on purpoſe to preſent me with one, which I took as a great favour, from a Man whom

I had never ſeen before, eſpecially in a Country, that is not fam'd for manners. The *Theſis* I remember was (*a*) *de Codicillis.*

Phil. Mine was *de* (*b*) *Chyloſi vitiatâ*, which I defended at *Leyden* in the Year 1691, Dr. *William Senguerdus*, Profeſſor of the *Ariſtotelian* Philoſophy, being then (*c*) *Rector Magnificus.* My reaſon of telling you this, which otherwiſe might ſeem impertinent, is becauſe I have often thought it very remarkable, that I always had a particular Eye upon, and have been led, as it were, by Inſtinct to what afterwards to me appear'd to be the Cauſe of the Hyſterick and Hypochondriack Paſſions, even at a time, when I had no thought of ſingling out theſe Diſtempers for my more particular Study, and was only deſign'd for general Practice, as other Phyſicians are.

That the Diſorders then of the Chylifications are chiefly the Cauſe of the Diſtempers in queſtion, I ſhall endeavour to prove, and in order to it, deſire your Attention to the following Obſervations. Firſt from Anatomy we know, that abundance of Nerves end, and empty themſelves in the Stomach, whoſe inner Coat is wholly Nervous, and

(*a*) *Of Codicils.* (*b*) *Of a depraved Chylification.*
(*c*) *The Head of the Univerſity for one Year.*

yet

yet not allow'd to have any Spontaneous Motion of its own. Secondly we are taught by daily Experience, that whatever Food is craved, and long'd for after an extraordinary manner, the ſame, tho' abſurd, and to all appearance prejudicial, is generally well digeſted even in thoſe that otherwiſe have but a weak Concoction. The Inſtances that might be produced in Big-belly'd Women, Sick People, and others, to confirm this Aſſertion, are innumerable. I ſhall only put you in mind of two remarkable ones, which I remember, I quoted about twenty Years ago in the *Theſis*, I juſt now ſpoke of. The firſt we have from Dr. *Tulpius*, a noted Phyſician in *Holland*, who has an Obſervation of a Woman with Child, that being prodigiouſly in love with Pickled Herrings, fed on them daily in great quantities, and, before her longing was ſatisfied, which in all probability muſt have laſted ſome Weeks, had eaten Fourteen Hundred without receiving the leaſt Injury by them.

Miſom. A very good Obſervation for a *Dutchman*, for this *Tulpius* I think was likewiſe a Burgo-Maſter of *Amſterdam*.

Phil. He was ſo, and an honeſt painstaking practical Phyſician, which is as great a Character. The other is to be found in *Platerus*, who relates, that a Girl of about Seventeen had ſo depraved and perverſe an

Appetite, as not only to fancy but likewiſe to eat an Onion, that in the time of a raging Plague, after having been applied to a Peſtilential Boil, and being blacken'd and putrified by the poiſonous Exhalations, was thrown down by the Fire-ſide. The Girl, ſays he, received no Hurt, and remain'd free from that Diſeaſe otherwiſe ſo Contagious.

Next to Experience, I ſhall make uſe of what is the reſult of it, the Teſtimony of *Hippocrates*, who in one of his Aphoriſms tells us, that Aliments, which our Appetite ſtands inclin'd to, are far better digeſted, than thoſe we don't fancy.

From theſe Anatomical and Practical Obſervations I conclude firſt, that if the Animal Spirits, which the Stomach is continually furniſh'd with through the innumerable little Nerves, that diſcharge themſelves there, do not wholly compoſe (which yet nobody can diſprove) the Stomachick Ferment, *Menſtruum*, or what you pleaſe to call it, by vertue of which our Aliments are digeſted, they at leaſt make a conſiderable, and the moſt eſſential part of it. Secondly, that ſome of the Spirits, that help to conſtitute the Ferment, are of a greater Subtilty, and more refin'd than the reſt that ſerve only for Muſculary Motions, and other Actions of force.

Miſom.

Miſom. (a) *Syrus cum non ſis, ne Syreſſa.* You ſpeak againſt *Hypotheſes*, and now you make a Suppoſition of your own, upon a Suppoſition of others. How do you know that there are Animal Spirits at all? The Nerves, through which they are ſupoſed to flow, are not hollow, made like Pipes, as Arteries, Veins, Lympheducts, Lacteals and other Veſſels, that are contriv'd to convey Liquids: They are ſolid Bodies like Strings, or Cords made up of many leſſer Strings: No Liquid is found in them, nor have they any Cavity to contain it. Therefore this Buſineſs of the Animal Spirits is only a Dream.

Phil. I did not expect this Objection. Many things are true that admit of no Demonſtration *a Priori*. To ſay nothing of the minute Veſſels, which by the help of Microſcopes may be obſerv'd in the ſmalleſt Inſects; that the Hairs of our Head are hollow we are ſure of, and that a liquid Subſtance muſt be contain'd in the leaſt Fibres of the Muſcles, the Fleſh of Animals, is manifeſt from Cookery. That therefore the Strings of which the Nerves are compoſed muſt, like other Fibres, be likewiſe hollow, is more than probable. As to the Animal Spirits,

(a) Since you are not a *Syrus*, don't act like one. *A Proverb uſed to warn People againſt appearing by their Actions what they pretend not to be, by their Words.*

which are thought to pass through those Canals, the Existence of them is a point that never was controverted. That the Blood is a Compound of various Parts very much differing from one another, and that many of these are volatile, is certain. We know likewise from Experience, that Steams and Vapours will be raised from all Liquids, especially when they are perceptibly warm, whenever that Separation is not hinder'd and made impracticable. If we consider these Facts, as well as the porous Texture of most Parts in living Animals, and the Minuteness of some capillary Vessels, it is hardly to be conceived, that somewhere or other the finest Particles of the Blood should not be strain'd or otherwise separated from the rest of its Mass: If we add to this what we know from Ebriety, and intoxicating Liquors, from reviving Medicines in Lypothomys and Fainting: If, I say, we add what Experience teaches us concerning all those things, that taken inwardly palpably affect the Head and Nerves, we shall be forced to conclude, that many things are transacted in the Brain, that could not possibly be perform'd but by means of volatile Particles originally derived from the Blood. At least it is inconceivable to human Understanding, that it should be otherwise.

Misom.

Miſom. As to ſeveral things, I believe you may be in the right: But there are others again, as Pain and Senſation in general, where I can ſolve the *Phænomena*, and which I can account for better, by conceiving the Nerves as ſo many Strings or Cords, ſtraitly braced, in which the Motion impreſt on one End is immediately communicated to the other: I can, I ſay, ſolve the *Phænomena* better, when I conceive them in this manner, than I can by ſuppoſing the Exiſtence of animal Spirits.

Phil. I don't pretend to account for the Functions of the Brain. I never heard of a Syſtem or a Philoſophy that could do it. I don't argue for the Exiſtence of Animal Spirits to ſolve all *Phænomena*, but from the Reaſonableneſs and the Neceſſity I find, that there ſhould be ſuch; as when I ſee Smoak I conclude that there muſt be ſome Fire, tho' then it falls not under my Senſes.

Miſom. But you do the Reverſe, and conclude that there muſt be Smoak becauſe there is Fire, which the brighter it is, you know, the leſs it ſerves your purpoſe.

Phil. Where there is Fire there muſt be *Effluvia*, you ſhall call them what you pleaſe, but always remember that the brighteſt Flame is only Smoak ſet o' fire. That there are Animal Spirits, has been the Opinion of all ages Ancient and Modern, all Schools

Schools of Phyſicians, all Sects of Philoſophers have agreed in this; and whatever they have differ'd in from one another, here they have been unanimous.

Miſom. To all this I could eaſily reply, That Men have copied the ſame thing after one another is of little Weight, unleſs the firſt had proved the point in queſtion: but I don't think it *tanti*. If you think, that the Animal Spirits are neceſſary, for the Digeſtion of Food in general, you muſt let me know, what *Hypotheſis* it is you ſide with, or at leaſt give me an intelligible Account of what your Opinion is concerning the whole matter, from firſt to laſt.

Phil. With all my heart. I told you before, That I follow no *Hypotheſis*: And as to Concoction, there is no Syſtem divulg'd yet, in which all the Cauſes alledg'd for Digeſtion are ſufficient to produce the Effects we ſee. Moſt People that have wrote on this Subject ſeem to have imagin'd that the concoctive Faculty, the Power of digeſting Food, was pretty much alike, if not the ſame, in all Animals, creeping, flying, ſwimming, or walking. This has been of pernicious Conſequence. Mens Amuſements likewiſe and Quarrels about *Acids* and *Alkalys*, and their confining luxuriant and unfathomable Nature to the narrow Searches and hy-

pothetical

pothetical Principles of Chymiſts; as they have made great waſte of human Sagacity in general, by putting Men upon foreign and fruitleſs Inquiries, ſo in this Particular they have been a great Hindrance to that Knowledge, that can only be acquir'd by judicious Obſervation and a cloſe Attendance on the thing itſelf. The more Experiments we have made concerning Concoction in Creatures different from us in Nature, as well as Structure and animal Oeconomy, the more we have always been puzzled, what to think of it in human Bodies; and the nearer we have arrived to the Knowledge of that digeſtive Power in other Animals, the further we have always been carried off from underſtanding it in our ſelves. When we look into the vaſt Variety of Art, which Nature has diſplay'd in the Formation of Animals of all ſorts, it can only be Inattention not to behold at the ſame time the Multiplicity of different Means ſhe makes uſe of to compaſs the ſame End. What ſhe has thought fit to perform by Trituration in one Species of Creatures, ſhe may do as well in another by an adapted Ferment, and in a third perhaps for the ſame purpoſe ſhe makes uſe of both.

Miſom. You diſlike all *Hypotheſes*, and at the ſame time you find fault with Anatomical Obſervations and the diſſecting of all

ſorts

ſorts of Animals. At this rate (*a*) *Nec currimus nec remigamus.*

Phil. Pardon me: The fault I find is not with the Obſervations, or any Experiments of the Curious, but with the Applications that are made of them, and the Conſequences that have often been drawn from them. I have nothing to ſay againſt a Man, who from what he obſerves in Fiſhes ſhould conclude, that the Concoction in ſome Creatures may be perform'd without any perceptible Heat; but I would blame him, if from thence he ſhould infer, that the Warmth of the *Viſcera* did contribute nothing to the Digeſtion in human Stomachs. I don't diſcommend Dr. *Muſgrave* for making Experiments on the mucous Subſtance in the Stomach of a Jack, or his mixing a Solution of Sublimate with ſome Part of it, and Syrup of Violets with another. I think my ſelf obliged to him for his curious Obſervation of the large Bed of Glands in the ſame Stomach; and it is very probable, that the digeſtive Ferment is ſeparated from the Blood by means of thoſe Glands, in that Fiſh: But I think he was in the wrong for inſinuating, that from thoſe Facts we ought to conclude, that the Food in all Creatures is digeſted by a volatile

(*a*) We neither run nor row; *a Proverb uſed, when we take great Pains without advancing or getting Ground.*

Alkali,

Alkali, and that there is no acid *Menſtruum* in our Stomachs. Acids have the ſame Effect; Pot-aſhes and even the ſharpeſt and moſt cauſtick *Alkaly's* are not more penetrating, or more capable of conſuming and breaking the Texture of Bodies, than Oil of Vitriol, *Aqua-fortis*, and ſeveral other acid Spirits.

Miſom. Then whatever it is in other Animals, you think, that an acid Ferment is the chief Cauſe of Concoction in us?

Phil. I don't ſay ſo. What nature the *Menſtruum* is of, that cauſes or rather helps Digeſtion in us, I don't pretend to determine; but, that there muſt be ſomething analogous to a Ferment in our Stomachs, I conclude from the Impoſſibility there is, that Heat or muſcular Motion, either jointly or ſeparately ſhould, without other Help, perform every thing, that may be obſerved concerning Concoction in our ſelves.

Miſom. I can form no Idea of that Motion of the Stomach and Guts, that ſhould be any ways capable of bruiſing and breaking the Meat to pieces. If it was very forcible it would be troubleſome, or at leaſt we ſhould feel it; and if it was inconſiderable, it could not be of that Efficacy.

Phil. We ought to be cautious, how we judge of and pronounce on theſe Matters. Every *Syſtole* is a ſtrong and forcible Compreſſion of the Heart, and the Blood's ruſhing into

into it is a violent Motion, yet we perceive nothing of either. That a Motion is communicated to the Stomach by the Diaphragm is undeniable; and it is not eaſie to determine, what Efficacy even a ſmall Force may be of in time, that is repeated above three thouſand times in an Hour, as that is. (a) *Gutta cavat lapidem.*

Miſom. If the Gills in Fiſhes ſupply the Place of Lungs, they muſt likewiſe communicate a Motion to the Stomach in them.

Phil. And without doubt they do.

Miſom. Sharks often bite off large Limbs of Men; and can you conceive, how an human Thigh-bone ſhould be conſum'd, in any reaſonable time, by muſcular Motion, in the ſoft Belly of a Fiſh?

Phil. Why may not a penetrating *Menſtruum*, like that which Dr. *Muſgrave* obſerved in the Stomach of a Jack, perform the greateſt part of the Digeſtion in them, and the Motion of the Muſcles be only aſſiſting to it?

Miſom. But *Leeuwenhoeck* is of Opinion, that the Motion communicated by the Gills to the Stomach and Guts of the Fiſhes is ſuf-

(a) A Drop hollows a Stone. *The Beginning of a very trite Proverb, denoting the great Efficacy of a ſmall Force when it is often repeated.*

ficient

ficient to perform the Digeſtion in them, without the Aſſiſtance of any acid Juice; by which he ſeems to exclude all *Menſtruums* whatever.

Phil. Dr. *Muſgrave*'s Obſervation, mentioned juſt now, weighs more with me, than any Man's Opinion without Proof. The Experiments he made, and the Bed of Glands he obſerved, may give us a great Inſight into the manner of Digeſtion in Jacks and Pikes; and perhaps in that of Sharks; but we ought to draw no Inferences from it in Animals of another Make, and quite another Nature. When we ſee Creatures differ immenſely from one another in the Structure of their inward, as well as outward Parts, why ſhould we look for a greater Analogy between them in their animal Oeconomy? I have ſeen a Cormorant ſwallow the raw Head of a Turkey with a conſiderable part of the Neck, Feathers and all, and I am perſuaded, that the Turkey's Head was very near, if not fully, as big as that of the Devourer: From this, and what I ſaw beſides of that Creature, I have reaſon to think, that a Cormorant is as ravenous, as a Jack or any Shark can be: But when we conſider the vaſt Difference between their inward Parts and the Structure of them; it would be ridiculous to conclude, that the Cauſe or Cauſes of Concoction were the ſame in both.

Miſom.

Miſom. If in any Creatures the Meat is bruiſed and broken to pieces by Force and muſcular Motion, it is in Birds, at leaſt ſuch as our common Poultry, Fowls, Pigeons, Ducks, *&c.* That the great *Harvey* was moſt converſant with them is evident, and I believe, that from what he obſerved in them it was, that he ſuppoſed Digeſtion in general to be performed by Trituration. Here (I mean in Birds) ſeveral things concur, that ſeem to favour that Conjecture. Their Meat is generally hard, and ſwallow'd whole: Their Crops, into which it deſcends, are only Store-houſes in which their Food is laid up, 'till the Stomach wants it.

Phil. They are Repoſitories, in which their Food is not only kept 'till the Stomach is ready for it, but likewiſe ſteep'd and macerated in the mean time.

Miſom. But it is not broken or bruiſed before it comes into the Stomach, which takes in no greater Quantity of it at once, than it is able to ſqueeze and grind. Their Stomachs, or, as they are commonly called, Gizards, are ſtrong and ſolid, and the Fibres of them firm beyond any other in their Bodies. The Gravel, coarſe Sand, and ſmall Stones, that are continually found in their Gizards, and are never voided undigeſted, ſeem likewiſe to be fit Inſtruments to aſſiſt in ſuch an Operation. To all theſe might be added another Cir-

Circumſtance in favour of the *Hypotheſis*, which I don't remember any body has taken notice of yet.

Phil. What is that, pray?

Miſom. It is an Obſervation I have made on that Part of the Stomach, which in drawing of a Fowl is ſeparated from the Gizard, and flung away with the Guts. This inward Coat, which holds and immediately embraces the Contents of the Stomach, is of a very peculiar Subſtance; for when it is dry'd by a gentle Heat it is neither tough nor ſtringy, as Fleſh and Skin commonly are, but it is brittle, and ſo hard, that to beat it to a fine Powder requires very near as much Labour, as it does to beat Crabs Eyes, Pearl, or Jeſuits Bark. I came to know this caſually from a Tenant of mine, who made uſe of this Powder for the Gravel, and, as he told me, not without Succeſs.

Phil. This old Woman's Medicine, tho' in many Caſes it fails, is not ſo deſpicable, as ſome People have imagin'd. But you'll pardon me, if I cannot find any Reaſon for the Inference you would draw from your Obſervation. It hints to us, I own, that there is ſomething very particular in the Subſtance of this inward Coat; but the Hardneſs you ſpeak of proves nothing, that can be of uſe to the *Hypotheſis* of Trituration: For, tho' this Membrane be hard and brittle, when it is dry'd,

it never is ſo till then. To find out the Uſe of Parts, and the Fitneſs of them for ſuch or ſuch Functions, in living Creatures, we ought to judge of them from what they are in their natural State, and, as near as we can, from what they are whilſt they yet perform thoſe Functions. When the Gizard is drawn from a Fowl, this Membrane is ſoft and pliable, and the Subſtance of this inner Coat is ſo remarkably looſe in the Stomach of an Oſtrich, that Dr. *Brown* and others have compar'd it to Flannel; in an Oſtrich, I ſay, the very Bird, that of all others is moſt fam'd for digeſting things that are hard.

Miſom. This, I own, is a terrible Blow to Trituration. A Mill lined with Flannel would make ſad Work: Yet a little while ago you allow'd, that Nature might perform Digeſtion by that means.

Phil. I do ſo ſtill; and did not alledge the looſe Subſtance of this inward Coat as an Objection to the *Hypotheſis* you ſpeak of, but I mention'd it, that you might lay no further Streſs upon the Hardneſs of that Membrane when it is dry'd. I don't think that the Looſeneſs of this Coat would be an Obſtacle or the leaſt Hindrance to Trituration in the Stomach of Birds, in the manner in which only I can conceive it to be poſſible. Trituration in a Mill requires, and indeed implies, two Subſtances both harder than what is ground

ground between them: therefore that there cannot be the leaſt Analogy between a Mill, and the Stomach of any living Creature, is demonſtrable. But many things, tho' they are pretty hard, may eaſily be made to bruiſe and break one another, if with ſome Violence you ſhake and jumble them together in a Bag: Now I am perſwaded, that the more ſupple and pliable the Bag is, and the looſer its Subſtance, the leſs it will ſuffer from the Motion or the Roughneſs of the hard things, that are jumbled together in it.

Miſom. But you muſt allow, that the looſer and lighter the Subſtance of it is, the ſooner the Bag will be worn out.

Phil. In all Manufactures, that are made of the ſame Materials, there is no doubt, but what is looſe and ſlight is not ſo ſtrong as that which is more ſubſtantial. But in the thing before us we are altogether in the dark. We know nothing of the Materials, the Strength and Properties of the Stuff, which that looſe Subſtance in the Stomach of an Oſtrich is compoſed of; for how nearly ſoever it may reſemble Flannel, in ſeveral reſpects, we are ſure that it is not made of Wool.

Nature, in the Formation of Animals, has no where diſplay'd a more impenetrable Skill, than in the peculiar Texture of the different Veſſels, Membranes, and Fibres, that occur

in the Fabrick of the ſame Creatures. There are Properties that belong to, and are as it were woven in the Subſtance of them, which human Sagacity could never have diſcovered *a Priori*, and that in ſeveral, each of them has been fitted to that particular purpoſe only, which it is to ſerve, we know no otherwiſe than by Experience *a Poſteriori*. People in Health are as eaſy at leaſt after their Meals as they are before them; yet the hundredth Part of what is not felt at all in the Stomach, would cauſe exquiſite Tortures in the Bladder.

Miſom. I have many times brought up a ſour Stuff ſo corroſive, that in only paſſing through, it actually flead my Throat and Mouth, and yet I was not ſenſible of its Sharpneſs whilſt it remain'd in my Stomach. But it was requiſite that the Organs of Taſte ſhould be very nicely wrought.

Phil. No Part of us is more ſenſible than the Stomach: In Gouts and Rheumatiſms there are often Pains felt in that *Viſcus*, not leſs excruciating, than thoſe of the Stone; and what is very agreeable to the Palate often proves as unpleaſant to the Stomach. All that can be ſaid of this is, that the Inſide of the Stomach is made for one purpoſe, and the Inſide of the Mouth for another. Nothing is leſs offenſive to the latter than the *Saliva*; the Taſte of it is imperceptible to the

the niceſt Palates: Yet this *Menſtruum* is ſo ſharp and penetrating, or at leaſt it has ſuch a Quality, that it will ſeparate the Body and break the Texture of Quick-ſilver; which by the Help of it, and nothing elſe but a Peſtle and Mortar, may be reduced to an impalpable Powder.

It is poſſible that the Subſtance of this Membrane in the Stomach of an Oſtrich ſhould be looſe and pliable, and yet the conſtituent Parts of the Fibres which that Subſtance is woven and compos'd of, have a Firmneſs and Solidity beyond any other Parts. Whilſt the ſtrong Muſcles are graſping on all ſides and mixing the Contents together, and by their conſtant and forcible Compreſſions, make the Parts of the hard Food continually rub againſt and grind one another, I can eaſily conceive, how ſuch a paſſive Membrane might be a proper Fence to interpoſe between the hard and ſtubborn Parts of the Contents, and the tender Fibres of the Muſcles, to which the immediate Touch of whatever is rough or ſharp would be offenſive and intolerable; and I don't think it improbable, that a Membrane of ſuch a peculiar Subſtance ſhould be thus expos'd, and yet receive no Injury from the Force of either Side, any more than a Gold-beater's Skin does between the reſiſting Metal and the violent Strokes, that force the Gold to ſpread.

Miſom. The Gold-beater's Skin remains always in the ſame Poſition, and is only to endure direct Blows, made perpendicularly upon a flat; whereas the Membrane, we ſpeak of, is, according to your Deſcription, expoſed to a great Variety of Attacks from every Quarter. The Outſide of it receives, and is forced to yield to, all the Preſſures that in various Directions are made upon it by the ambient Muſcles: The Inſide of it lies open to the Force and Roughneſs of the reſiſting Contents, the Parts of which are as conſtantly obliged to change and ſhift their Situations, as they are compell'd to it by that Variety of Preſſures, which the Muſcles muſt make upon the yielding Membrane.

Phil. I intended no Compariſon between them: But having given ſome Inſtances of the impenetrable Skill, which Nature has diſplay'd in the peculiar Texture of the different Veſſels, Membranes, *&c.* in the ſame Creatures, I inferr'd from thence, that a Membrane of a peculiar Subſtance might aſſiſt in the Affair of Trituration, and yet ſuffer no more from its Function, than Gold-beater's Skin does from the Buſineſs which it is uſed in. And how little ſoever the Gold-beater's Skin ſeems to undergo, yet we may learn from it, that a Membrane may be made, even by human Skill,

that

that can reſiſt a Force, which a hard Metal muſt yield to.

But ſuppoſe this other Membrane, this inward Coat of the Stomach in Birds, ſhould wear: our Teeth do the ſame; and if no Proviſion was made for this, they could not laſt as they do; but all we know of it is, that the Particles, that wear off inſenſibly, are as inſenſibly repair'd. Nature has a thouſand ways of working, that we are ignorant of; and that in ſome Caſes ſhe makes good Loſſes as faſt as they are ſuſtain'd, and before they are felt, is evident from what every body may obſerve in a Hare. The Feet of this Creature, ſo remarkable for its running, are never found bare, but always beſet with Fur, a thick Down at the very Bottom of them, which touches the Ground.

Miſom. Trituration perhaps may be perform'd in the manner you ſpeak of: But the more every thing obſervable in Birds confirms us in the Opinion, that in them the Meat is broken to pieces and made into Chyle by force and grinding, the more we ought to be convinced, that in Creatures, where the ſame *Phœnomena* do not appear, muſcular Motion has nothing to do with their Concoction. Whatever we eat at a Meal muſt all be contain'd at once in the ſame *Viſcus* in which it is to be digeſted: The Coats of an human Stomach are thin and ſlight; and

tho' it may be divided into ſeveral Membranes, and the ſecond forſooth is call'd muſcular, the whole is of a weak ſlender Subſtance, in compariſon to that of the Gizards in Birds,. If we ſwallow Pebbles, or any the leaſt Stones, thoſe of Grapes or Gooſeberiers not excepted, they are not digeſted, but come away whole and unalter'd.

Phil. You need not ſpend any Time to prove to me, that Concoction is not perform'd in our Stomachs by Trituration; I always thought it abſurd to imagine it. There are many Actions, that all contribute to the Concoction of our Food; but without the Help of muſcular Motion I ſhould think it could no more be perform'd in us, than in other Creatures, whoſe Stomachs are more ſtrong and ſolid. The hardeſt Labour belonging to this Function is to bruiſe and break the hard and tough Meat to pieces, and mixing it with the *Saliva*: This being done by Maſtication, the *Menſtruum* in the Stomach, whatever that be made of, is only to inſinuate it ſelf into, and further to break the Contexture of our Meat already reduced to Pulp. But in order to this, and to come at every Particle of our Food, it is neceſſary, that this *Menſtruum* ſhould be well mix'd and as it were beat up with the Pulp. The Share of this Performance falls partly to the Muſcles that conſtitute the ſecond Membrane of this *Viſcus*, and

and partly to a Motion communicated to it by the Diaphragm, and is originally owing to Reſpiration; from which is likewiſe derived the Periſtaltick Motion, that without Interruption is continued from the Beginning of the *Æſophagus* to the Extremity of the *Inteſtinum rectum.* All theſe contribute to the making of the Chyle, as it is ſent out of the Stomach; and from what we know of Digeſtion in general, it is highly probable, that this whole Proceſs is aſſiſted and forwarded by the Warmth of the adjacent *Viſcera.*

Miſom. All this I can eaſily aſſent to, nor will I further diſpute with you about the Exiſtence of the Animal Spirits; it being a long receiv'd Opinion, you ſhall make the moſt of it; but that theſe Animal Spirits ſhould bear ſuch a Sway in the Stomach, and be a conſiderable Part of the concoctive Ferment, ſeems to be an arbitrary Suppoſition, for which I don't perceive you can have any grounds.

Phil. Be pleaſed to recollect and examine what I have ſaid, and you'll find that this is no more than a neceſſary Conſequence of the Obſervations already mentioned, *viz.* the great number of Nerves, that end and open in the Stomach, and the conſiderable Influence, which Appetite and Averſion, our Liking or Diſliking our Food, have upon Digeſtion. When once we have laid a Foundation,

dation, and have ſome Certainty to build our Arguments upon, it is then that we may make uſe of our rational Faculty: for it is impoſſible, that keeping to the ſtrict Rules of reaſoning we ſhould err in our Concluſions, if we draw them only from what we know to be true. But then it is to be conſider'd, that human Knowledge can only come *a poſteriori*. You'll give me Leave to trace it from the Beginning; and I'll be content to ſtart with Monſieur *Deſcartes*, and at my firſt ſetting out to doubt of every thing. Now as Doubting muſt always imply Thinking, and it is impoſſible that I ſhould perceive the firſt without being confident of the latter, I take this his Metaphyſical Principle, (*a*) *Cogito, ergo ſum*, to be a very Juſt one; becauſe it is the firſt Truth of which a Man can be well ſure: and if from our being conſcious that we think, we may not ſafely conclude that we exiſt, then we can be certain of nothing. The next thing to be enquir'd into is, what it is, which Part of us, that performs this Operation, this Act of Thinking. But here, I know very well from what you advanced Yeſterday, concerning our Ignorance, as to all Properties of Matter, I ſhall not be able to aſſert any thing, ſtrictly ſpeaking, without Suppoſition.

(*a*) *I think, therefore I exiſt.*

Miſom.

Miſom. Yeſterday I was in a gay ſprightly Humour; and when I have thoſe Intervals of Eaſe, I am (*a*) *in Adonidis Hortis*, more pleas'd with Sallies of the Imagination and airy Flouriſhes, than grave Reaſoning, and ſolid Doctrine: But I deſire you would not take thoſe Flights of Fancy for my real and ſettled Sentiments. That mere Matter cannot think is a receiv'd Opinion, and an Axiom which I am neither able nor willing to refute.

Phil. If Matter cannot think, we may juſtly conclude, that we conſiſt of a Soul and a Body. How they reciprocally work upon and affect one another, 'tis true, we cannot tell, and whether the Soul be ſeated in ſome particular part of, or is diffus'd through all the Brain, the Blood, or the whole Body, is likewiſe not eaſie to be determined: But tho' theſe things are myſterious to us, yet from the Experience we have of our Compoſition, and what every moment we may feel within our ſelves, we can aſſert not only, that there muſt be an immediate Commerce between the Body and the Soul; but likewiſe that the Action of Thinking in which all, that we know of the latter, conſiſts, is

(*a*) In the Gardens of *Adonis*. *A Proverb uſed When Men take delight in things that are ſoon fading, and more pleaſant than profitable.*

to

to our certain Knowledge perform'd more in the Head than it is in the Elbow or the Knee: From this we may further conclude, that as the Soul acts not immediately upon Bone, Fleſh, Blood, *&c.* nor they upon that, ſo there muſt be ſome exquiſitely ſmall Particles, that are the (*a*) *Internuncii* between them, by the help of which they manifeſt themſelves to each other.

Miſom. All theſe latter Concluſions I grant: The *Internuncii*, you ſpeak of, are the Animal Spirits, and that they are the intermediate Officers between the Soul and the groſſer Parts of the Body we'll allow; but that the Spirits, which help to compoſe the ſtomachick Ferment, ſhould be of a finer Sort than thoſe by whoſe Aſſiſtance the muſcular Motions and other Actions of Force are perform'd, is not only a Suppoſition, but in my Opinion, a ſtrangely odd one, that has not a Shadow of Reaſon or Probability in it.

Phil. Do you think it a natural Conſequence from what we know of all manner of filtrating, or ſtraining, that ſome of the animal Spirits muſt infinitely differ from others in Fineneſs and Subtilty?

Miſom. I think we can determine nothing with any Certainty about their Bulk or

(*a*) *Meſſengers.*

Shape,

Shape, as long as we are ignorant both of the Manner in which they are ſeparated from the Blood, and the Figure of the Pores through which they are to paſs, and don't know, whether they are tranſcolated through the Brain from the arterial Blood carried thither, or made by Exhalation from the whole Maſs.

Phil. If animal Spirits have any Exiſtence at all, (which you have granted) let them be made after what manner you can ſuppoſe, and the Pores thro' which they paſs be of what Figure you ſhall pleaſe to imagine them; ſo they be but ſeparated from the Blood, or other Juices, which it is certain they are, the ſame muſt happen to them, which is obſerved in all leſſer Particles that are Segregated from any Maſs or Compoſition whatſoever, whether they be ſifted, ſtrain'd, or evaporated, unleſs you'll deny that Nature is always the ſame.

How vaſt is the Difference between the Particles, that in the form of Smoak are ſeparated by Fire from all combuſtible Matters! How even and uniform does the fineſt ſifted Sand appear to our naked View, and yet if we look upon a ſmall Quantity of it thro' a Microſcope, we ſhall obſerve not only a prodigious Variety of Shapes, but likewiſe innumerable Degrees from ſeemingly great Pebbles to the ſmalleſt Atoms, in the Bigneſs

neſs of the Parts that compoſe it: The ſame Difference in proportion we ſhould find in the Magnitude, as well Figure of Parts in Duſt, or Powders reduced to the moſt impalpable (*a*) *Alcohol*, if we had better Glaſſes and could arm our Eyes more ſtrongly.

Miſom. But tho' I ſhould grant that among the Animal Spirits there are many Degrees of Subtilty, yet I cannot ſee, whence it muſt follow, that ſome of thoſe which help to conſtitute the Stomachick Ferment, ſhould be of a finer ſort, than others, that ſerve for more ignoble Functions.

Phil. Would it not be unreaſonable to ſurmiſe, that the Spirits, which are immediately employ'd in the Act of Thinking, ſhould not be more ſubtile than thoſe, that continually extend the ſeveral Muſcles of our Legs and Thighs in walking?

Miſom. If Matter could be capable of Thought, there would be great Occaſion for the Subtilization of the Spirits, I confeſs, to refine them to ſuch a pitch; but ſure you forget, that Thought is wholly incorporeal, and is perform'd by the Soul it ſelf.

Phil. I have aſſerted already, that the Soul conſiſts in Thinking, of which Matter is incapable, and do not ſay the Spirits that Think, but the Spirits that are em-

(*a*) *A Name given to a Powder or to a Spirit of the greateſt Fineneſs.*

ployed

ployed in the Act of Thinking: We must consider the Soul as a skilful Artificer, whilst the Organs of the Body are her Tools; for as the Body and its most minute Spirits are wholly insignificant, and cannot perform that Operation, which we call Thinking, without the Soul, more than the Tools of an Artificer can do any thing without his Skill, so the Soul cannot exert her self without the Assistance of the Organick Body, more than the Artificer's Skill can be put in execution without the Tools.

Misom. How then can the Soul, whose Essence consists in Thinking, continue after she shall be separated from the Body?

Phil. This I confess is very mysterious; and whatever the Subtilty of some acute Philosophers may pretend to, it is utterly incomprehensible, that when the Body is dead Thought should remain. When we consider the Organs of our different Senses, through which all our Knowledge must be convey'd to us, and how absolutely necessary the Brain is, in the Act of Thinking, to such Creatures as we are, it must be as contradictory to human Reason, that any Part of Man should continue to think, when his Body is dead and motionless; as that a Musician, whom we see and hear play upon the Violin, should continue to make the same Sounds, when he has no Instrument at all;

and

and I can as eaſily conceive the Stars without a Sky, as Memory without a Brain. But as it is very immaterial to our Buſineſs in hand, what the Soul, abſtract from the Body, ſhall be capable of in that State, of which we know ſo little, ſo let us at this time conſider this incorporeal Being no farther, than as it comes within our Reach, and being allied with Matter, becomes Part of our Compoſition; And then, I ſay, that whilſt the ſtrict Union that is between the Body and the Soul laſts, and they continue to be, as it were, a Mixture, the latter cannot act without the Aſſiſtance of the firſt: For tho' our Thoughts be never ſo elevated or metaphyſical, we cannot form them without Ideas of Words, Things, or joint Notions, and Thinking only conſiſts *in a various Diſpoſition of Images received before.*

Miſom. Then you would have this variouſly diſpoſing of the Images to be the Work of the Spirits, that act under the Soul, as ſo many Labourers under ſome great Architect.

Phil. I would ſo: And reflecting on what is tranſacted within us, it ſeems to me a very diverting Scene to think, when we ſtrive to recollect ſomething that does not then occur; how nimbly thoſe volatil Meſſengers of ours will beat through all the Paths, and hunt every Encloſure of the Brain, in queſt of the Images we want; and when we have

forgot

forgot a Word or Sentence, which yet we are ſure our Memory, the great Treaſury of Images, has once been charged with, we may almoſt feel, how ſome of the Spirits flying through all the *Mazes* and *Meanders* rommage the whole Subſtance of that medullary Labyrinth, whilſt others ferret through the inmoſt Receſſes of it with ſo much Eagerneſs and Labour, that the Difficulty they meet with ſometimes makes us uneaſie, and they often bewilder themſelves in their Search, 'till at laſt they light by chance on the Image that contains what they look'd for, or elſe picking it up, as it were, by Piece-meal from the dark Caverns of Oblivion, repreſent what they can find of it to our Imagination.

Miſom. I hope you'll conclude nothing from this volatile Oeconomy of the Brain, of your own making?

Phil. I don't intend it, and only hinted at the moſt exquiſite Functions of the Spirits, that the Nicety of the Performance and the Swiftneſs of the Execution might convince you of the tranſcendent Subtilty of thoſe airy velocious Agents, the chief and immediate Miniſters of Thought; that officiating between the Soul and groſſer Spirits of the Senſes have always Acceſs to her inviſible ſelf.

After this, I ſhall put you in mind of two things, which the Knowledge we have of our

ſelves, and common Experience, will ſuffer no body to be ignorant of. The firſt is, that when we ſee, or hear others diſcourſe of, things that are naſty and we abhor, the very thinking on them ſhall give us Qualms, and cauſe ſome People to vomit, that are of a delicate Contexture. The ſecond is, that, tho' we are in perfect Health, and have what we call a very good Stomach, the receiving of any ſurpriſing News, that nearly concerns us, either a very joyful, or an unwelcome Meſſage, ſhall damp our Appetite, and in an inſtant take away the craving Deſire we had to eat. From theſe and the other Obſervations cited before, I think it is evident, that the Office of the Stomach is very much influenced by Thought it ſelf, and conſequently the Spirits employed in this Miniſtry are of the fineſt ſort, which is all I was to prove.

Miſom. I underſtand you perfectly well: But this Miniſtry of the Spirits, and the whole Foundation you build upon, is altogether hypothetical.

Phil. Pardon me; what I build upon is the Obſervations, by which I am convinced, that there is ſuch a Communication and Agreement, ſuch an extraordinary *Conſenſus* between the Brain and the Stomach, without entring into an *Hypotheſis*, what Inſtruments this is perform'd by: Whenever that Power

Power is tired or exhauſted by the Labour of the Brain, the Stomach ſuffers. But as the Animal Spirits are generally conſider'd as the Inſtruments of Motion and Feeling, and Attendants on the Nerves, I make uſe of this Expreſſion without pretending to determine what is the Cauſe of that Action, that Motion or Effect. I have told you all along, that ſolving *Phænomena* and reaſoning from an *Hypotheſis* was not my Talent: Therefore, whether there really are, or are not Animal Spirits, ſuch as are generally allowed, I make uſe of the Name to expreſs the Inſtruments of Motion and Senſe; or whether the Nerves perform this by any Motion undiſcoverable by us, or by any Juice or Steam, or Spirit or *Æther*, or whatever it be. What I am ſure of, and what (as I told you before) I build upon is, that the Stomach, the Appetite and Cocoction of it, is influenced in a more than ordinary manner by that Part of us which thinks. The Kidnies, Liver, *Pancreas*, and all the *Viſcera*, but eſpecially the Spleen and Meſentery, have many Nerves derived to them from the Brain; and yet we are not ſenſible, that our Thoughts make the leaſt Impreſſion upon any of their Functions; the Heart indeed ſeems influenced by Thoughts, when the Soul is moved by ſome Exceſs of Paſſion, yet this never happens without great Perturbation of the Spirits in general; but when

our Mind is calm, and we can think ſedately, none of our Inwards are ſo nice as to be affected in their Operations by the ſame Images that influence the Soul, but only the Stomach and the Organs of Generation; as if Nature, by the extraordinary Commerce ſhe has contriv'd between the Soul and thoſe Parts, would ſhew us that they are the moſt noble of the whole Body; the latter being as highly neceſſary to continue the Species, as the firſt is to preſerve every individual Perſon.

Miſom. I doubt you confound the Operations of the Soul with the Animal Functions which we have in common with the Brutes: The Organs of Generation not being ſubject to the Will, act often in deſpight of our rational Soul, and the luſtful Thoughts, that excite diſorderly Motions in them, are the Effects of Concupiſcence and the Fleſh, and therefore called Carnal.

Phil. If you are of Opinion, that there is but one Soul, the Thoughts I ſpeak of, which you are pleas'd to call Carnal, muſt of neceſſity belong to that one, notwithſtanding all its Rationality; becauſe, as we ſaid before, Matter cannot think; but if you ſtate a Plurality of Souls, the worſt of 'em will ſerve my purpoſe; and let thoſe Thoughts be the Act or the Effect of the Animal, Senſitive, or what Soul you pleaſe, we ſhall never

never differ about it: For thus much I know, that of all the Operations perform'd within us, the moſt elevated and refined is Thinking: From whence I conclude, Firſt, That thoſe Parts that are influenced by mere thinking are without doubt the niceſt. And, Secondly, That the Spirits that are the *Internuncii*, between the immaterial Thinking Subſtance, and thoſe Parts, are none of the coarſeſt, and this is all I ſhall ſay upon the Matter; for I have no mind to engage in any Diſputes about the Soul.

Miſom. From what you have ſaid I am very well ſatisfied, that the Volatilization, and greateſt Efficacy of the Stomachick Ferment depends upon the Animal Spirits, and am likewiſe convinced, that continual thinking ſpends abundance of thoſe Spirits, and conſequently is apt to rob the Ferment of its Due; but I cannot ſee why you ſhould take ſuch extraordinary pains to prove, that the Spirits employed in thoſe Offices are of greater Subtilty than others. I cannot apprehend, what Benefit your Aſſertion is to receive from what you lay ſo great a Streſs upon; I'll readily allow that the Deficiency of the Animal Spirits may very reaſonably cauſe Crudities, and it is perhaps not improbable, that ſome of the Spirits conſtituting the Ferment, which ſeems to be influenced by mere thinking, ſhould be of the

finer Sort; but why will you inſiſt ſo much upon this latter?

Phil. Becauſe the waſting of the coarſer Spirits does not produce the ſame, but quite contrary Effects: Exerciſe, which without doubt makes a great Conſumption in the Animal Spirits, not only creates Appetite and helps Digeſtion, but likewiſe removes Obſtructions, invigorates the Blood, and ſtrengthens the whole Body. Daily Experience teaches us that none are more healthy, *cæteris paribus*, than your labouring People that come home weary every Night, and conſequently have much exhauſted their Spirits. From this we may ſafely conclude, that the coarſer Spirits, when once they are ſeparated from the Blood, by remaining in the Body contract a Sourneſs, or ſome other ill Quality, which I don't pretend to determine; for which reaſon Exerciſe is ſo neceſſary to all People that uſe a plentiful and nutritious Diet, that by the muſcular Motions, the Spirits, which from their Blood are ſeparated in great abundance, may be ſhook off and eliminated before they can prove prejudicial.

The Reaſon then why I inſiſt upon the Difference in the Degrees of Spirits, which naturally flows from their being made by Separation, is very manifeſt from the Cure as well as Cauſe of Hyſterick and Hypochondriack

chondriack Diſeaſes: For if the Spirits were of equal Subtilty would it not be ridiculous, firſt to accuſe the Deficiency of 'em, and immediately after preſcribe Exerciſe, which it is palpable will exhauſt them more? and yet that every Body blames the Defect of Spirits, and likewiſe orders Exerciſe in theſe Diſtempers, is not to be contradicted.

Miſom. What you ſay is certainly the greateſt Error that ever was broach'd in Phyſick. (*a*) *Toto cælo erras.* Exerciſe never was recommended, becauſe it ſhould conſume or diſſipate the Spirits, but becauſe the Motion of the Muſcles is known to contribute much to the Volatilization of the Blood, and its being thick and torpid hinders the Separation of the Spirits, that are lock'd up in its Maſs, and, as it were, impriſon'd by its Viſcidity. Great Epicures generally take care to have a Vent for their Spirits, tho' otherwiſe they ſtir but little, and yet they are often fill'd with groſs Humours, which cannot be attributed but to the Want of ſuch Exerciſe and muſcular Motion, as by agitating the Blood, would promote all the neceſſary Separations that ſhould be made from its Maſs.

Phil. I do not deny, that Exerciſe and muſcular Motion are aſſiſting to the Volati-

(*a*) *A Proverb uſed when we think Men to be entirely in the Wrong.*

lization of the Blood, but this does not hinder their consuming abundance of the Animal Spirits. As to the Spirits being shut up by the Viscidity of the Blood, I know it is the Opinion of a great many modern Physicians; but it is an extravagant Supposition, very inconsistent with the Volatility that must of necessity belong even to the grossest of those Particles, that can come under the Denomination of Spirits. But I hate to reason after this wandring manner, where Nature cannot be my Guide: Our shallow Understandings will never penetrate into the Structure of Parts of that amazing as well as mysterious Composition, the Mass of Blood; and therefore let us not launch out into any further Disputes about that incomprehensible Mixture, or assert any more of it, than what Observation will allow us.

Misom. Good *Philopirio*, no Evasions, by way of Cant: If you can destroy that Supposition, do, otherwise don't speak against it.

Phil. If you would have me shew you the Falsity of it, I must first ask you, Whether you don't think that there are more nutritious Particles, and consequently Spirits, in the tender Flesh of Animals, than in your (*a*) *fructus horarii*, or Roots, Coleworts,

(*a*) *Fruits that don't keep, as Cherries, Currants, Mulberries, &c.*

But-

Butter-milk, and even Bread it ſelf? If ſo, I leave all the World to judge, whether it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that Aliments conſiſting of volatile, ſupple, balſamick Particles, that are eaſily divided, ſhould fill the Blood with more groſs Humours, than ſuch as are made up of terreſtrious, crude and ſtubborn Parts; or that the Blood compos'd of the firſt ſhould more impriſon the Spirits, than that which is made of the latter. Beſides, that great Part of the Spirits is made before the Chyle enters into the Blood, not only after it has paſt the Glandules of the Inteſtines, and is in the lacteal Veſſels of the Meſentery, but before it comes out of the Stomach.

Miſom. I believe you'll find it very difficult to prove that Aſſertion.

Phil. Nothing is more eaſie: When a labouring Man that has work'd hard is diſpirited, and almoſt faint for want of Food, How ſoon is he cured by eating, before the Concoction in the Stomach can be ſaid to begin! What is it, that ſo immediately reſtores and comforts him, but the Spirits, that are ſeparated all along from the Aliments, not only before they are digeſted, but before they are ſwallow'd down, and refreſh him in the very Act of Maſtication?

Miſom. That theſe Steams nouriſh, and refreſh us, is demonſtrable; but I don't think, that becauſe they fly up to the Brain, they

they are preſently to be call'd Animal Spirits.

Phil. With the ſame Right as the Chyle is call'd Blood as ſoon as it is mix'd with its Maſs; tho' before either of them are perfected, there is more required than moſt People imagine. It is a very pitiful Notion which the generality of Philoſophers and Phyſicians have of the Animal Spirits; as if they were only ſome diſtinct, uniform, ſmall globulous Particles, that without Coherence or Dependance upon one another move together in Company; when it is almoſt viſible to the Eye of Reaſon, that what we call the Animal Spirits is a Compoſition of various Parts, that has a Tone, Craſis, and due Conſiſtency belonging to it, no leſs than the Blood. When I have reflected on theſe things, and how much there might be ſaid of them, that is yet untouch'd, I have often wonder'd, that the great Lovers of Suppoſition, in this our reaſoning Age, have not from the Exuberancy of their Fancies given us whole Syſtems and *Hypotheſes* of the Mixture of Parts, that the Set or Maſs of Animal Spirits muſt of neceſſity conſiſt of; which might have been leſs ridiculous than the Pretence of mechanically explaining their Motions.

Miſom. Then don't you think all the Operations of the Body to be mechanical?

Phil.

Phil. Yes; and not only ſo, but I believe the ſame of all the Works of Nature. I believe Men may give Reaſons for the Structure of animal Bodies, and ſpeak mechanically of the Shape as well as Motions of the Muſcles, and their Antagoniſts, and of a great many other things that fall under our Senſes; but I believe likewiſe, that when we are ſo wholly ignorant of the Figure and Magnitude of Parts, and as unacquainted with the Veſſels that contain them, as we are of, and with, the Spirits and the Brain, it is impoſſible to enter into the Mechaniſm of them, at leaſt ſo far as to determine their Motions to *an Angle of Incidence*; more eſpecially, when we know them to be ſo minute and volatile, that to ſome of them our very Bones are pervious. There are no doubt certain Rules in Nature why a Horſe comes to his full Growth always in ſix Years, and a Man hardly in one and twenty. If we could undreſs Nature, and penetrate into the firſt Elements of her, we might perhaps give Reaſons for thoſe things, but before we can do that I ſhall always laugh at the Ignorance and Vanity of thoſe that pretend to it.

Miſom. What you ſay, or at leaſt the Subſtance of it, I have read in *Sydenham*: Yet it is the general Opinion, and I have heard it from Gentlemen of your own Profeſſion, that

that without ſome Knowledge in *Algebra* and Geometry it is impoſſible a Man ſhould be a tolerable Phyſician. I beg your Pardon for ſaying ſo much, without knowing whether you underſtand the Mathematicks or not, tho' I don't queſtion but you do.

Phil. Indeed, *Miſomedon*, I do not. When I was very young I had a Maſter in *Euclid*, who made me run through the firſt ſix Books of his *Elements* in leſs than a Quarter of a Year: But this Study ſeeming to me at that time a very dry Buſineſs, I gave little heed to what I was about; and not having apply'd my ſelf to it ſince, I don't remember much more of thoſe ſix Books than if I had never ſeen them.

Miſom. You know the Proverb, (*a*) *Ars non habet inimicum niſi ignorantem.*

Phil. The great Benefits and extraordinary Services, which the Civil Society and Mankind have on innumerable Accounts receiv'd from the Science we ſpeak of, are ſo manifeſt and ſo glaringly conſpicuous, that it is impoſſible to live in a flouriſhing Nation, and to be ignorant of it: Therefore I am ſo far from being an Enemy to it, that I think the Mathematicks to be the moſt noble and moſt uſeful Study, Men of Parts can apply themſelves to; and that in worldly

(*a*) *Arts have no Enemies but thoſe that are ignorant of them.*

Affairs

Affairs there is no Exerciſe of the Mind, which Perſons of the brighteſt Genius or the higheſt Quality can more worthily employ themſelves in. But as to the Practice of Phyſick, I mean the Cure of Diſeaſes, there is no Part of the Mathematicks that can be a greater Help, or give more Light in the Myſteries of it, than it can in thoſe of reveal'd Religion.

Miſom. Formerly I own Mathematicks were look'd upon as foreign to your Profeſſion, but the many Diſcoveries that have been made in the Works of Nature, by the help of that Science, within theſe hundred Years, have made the World wiſer; and there is hardly a Phyſician now, that does not ſeem to underſtand Geometry. This is certain, that the Mathematicks are recommended to all young Students in Phyſick, as a neceſſary Qualification to their Buſineſs. Is it credible, that Men of Senſe and Learning, eminent Phyſicians themſelves, ſhould put their own Children to ſuch an Expence of Time as well as Money, as a midling Proficiency in the Mathematicks requires, if they could be of no Service to them, eſpecially in a Profeſſion, where there is ſo much work beſides, and which to perfect them in the Age of the oldeſt Man living is not ſufficient?

Phil. I don't ſay that Mathematicks can be of no Service to Phyſicians or Divines, but

but that they can be of no Uſe to them, to give them any Inſight into the Myſteries of their Callings. The grand End for which all young People are brought up to a Profeſſion, whether it be Law, Phyſick or Divinity, is a good Livelyhood: Therefore every thing is recommended to them, that is thought moſt proper to help them to Employment, the ſooner the better, or can be any ways ſubſervient to raiſe their Reputation and promote their Intereſt in the World. As Mathematicks require the greateſt Attention, and no conſiderable Progreſs can be made in them in a ſhort Time, few People before the laſt Century troubled their Heads about them, but mere Philoſophers and ſuch as made the Study of them their chief Buſineſs; I ſay before the laſt Century, ſince the Beginning of which, greater Encouragement has been given to Arts and Sciences of all ſorts than they had received for ſeveral Ages before. It was then, that many People of other Profeſſions, Gentlemen of Eſtates, and ſeveral Perſons of Quality, began to apply themſelves to this Science for Diverſion; and ever ſince the Number of Mathematicians has very much encreas'd throughout *Europe*.

Miſom. Many things have concurr'd that have all contributed to the high Eſteem, which the preſent Age ſo juſtly pays to the Mathe-

Mathematicks. From our *Philoſophical Tranſactions* it has plainly appear'd on many Occaſions, that the Powers of Nature could not be underſtood, or duely enquir'd into, without the Help of Mathematicks. Sir *Iſaac Newton*, that great Ornament of his Age and Country, has now many Years been Preſident of the Royal Society: His Philoſophy has met with almoſt an univerſal Applauſe: His Diſcoveries concerning Light and Colours have aſtoniſh'd the World. His *Principia*, which the whole is built upon, are altogether mathematical, and cannot be thoroughly underſtood without a conſiderable Knowledge in *Algebra* and Geometry, nor made intelligible to thoſe that are wholly ignorant of them. That thoſe things, and the Emulation of other Nations, have all been acceſſary to make Mathematicks highly valued, is certain; but what would you infer from the Encreaſe you mention'd in the Number of Mathematicians?

Phil. Nothing, but that the Study of this Science is become faſhionable, and the Knowledge of it look'd upon as a neceſſary Qualification that Men of Letters ought to be poſſeſs'd of, whatever Profeſſion they are of. Some of the politeſt People value themſelves upon being *Philomaths*; and there are Ladies, who, by the Teſtimony of known and able

Mathe-

Mathematicians, are very expert in *Algebra* and Sir *Iſaac*'s Fluxions. When once any Part of Knowledge comes to be in ſuch Vogue, and cultivated as well as approved of by the *Beau Monde*, the Want of it becomes a Defect in a Man, that has been brought up at the Univerſity. The Reaſon therefore, why the Mathematicks are ſo highly recommended to all young Students in general, is not ſo much the Utility they are of in their Studies, and to underſtand the Buſineſs they are to follow, as that they are a modiſh Science, the Knowledge of which is thought to be a fine Accompliſhment: Whereas to be ignorant of it is a Blemiſh, and look'd upon as a Defect in Education, that will hurt a Man's Character in the Opinion of the Publick. No Father, or any body elſe, that has young People under his Care, would ſuffer them to begin the World under ſuch a Diſadvantage. The firſt Step to gain Favour of the Publick is to render our ſelves acceptable to it; and no Point is to be gain'd among any Set of People, if we will not, in ſome meaſure at leaſt, comply with their Notions, as well as their Manners.

I have known a Presbyterian Parſon, a Man of Learning and good Senſe, but of mean Parents and Education, go to a Dancing-maſter, after he was turn'd of forty. One Day I happen'd,

happen'd againſt my Will to ſurprize him, as he was taking a Leſſon. I was ſorry for the Accident, begg'd Pardon, and immediately withdrew: The next Day this Man made me a Viſit; and ſome Chit-chat of things indifferent having paſs'd between us, he told me, *That to judge ſuperficially and from outward Appearance of what I had ſeen the Day before, I had ſufficient Reaſon to think him to be an egregious Coxcomb: But pray Sir*, ſaid he, *hear me a moment*; and then went on thus. *Hitherto I have had a great Contempt for Compliments, Ceremonies and Cringes of all ſorts; paid ſmall regard to Modes and outward Shew; and always thought, that if a Man took care of what he did and what he ſaid, it was no great matter what Attitude or Situation he choſe to ſtand in, or which way he turn'd his Feet in walking: But I find, perhaps a little too late, that I have been in the wrong; the World thinks otherwiſe, and I am fully convinced now, that where graceful Motion and a genteel Behaviour paſs for Virtues, an aukward Mien and uncouth Poſtures will ever be look'd upon as Vices. What I have deſir'd Mr.* E---x *to teach me, is the faſhionable Uſe of my Legs and Arms, to make a tolerable Bow, and to come in and go out of a Room as other People do. As for the reſt, I can aſſure you, I have no mind to learn to dance, any more than I have*

to learn to fly. Having ſaid this, he roſe from his Seat, and took his Leave in theſe Words: *You are a Man, Sir, whoſe Eſteem I value, or elſe I would not have given either you or my ſelf this Trouble. Now think of me as you pleaſe. I am your very humble Servant.*

Miſom. Your Story is very diverting, and the Application as eaſie. You are of Opinion that the Benefit which Phyſicians expect from learning the Mathematicks is to ingratiate themſelves with the Publick; and that they hope from it to be ſooner truſted with ſick People, than they would be, if it was known that they had never apply'd themſelves to that Science.

Phil. The Reputation of a Man's being a good Mathematician, is certainly a Feather in his Cap, and there is nothing beſides that is ſo effectual, or a more proper Means to bring him early into Buſineſs in any Profeſſion, but more eſpecially in that of Phyſick.

Miſom. Yet you think it of no Uſe to them in their Studies, and that they can have no Aſſiſtance from the Mathematicks in any Part of Medicine?

Phil. I deſire a little more Exactneſs, with your Leave, when you repeat my Sentiments. I have not ſpoke in that general manner: The Branch of Phyſick in which I have aſſerted the Study of Mathematicks

to

to be of no Uſe, was the Practice it ſelf, the Cure of Diſeaſes. But to ſpeak mechanically of the Structure of Animals or the Motion of the Muſcles, and to calculate the Weight that is equivalent to the Force they exert, are Tasks that require mathematical Knowledge. All Fluids likewiſe are ſubject to the Laws of Hydroſtaticks. The Difference there is in the Streams and Velocity of the Blood depending on the different Courſes it ſteers, and the different Capacity of the Veſſels that contain it; the arterial Blood running through Canals that are large at the Beginning, and are always growing leſs and leſs; the Venal, on the contrary, running from very ſmall Veſſels into large ones that are continually widening; All theſe and many other Curioſities occurring in the animal Oeconomy, are demonſtrable by the Help of Mathematicks, and cannot be explain'd or exactly known without them. Beſides, there is nothing that falls under the Senſes, of which the Quantity, Figure, Number or Magnitude can be known, that Enquiries may not be made into, and Concluſions drawn from, not to be attempted without mathematical Knowledge. I have often been vex'd at the Want of it in my ſelf, and am well aſſur'd that I have loſt abundance of Pleaſure, which I ſhould have enjoyed, if I had been well verſed in that

Science. I can likewiſe eaſily conceive, why the Study of it to thoſe, who once have a Notion of, and take pains about it, muſt be ſo diverting and bewitching as it actually is to many.

Miſom. How can a Man conceive that, who underſtands nothing of it?

Phil. Becauſe I know the End attain'd by it, the Reſult of it, which is always Truth. In *Dutch* it is call'd *Wiskonſt*, which ſignifies the *Sure Art*, or, the *Art of Certainty*. There is nothing ſo amiable, or ſo generally beloved as Truth, whether Men be good or bad; and no body would ever tell a Lye, if he was ſure, or but imagin'd, that what he aims at, and can expect from it, would be equally obtain'd by ſpeaking Truth. Whoever underſtands our Nature muſt be able to conceive, why nothing ſhould be more charming to human Creatures than ſearching after Truth, where the Reward is Infallibility and an Aſſurance of being in the Right. Every Queſtion a Man learns to ſolve in *Algebra*, every Problem he finds out in Geometry and becomes Maſter of by Skill and Labour, Self-love bids him value beyond any thing of an Inheritance; and he looks upon his Knowledge as a Poſſeſſion of his own acquiring, the Product of his Induſtry, and an unperiſhable Treaſure, which no body can rob him of. It is this Certainty like-

likewiſe of the Mathematicks, or at leaſt the Reputation of it, that makes the Science ſo highly eſteem'd even by thoſe that know nothing of it; eſpecially when it is to be introduced into an Art, that ſeems to ſtand very much in need of it. Every Man of Humanity, every Lover of his Kind muſt be overjoyed and extremely delighted, when he hears that the Practice of Phyſick may be built on mathematical Principles; that what has only been conjectural is now made capable of Demonſtration; and that now Phyſicians may be ſure of removing many Pains and Diſeaſes, the Cure of which had hitherto been precarious and uncertain.

Miſom. I have made uſe of Phyſicians my ſelf, that underſtood, or at leaſt were thought to underſtand, the Mathematicks, but I found them no more infallible than other People: So far I own I muſt ſide with you. But the Scheme of bringing Mathematicks into the Art of Medicine is not of many Years ſtanding yet. The *Newtonian* Philoſophy, which I believe has in a great meaſure been the Occaſion of the Attempt, was not made publick before the latter End of the laſt Century: And conſidering the vaſt Extent the Art of Phyſick is of, both as to Diſeaſes incident to human Bodies, and the Medicines that are made uſe of, great length of time muſt be required be-

fore an intire Syſtem can be form'd, that ſhall be applicable to all Caſes, and by the Help of which, Men ſhall be able to explain all *Phænomena* that may occur, and ſolve all the Difficulties and Objections that may be made.

Phil. A Man of Wit and good Parts, that has a little ſmatt'ring of the *Newtonian* Philoſophy, is ſeldom at a Loſs now, to ſolve almoſt any *Phænomena*. To talk of thoſe things plauſibly, is the eaſieſt thing in the World; but to foretell all that ſhall happen in an acute Fever, is another matter.

Miſom. Rome was not built in a Day, (*a*) *Operi incipienti favendum.* If the Mathematicks have already been brought with Succeſs into a conſiderable Part of the Theory of Phyſick, as you ſeem to own yourſelf, why may not the ſame Science and the Uſe of it, as Men go on in their Enquiries, and human Knowledge encreaſes, be carried on further, and in tract of Time be made ſerviceable in the practical Part of Phyſick, in ſuch a manner, that fourſcore or an hundred Years hence the Cure of many Diſeaſes ſhall, by the Help of it, be render'd, if not ſure and infallible, at leaſt leſs difficult and perplex'd than it is now?

(*a*) We ought to be favourable in the Beginning of a Work. *A Proverb.*

Phil.

Phil. The Reaſon, why it is impoſſible, that this ſhould ever come to paſs, I had hinted to you already, when you told me, that what I ſaid you had read in *Sydenham.* We are unacquainted with the Figure and Magnitude of innumerable Particles that the Cauſes of things are made of. The Mathematicks are built upon a ſolid Foundation; they are a Science of Truth and Certainty, that does not teach Men to reaſon from Doubts or Conjectures; and where there are not certain *Data* to go upon, ſomething that is either known or taken for granted, we can receive no greater Aſſiſtance for the Advancement of Knowledge from Mathematicks, than to remove this Houſe we could from Poetry or Muſick. What Phyſicians are chiefly defective in, and what they want to know, is the true Cauſe or Cauſes of every Diſeaſe they meet with, and the real Virtues of every Medicine in the *materia medica*: Now how can Mathematicks direct us in or encreaſe our Knowledge of the Fluids of our Bodies that harbour the Diſeaſes, or the Simples that are made uſe of; whilſt we are entirely ignorant of the firſt conſtituent Parts, of which Nature has form'd thoſe Fluids and Simples; and fall infinitely ſhort of being able to affirm any thing concerning their Shapes or Bulks?

Miſom. I own what you ſay is plauſible, and ſeems to be very rational; but there is no reaſoning againſt Facts. All purging and vomiting are brought now to a Certainty by that Science. You have doubtleſs ſeen the Table that a few Years ago was publiſh'd in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions* (*a*), in which the Names of all the Purgative and Emetick Medicines are ſet down, and by mathematical Rules adjuſted to every Conſtitution in all Ages. This muſt be a great Help in Phyſick.

Phil. (*b*) *Coriaceum auxilium:* Whoever truſts to it in his Practice will find it a very poor one.

Miſom. The Author ſhews, that the Doſes of the Medicines are to be as the Squares of the Conſtitutions.

Phil. I believe it is as eaſy to find out the Squares of a Man's Goodneſs or Generoſity, or elſe of his Wickedneſs or his Avarice, as it is to find out the Square of his Conſtitution. It puts me in mind of a Relick, which, among other great Curioſities, it is ſaid, is ſomewhere (I forgot the Place) preſerv'd in a Phial. It is one of the (*c*) *Hah's*, which *Joſeph* the Virgin *Mary*'s Husband made, whilſt he was cleaving of Wood.

(*a*) Phil. Tranſ. N°. 302 & 314. (*b*) *A Proverb, for a mean, unprofitable Help.* (*c*) *The Sound, which at every Stroke ſome labouring Men, eſpecially Paviours, make in forcing out their Breath.*

Miſom.

Miſom. A great Curioſity indeed! But how come you to ridicule what you have own'd your ſelf not to underſtand?

Phil. I never did, nor ever will ridicule the Mathematicks: I thought I had given you Aſſurances enough of this; but what I think deſerves to be laugh'd at, is their being haul'd and pull'd in by Head and Ears, where there is no Room for them. (*a*) *Non ſunt hujus loci.* Whoever knows that all purging and emetick Medicines do not agree with all People, tho' of the ſame Ages and in all other reſpects ſeemingly of the ſame Conſtitution; and that often the ſame Doſes will have very different Effects on the ſame Perſons, in leſs than a Month's time: Whoever, I ſay, knows theſe things, and the great Caution that ought to be uſed in purging ſome People, will be convinced, that all Schemes and Contrivances, to bring this Affair to Certainty, muſt be vain and fruitleſs. There is no one Science ſo ſerviceable to the civil Society as the Mathemathicks, on a thouſand Accounts: I have allowed all this before: But in the practical Part of Phyſick they are no more uſeful than (as the Proverb ſays) (*b*) *In Tragœdia Comici.* When a Man ſets out wrong, the more I am ſatisfy'd that

(*a*) *They don't belong to this Place.* (*b*) *Comedians in a Tragedy.*

he

he goes on ſtrait, the ſurer I am that he is out of his Way. But let us examine once the *Data* this Author ſets out with, and we ſhall find, that the things he takes for granted, and which he builds his whole Scheme upon, are neither demonſtrable, nor generally allowed of; but on the contrary, that they are looſe Conjectures, and arbitrary Aſſertions without Proof; and pray, what Certainty can there be in the Superſtructure, when the Foundation is diſputable and precarious?

Miſom. You can expect no clearer Demonſtration than the Nature of things will admit of.

Phil. That's true; and it's the thing I complain of, that Men ſhould pretend to reaſon mathematically from Principles, that are not demonſtrable. It is (*a*) *in arena ædificare.* But let us come to the thing it ſelf. In the firſt Place he aſſerts, that the Strength and Weakneſs of Conſtitutions depend on the different degrees of Adheſion, which the Particles of the Blood have to each other.

Miſom. But you ought to take a Man's Words in the Senſe he puts upon them, when that is clear: Now it is evident, that by Conſtitution in this Place the Author

(*a*) *To build upon the Sand.*

means

means no more than that Temperament or Faculty in every Individual, that Tone of the Parts on which it depends, that ſome are more, others leſs difficult to be moved or wrought upon by emetick and purging Medicines.

Phil. Be it ſo. But why muſt I believe that this Conſtitution depends upon that Adheſion, when it is ſo highly probable, that ſeveral things muſt concur and all contribute to make up what he calls Conſtitution? The ſecond Thing he aſſerts, and which is in a great meaſure built on the firſt is that, *cæteris paribus*, the Doſe of the Medicine is to be proportioned to the Quantity of the Perſon's Blood, and to be encreas'd or leſſen'd according as that Quantity is great or little; which, he ſays, is beſt to be gathered or computed from his Weight.

Miſom. But what have you againſt it?

Phil. Nothing but Experience: for from our Author it muſt follow that, where the Age and what he calls the Conſtitution are the ſame, groſs, corpulent People require larger Doſes than thoſe that are leſs in Bulk; which is not true. I know a little thin Woman of a middle Age, that is often out of order and does not weigh eight Stone, and who will not be moved by the ſame Medicine that is a ſufficient Purge for a luſty Man

Man of thirty, whom I likewiſe know, one that weighs above Sixteen Stone, enjoys a very good Health, and has at leaſt five or ſix times the Woman's Strength.

Miſom. This deſtroys nothing of that Scheme, and what you prove is no more, than that tho' the Man is of ſuperior Bulk and Force, the Woman is in his Senſe of the Word, of a much ſtronger Conſtitution; that is, the Adheſion of the Blood is ſo powerful in her, that one Ounce of it makes a greater Reſiſtance againſt the Medicines than two or three Ounces of his.

Phil. I expected you would make this Reply. What you ſay is true: But is it not evident from it, that what our Author ſuppoſes to be eaſy to be found out, and about the Diſcovery of which he makes not the leaſt Scruple, I mean the Conſtitution, the Adheſion of the Blood, and the ſeveral Degrees of it, is (*a*) *Numeris Platonicis obſcurius*, an impenetrable Secret *a Priori*, never to be known or come at but by downright Trial and Obſervation?

Another thing in this Scheme, that is likewiſe very arbitrary, and for which a Man can have neither Rule nor Authority, is the Author's Suppoſition, that there are

(*a*) More obſcure than the Numbers of *Plato*. *It is proverbially apply'd to what is dark and unintelligible.*

three

three Degrees of Conſtitutions. Why not ſix or four and twenty Conſtitutions; or, which I am ſure comes nearer to Truth, an even hundred of them? For I dare ſay, there are as many Degrees of Conſtitutions, in the Author's Senſe of the Word, as there are of bodily Strength. But neither of theſe being Objects of Senſe, they cannot be weigh'd, or meaſur'd, and therefore it is impoſſible to mark out or determine the ſeveral Degrees of them. Give me leave to illuſtrate to you, how arbitrary the Diviſion of the Conſtitutions is, and how much it is to be depended upon. The different Sizes of Men in *Europe* are from under four Feet to upwards of ſeven; and among eight or nine Millions of them there will always be ſome of every Size between the two Extremes, to the tenth or twentieth Part of an Inch or leſs; if you can be but exact enough in meaſuring. This every body knows here: but if in *China*, or ſome other remote Part, a Man ſhould aſſert, that among the People of *Europe* there were but three Sizes, as to their Height; and that the ſhorteſt Men were five Feet four Inches; the middle-ſiz'd five Feet eight Inches, and that all the reſt were ſix Feet high, you'll eaſily allow me, that little could be depended upon any thing built upon this Aſſertion: Yet the People, who had never ſeen any *Europeans*, but ſuch

as

as were near one of thoſe Sizes, might ſwallow an hundred Errors contentedly, and at the ſame time applaud the Exactneſs of him who had led them into them.

Miſom. The Reaſon why the Author makes only three Degrees of Conſtitution is, becauſe they are ſufficient for his Purpoſe, and greater Exactneſs in dividing them is not requir'd.

Phil. I don't diſpute it. What I would convince you of is the ſmall Certainty there is often in the very Foundation, the *Data*, from which ſome People pretend to reaſon mathematically. What is likewiſe great Streſs laid upon by the Author is, that no purging or emetick Medicines ever operate before they are mix'd with the Maſs of Blood.

Miſom. It was neceſſary to have this well eſtabliſhed, becauſe the whole Scheme depends upon the Truth of it; for it would be demonſtrable, that the ſtrict or looſe Adheſion of the Blood's Particles had no Influence upon the Operation of the Medicines, if that was perform'd before the Medicines came to the Blood.

Phil. I know very well that the Scheme requires this, but that does not prove the Truth of it: In many Caſes it is evidently falſe. That the looſe Stools obſerv'd two

or three Hours after the taking of Phyſick are partly owing to its being mix'd with the Blood is very probable: But the Operation is often very quick, and ſucceeds the taking of a Medicine, before it can poſſibly be got into the Blood: This perhaps might be liable to be controverted in Purges, but in Vomits it is demonſtrable. I have more than once ſeen Salt of Vitriol work the moment it was down; and in ſome ſqueamiſh People, the very Smell of a Medicine, nay the Sight of it proves Emetick. But, what at once deſtroys this *Hypotheſis* is, that there are ſeveral things that are not only inoffenſive to the Blood, but likewiſe moſt acceptable to it, and which when once mix'd with its Maſs never were, nor ever will be Emeticks, and yet cauſe vomiting for no other Reaſon, than that they are nauſeous to the Stomach; ſuch as a large Draught of Oyl, either of Linſeeds, or of Olives; *Carduus* Tea, and even Green Tea taken in Quantity, eſpecially if made ſtrong and drank lukewarm, and without Sugar: But warm Water it ſelf, without any thing elſe, is a Vomit that thouſands make uſe of.

Miſom. What you ſaid laſt convinces me, that this *Hypotheſis* is not univerſally true; for it is Madneſs to imagine, that in Water, the grand Proviſion which Nature has made to quench Thirſt, there ſhould be any thing dif-

diſagreeable to the Blood; and as to its being lukewarm, it can never get into its Maſs, before it is ſo, how cold ſoever it was drank. I never made uſe of theſe Tables, becauſe I ſaw my ſelf barr'd from them by the Exception the Author makes in Caſes of Coſtiveneſs or Laxity; in neither of which, it ſeems, the Rules will anſwer.

Phil. But in theſe lies all the Difficulty. What Phyſicians want to be ſure of is giving effectual Purges, (*a*) *In alvo pertinaciter conſtipata*, and not over-doing it where the Patient is eaſily moved. It is in theſe Caſes only that Phyſicians are ever at a Loſs as to purging; and to give them no Aſſiſtance here, is to treat them exactly, as moſt Commentators do their Readers. Whilſt every thing is plain and intelligible they are florid and copious, and mighty full of Learning: but crabbed Paſſages that are really obſcure, they either are very ſhort upon, or elſe take no Notice of them at all.

Miſom. A Gentleman I knew formerly uſed to compare Commentators to falſe Friends; who, whilſt they are not wanted, are very officious, but leave you in the Lurch, when you ſtand moſt in need of them. Coſtiveneſs is a ſad Plague.

(*a*) *In a ſtubborn Coſtiveneſs.*

Phil.

Phil. Compoſitions of many Ingredients are always found to be more effectual in that Caſe, than Remedies that only conſiſt of one or two; and a gentle Laxative mix'd and given together with ſtronger Medicines often renders the whole Preſcription more efficacious, than much larger Doſes of all Catharticks. This could never have been known, but from Obſervation: Mathematicks would rather induce us to believe the contrary to be true.

Miſom. But now you ſpeak of Doſes, are not ſome of them very extraordinary in this Table? If a Scruple of *Reſina Jalappæ* be a common Doſe for a Man of a middling Conſtitution, then a Child of three Years old muſt take near nine Grains, if it ſhall be judg'd to be of the ſtrongeſt Conſtitution.

Phil. It is more than I would give by a great deal; and the Medicine it ſelf I would never preſcribe to one of that Age. But it ſignifies nothing to enter into Particulars: Suppoſe both the Doſes and the Calculations to be juſt, and the Table the beſt in the World; I'll engage, that the moſt compleat Mathematician, who will practiſe upon that or any other Scheme of the ſame Nature, and in preſcribing purgative Medicines follow the Rules of it, ſhall either by over-purging and raiſing

Fluxes, or by failing to purge, do more Miſchief and be oftner diſappointed among fifty Patients, than a mere Phyſician will among five hundred; by a mere Phyſician I mean an experienc'd one, that is wholly ignorant of the Mathematicks, and govern'd by nothing but his Judgment and Obſervations. But after all, there is no great Skill requir'd to order a Purge or a Vomit, either gentle or ſtrong; our Defect does not lie here: There is nothing we have ſo great a Choice of, as we have of emetick and purgative Medicines. We are abundantly better ſtock'd with them, than we are with Sudorificks, Diureticks, or any Alteratives to anſwer the Intention and produce the Operation that is expected from them. The moſt skilful Phyſician in the World cannot always provoke Sweat or Urine when he pleaſes; I mean he cannot do it with half the Certainty, that the leaſt Dabler in Phyſick can vomit and purge with. The Errors that are committed on this Head are, generally ſpeaking, in the Application; and what we want to be ſure of, concerning Vomits and Purges, is the Diſtemper and the Time in which they are proper. It is with them as it is with Bleeding: They have all of them at times done infinite Service, and given Relief to a Miracle, in acute as well as chronick

Diſ-

Diſeaſes, yet they often do hurt, and ſometimes kill the Patient; tho' the Indications ſeem to be the ſame. It is in theſe Streights, and the Difficulty of judging rightly, that we want Aſſiſtance; and if the Mathematicians can once give us a Rule, by which we might know with Certainty, when we ſhould purge or vomit, and when we ſhould let it alone, we ſhould never trouble them about the Medicines to do it with, or the Quantities in which they are to be taken, in any Age or Conſtitution whatever.

Miſom. And that Rule you expect, I ſuppoſe.

Phil. (*a*) *Ad Calendas Græcas.*

Miſom. (*b*) *Cum mula pepererit.* To tell you the Truth, I underſtand Mathematicks no more than you do, and can only ſpeak of it, (*c*) *juxta cum ignariſſimis*; which if you had not made that ingenuous Confeſſion firſt, I ſhould hardly have told you. How that Science ſhould be made ſerviceable in the Cure of Diſeaſes, I frankly own I could never conceive. (*d*) *Sed in alieno*

(*a*) *A Proverb for* Never. (*b*) When a Mule ſhall have foal'd. *A Proverb to the ſame purpoſe with the former.* (*c*) Equally with the moſt ignorant. *It is Proverbially uſed when Men are entirely ignorant of a thing.* (*d*) But I won't go to Law in a ſtrange Court. *It is Proverbially uſed, when Men refuſe to diſpute about things they are not well verſed in.*

foro non litigo. The Uſefulneſs and even the Neceſſity of it in Phyſick has now for ſome time been a Notion ſo univerſally received; that not being able to diſprove it, I have been aſhamed ever to ſpeak againſt it.

Phil. If a Man was to be a Profeſſor in the Theory of Phyſick, and oblig'd to read Lectures on the Mechaniſm of the Body, ſome Knowledge in the Mathematicks would be of great Uſe to him, (*a*) *ad ornatum*; and by the Help of it he would be able to ſpeak better on many Subjects than he could without. But every Branch of the Art requires the ſame Accuracy: Thoſe who are to inſtruct others in any particular part ought to underſtand it thoroughly, and not be ignorant of any the leaſt Circumſtance relating to it. If a Man was publickly to teach Anatomy, it would not be ſufficient for him to have a clear Idea of the Inſide of the Body, and every Part that has any relation to the animal Eeconomy, both in Men and Women; but he ſhould likewiſe be expert at diſſecting, and ſhewing any Part a curious Enquirer may ask for: He ought to know by heart the Names of every Muſcle of the Body; how to go to them readily, and ſeparate them from thoſe

(*a*) *For Ornament.*

they

they are annexed to, without mangling or injuring any of the adjacent Parts. He ought to know the natural Situation of every Gland of Note, every Nerve, and be well acquainted with all the Ramifications of the ſixth Pair: He ought moreover to be well skill'd in preparing for publick View, preſerving and embalming animal Bodies, or any Part of them, and whatever elſe may be expected from a compleat Anatomiſt.

Miſom. Your ſpeaking of Anatomy puts me in mind of another Branch of Phyſick that ſeems to have deſerted the Art, for the uſe of which it certainly was firſt invented; what I mean is Botany. We have whole Books wrote now, and by Phyſicians too, that give us large Catalogues of Plants, without ſaying a Word of their Virtues, or ſo much as telling us, which of them are for medicinal Uſe, and which are not. What is labour'd moſt in them is a curious Exactneſs in the Deſcription of them, as to Shape and Colour, the Time a Plant blows at, what Number of Leaves the Flower is compos'd of, what it bears, and which Claſs it is to be rank'd in; and not a Syllable of what it is good for.

Phil. Your Cenſure is very juſt; the moſt curious Vegetable in the World that is uſeleſs in Phyſick cannot be worth the Care

of a Man, who is wholly to apply himſelf to the Cure of Diſeaſes; and the Knowledge, whether the Flower of it be (*a*) *Monopetalus* or *Hexapetalus* can do him little Service in his Buſineſs.

Miſom. The more I reflect on what you ſaid Yeſterday of the auxiliary Arts to Phyſick, and how the Reputation of excelling in any one of them is capable of bringing a young Phyſician into Practice, the more I begin to be of your Opinion. It is very probable, that Mathematicks are dipt into by many with the ſame View; and I plainly ſee, that what is altogether uſeleſs to Patients may yet be very proper to advance and raiſe the Fortune of Phyſicians.

Phil. I compar'd, you know, all thoſe ornamental Qualifications to the falſe Lights of Shop-keepers; that they are very uſeful is not to be denied, but it is only the Sellers that reap the Benefit of them.

Miſom. But what I admire at moſt is, why Men, whoſe Buſineſs and chief Aim is to get Money, the ſooner the better, ſhould apply themſelves to a Science ſo laborious, and that requires ſo much time before they can make any conſiderable Proficiency in it, as the Mathematicks;

(*a*) *That which has one Stalk, or that which has ſix Stalks; it is apply'd to Flowers and Plants only.*

if

if it was only *ad ornatum*, for a Feather in their Caps, as you call'd it, when there are ſo many other ways to Renown that are cheaper, by Qualifications that may be acquir'd in a little Time, and would not coſt them a tenth Part of the Pains.

Phil. That Study which is moſt faſhionable and moſt in Vogue in any Age, will always be moſt effectual for the Purpoſe you ſpeak of. But you are miſtaken, *Miſomedon*, if you imagine, that thoſe of the Profeſſion, who make the greateſt Rout about Mathematicks, and the Uſefulneſs of them in the Practice of Phyſick, are great Proficients in them themſelves. Among the Phyſicians there are ſome very able Mathematicians, and ſo there are among the Divines; and the Study of that Science, being by the common Conſent of all that are skill'd in it, the moſt pleaſant in the World, it is highly probable, that every Age will produce Men in all Faculties who will follow it, for no other Reaſon, than the Delight they take in it, or the Improvements, that by the Help of it may be made in Aſtronomy, natural Philoſophy, and all ſuch Arts and Labours, to which it is known and apparent that Mathematicks are neceſſary, or may be apply'd.

Miſom. Then you believe that there are Phyſicians who underſtand the Mathema-

ticks, and yet expect no greater Service from them in the Cure of Diſeaſes, than a Divine can in the Cure of Souls?

Phil. I know it: And not only they; but likewiſe all other profeſſed Mathematicians, that have given publick Proofs of their Capacity in that Science, are unanimous, that mathematical Knowledge cannot be apply'd to the Practice of Phyſick; and I can aſſure you, that it is from ſeveral of them, that I had the Reaſons which I have given you for that Impoſſibility. It is a common thing among them to laugh at the vain Efforts of others that attempt to prove the contrary: Whereas thoſe who are the loudeſt for the Uſefulneſs of Mathematicks in our Art, and the Neceſſity there is that a Phyſician ſhould be well skill'd in them, are commonly ſuch, as have but a little ſmattering of them at beſt; and ſeveral of them are very ſanguine on that ſide, that know nothing of the matter any more than I do.

Miſom. (*a*) *Fortius dicunt, qui minus habent artis.*

Phil. Tho' their total Ignorance in that Science is kept a great Secret, and is perhaps the laſt thing they would confeſs.

(*a*) Thoſe who know the leaſt of an Art talk the moſt of it. *A Proverb.*

When

When the *Newtonian* Philoſophy firſt began to ſpread, I have known Men of good Parts in our Faculty, that had finiſh'd their Studies very well, in great Perplexity for not having learnt the Mathematicks, when they found them become the faſhionable Study: I ſpeak of Men that had been in tolerable Practice for ſome Time. To have denied the Uſefulneſs of them in Phyſick would have been running their Heads againſt the Wall.

Miſom. That indeed would have been (*a*) *oppedere contra Tonitrua.*

Phil. And for Men already in Buſineſs to unlearn again what they had learn'd at the Univerſity, and turn back to a new crabbed Study, that required Time and Application before they could make any Progreſs in it, was a frightful Task to think on.

Miſom. How did they extricate themſelves from this Difficulty?

Phil. Some actually took Pains, and learn'd as much of the Mathematicks, as was ſufficient to talk of them with thoſe that underſtood them: Others went a much ſhorter way to work, and by the Help of a Maſter, or from Books only, learn'd the Terms

(*a*) *A Proverb apply'd to a ridiculous Oppoſition; as that of a Child to a Giant.*

of

of Art, and the Signification of abundance of hard Names and Technick Words that are made uſe of in that Science: As *verſed Sines*, *Ellypſes*, and *Parabola's*.

Miſom. I know a great many cramp Terms and hard Names that I could ſwagger with my ſelf. *Azimuth* and *Almicanter*: I could talk of *Hyperbolick Aſymptotes* and *Parameters* of *Conick Sections*, *Icoſahedron*, and *Paralellipipedon*: But what could they get by that?

Phil. Every thing they wanted; which was only to make the World believe that they underſtood the Mathematicks; and this was of great Conſequence to them; for it is generally believ'd, and the Opinion is plauſible enough, that Phyſicians, who build their Art on mathematical Principles, muſt act with greater Certainty than others, whoſe Knowledge in Phyſick is confeſs'd to be for the greateſt part conjectural. Beſides a world of Time and Trouble are ſaved by it, and Men free themſelves at once from the moſt tedious and unpleaſant Task that belongs to Phyſick; for being ſuppos'd to know and enter into the Cauſes of things *a priori*, they have no Occaſion for Obſervations, and conſequently there can be no Neceſſity for the cloſe Attendance on the Sick that is required to make them. What the Phyſician is paid for is the Trouble of writing,

writing, it is that which gets him his Fee, whether his Viſits are ſhort or long, and whether he comes near the Patient or not. All the Skill is wrapt up in the Preſcription: As to the Nature and the State of the Diſtemper, ſure the Apothecary or elſe his Man may inform the Doctor of the Patient's Condition, as well as he acquaints him with his Age and his manner of living. Practitioners likewiſe that go upon ſure Grounds can have nothing to do with Phyſical Caſes, or the Practical Authors that wrote them, but to deſpiſe and ridicule the old-faſhion'd manner of Reaſoning, thoſe Pains-taking Drudges made uſe of: by which another great Trouble is avoided.

Miſom. Nay if they are impertinent, every Body will ſay, (*a*) *Quid ad farinas?* What ſignifies reading them? There is a great deal in what you ſay. But Tricks and Artifices to gain Eſteem at a cheap Rate, and get into Buſineſs, have been made uſe of in your Faculty formerly, as well as they are now; tho' they have changed with the Times. There is a vaſt Difference in the Manner and Behaviour between the old Phyſicians that I can remember when I was very young, and thoſe that are coming up now: But many of thoſe old ones ſhew'd

(*a*) What Profit will it bring? *A Proverb.*

as

as much Craft and Induſtry to comply with the Humours of their Age, and the Opinion that was then had of their Profeſſion, as any Pretender to Mathematicks can poſſibly do at preſent. They ſtudy'd dull and heavy, as well as grave and penſive Looks, gave themſelves ſtiff and pedantick Airs on purpoſe to be thought Men of deep Learning; and to ſhew their Diſregard to Faſhions and the World, affected either Slovenlineſs in rich Cloaths, or an aukward Simplicity in their Dreſs, that made them remarkable. This was admirably well judg'd, whilſt it was thought that the Art of Phyſick was a Mixture of Gueſs-work and Conjuring, and that no Progreſs could be made in it without ſevere Study and cloſe Application of plodding laborious Men, that would think on nothing elſe. But Mens Sentiments concerning Phyſick being alter'd, it is not to be expected that the Accompliſhments to gain the Favour of the Publick ſhould continue to be the ſame. It being now ſuppoſed to be an Art of much greater Certainty than it was, Phyſicians have nothing to do but to get Practice, and take Fees as ſoon as they are qualified; and if I had a Son or other near Relation of that Profeſſion to be introduced into the World, I know what Study I would recommend to him.

Phil.

Phil. The Mathematicks.

Miſom. No indeed. But I ſuppoſe him come away from the Univerſity, and brought up as other young Phyſicians now generally are; and the Study which then I would recommend to him, ſhould be the Knowledge of Mankind: I'd have him converſe with and learn the Language of the *Beau Monde*, (*a*) *Ut nihil ex agro diceret.* His firſt and greateſt Care ſhould be to have his Name often mentioned among them. In order to this he ſhould make his court chiefly to the Favourites of the Ladies, keep company with Men of ſuperficial Knowledge, and all the great Talkers about Town. Every now and then he ſhould entertain thoſe of his Acquaintance with ſomething that is curious in Nature, or by the Help of Microſcopes, Priſms, or an Air-Pump, amuſe them with ſome Sight or other, or ſome ſhewiſh Experiment, that ſhould always be cleanly as well as diverting. For the reſt, I'd have him dreſs well, ſtudy Politeneſs, and in every thing *la belle maniere*; always remembring that there is no Saying in the World more generally true than that (*b*) *Obſequium amicos, veritas odium parit.*

(*a*) That he might ſay nothing vulgar. *A Proverb.*

(*b*) By Complaiſance we make Men our Friends, but ſpeaking the Truth creates Hatred. *A Proverb.*

Phil.

Phil. I ſincerely believe that to make his Fortune a Man could follow no better Advice.

Miſom. (*a*) *Sed quo terrarum rapimur!* How ſtangely have we been run away from our Subject this half Hour! But whilſt I am eaſy and diverted, I can never be out of my Way.

Phil. Our grand Affair is your Health, *Miſomedon*, and you can never conſult that better than by endeavouring to be chearful.

Miſom. I am infinitely obliged to you for your Indulgence, and your humouring me in my rambling Temper, as you do.

Phil. No Compliments, I beg of you: I like my Company as well as you can poſſibly do yours.

Miſom. When firſt I interrupted you by asking, whether you did not think all the Operations of the Body to be mechanical, I remember you was ſpeaking of the Mixture of Parts that the animal Spirits muſt conſiſt of.

Phil. That what we call the animal Spirits ſhould be a Compoſition of various Parts that has a Tone, *Craſis*, and due Conſiſtency belonging to it, as well as the Blood, is not an unreaſonable Suppoſition; and ſometimes I can't help fancying it to be true.

Miſom.

(*a*) But what Part of the World are we hurried into! *It is proverbially uſed, when Men are carried off far from their Subject.*

Miſom. You hinted at a Syſtem of that Compoſition; I ſhould be glad to hear one.

Phil. I wonder'd (I ſaid) that no body had yet contriv'd an *Hypotheſis* concerning that Mixture of the Spirits; but the Task it ſelf I muſt leave to the witty ſpeculative Phyſicians, that take greater Delight than I do in arguing from Suppoſitions, and building Syſtems on their own looſe Fancies. Since I told you that the Mixture of the Blood was unſearchable, you may well imagine, that I think that of the Spirits as much more ſo, as the Particles it is made up of are more remote from the Senſes. What I have ſtarted about the Degrees of Subtility that muſt be among them, ſeems to me, as I told you, a neceſſary Conſequence, applicable to all Particles in general of Things ſtrain'd, filtrated or evaporated. You ſhall call this a Suppoſition, if you pleaſe; but I have laid no manner of Streſs upon, either the Difference of the Elaſticity or various Contexture of their Parts, which yet that there muſt be will be evident, when we come to conſider, that not only the Difference there is often in Conſtitutions and bodily Strength; but likewiſe good and ill Tempers, Paſſions of the Mind, Courage and the Want of it, Wit and Fooliſhneſs, and many other things not to be diſcover'd

but

but from the Effects they have upon the Actions of Men, can be owing to, and depend upon nothing elſe, than the Difference in the Texture of Parts, Tone, Elaſticity, or ſome other Quality of that wonderful Fluid, which we call the animal Spirits.

Miſom. I heartily thank you for what you ſaid laſt: Your hinting to me thoſe niceſt Qualifications of the Body, which, tho' they ſeem to belong to the Soul, are wholly depending upon the various Contexture of the Maſs of Spirits, have made me penetrate into the Diviſibility of Matter, and by opening the vaſt Extent of it, led me to a noble Proſpect of Miracles in the Compoſure of our Frame, which I had never diſcovered before.

Phil. I am glad, that at laſt you are happily enter'd into a Sentiment of things which Words cannot expreſs; and now I hope, looking back on the Paſſages of your Life, you'll eaſily find out your ſelf the Procatarctick Cauſes of your Diſtemper. The Irregularities of your Youth having led the Way by ſhaking the Frame of your Conſtitution, the firſt thing I can accuſe is your marrying young, and being too much addicted to what you was pleas'd to call the *Res uxoria:* It is incredible, what vaſt Treaſures are inſenſibly conſumed by a continual Expence, tho' it be never ſo little. I know

know very well, that moſt married People flatter themſelves with thinking, that they ſufficiently conſult their Healths if they only abſtain from unlawful Pleaſures, how intemperately ſoever they indulge their Appetites, where the ridiculous Pretence of Duty can palliate the Extravagancy of their Luſt; but it is certain that the Exceſs of legitimate, and what we call chaſte Embraces, proves often of no leſs fatal Conſequence as to the utter undoing our Strength and Conſtitution, than the (a) *Impura Venus* her ſelf: Yet if a Man, that has but once had a *Gonorrhœa*, or any other ſlight *Venereal* Symptom, happens to grow old before his time, and feels a general Decay of Vigour and Manhood, he is apt to lay all the blame upon the trifling Infection, which perhaps never haunted him above two or three Months; without reflecting on the prodigious Waſte he has made of his Spirits for many Years, by taxing himſelf too rigidly with the cruel Tribute of Benevolence; in which Error People are generally upheld by the inſinuating Artifice of deſigning Quacks, who making an Advantage of the many and different Symptoms of the *Venereal* Diſeaſe, as well as the Poſſibility of its remaining conceal'd in the

(a) *A Phraſe for the Venereal Infection.*

Body for many Years, frighten the Credulous with a thouſand frivolous Stories, and not willing to turn any Griſt from their Mill, endeavour to perſuade the World that every Diſtemper is the Pox.

Miſom. I have long ſuſpected that Cauſe my ſelf which you now mention. The Hectick Fire of Conjugal Love is often not leſs conſuming, tho' more ſlow, than the more raging Blaſts of ignominious Name. And tho' Concupiſcence is hurtful and pernicious to the Imprudent in every Condition of Life, yet to many it is moſt miſchievous in the married State. There are ſenſual Men not void of Caution, who, by their Fear of Shame and the Impreſſions that were made upon them by their Education, are ſufficiently reſtrain'd from Turpitude and committing any thing that is criminal, at the ſame time that they indulge with all their Might every Appetite they can gratify with Safety, and without incurring publick Cenſure. All ſuch, of which there are great Numbers, Enjoyment in Matrimony allures with a double Bait; and Mens ſoothing their Thoughts, and flattering themſelves with the Lawfulneſs of the Paſſion, the Meritoriouſneſs of conjugal Benevolence, is in amorous Diſpoſitions not leſs inticing to Deſtruction than the Pleaſure it ſelf. Oh! how ſollicitous is prudent Nature to main-

tain her ſelf in the ſucceſſive Revolutions of every Species! how ſtrangely are rational Animals impoſed upon to their own undoing by that *Hyæna*, Love, ſo as to believe it the only Sweet for which Life is valuable, notwithſtanding the innumerable Calamities, Diſeaſes and Deaths they ſee it has brought upon others!

Phil. You ſpeak with the Zeal againſt Folly, and the Wiſdom of Fifty Five; but what Pity it is we ſhould never be ſaving before our Stock is ſpent! (*a*) *Sera eſt in fundo Parſimonia.*

Miſom. I know it is too late. (*b*) *Sero ſapiunt Phryges*; and all I have left is to complain, and ask with *Horace*: (*c*) *Quæ mens eſt hodie cur eadem non puero fuit?*

Phil. There is a Seaſon in which we cannot believe, that the Spirits, ſquander'd away in *Venereal* Pleaſures, cannot be reſtor'd, and that the Loſſes that Way ſuſtain'd are irretrievable. (*d*) *Quod quæ à Venere facta eſt ſit irreparabilis virium exhauſtio, quia demit de innato cordis Spiritu*, ſays

(*a*) It is too late to ſave when you come to the Bottom of a Cask, Bag, &c. *A Proverb, the Application of which is obvious.* (*b*) *A Proverb of the ſame Nature, as in* Engliſh, When the Steed is ſtolen to ſhut the Stable Door. (*c*) *Why was I not of the ſame mind I am now of, when I was young?* (*d*) *That, when a Man's Strength is exhauſted by Exceſs of Venery, the Loſs is irreparable; becauſe it takes away from the innate Spirit of the Heart.*

Van Helmont, in his fourth Book of Fevers: But this Truth is little reflected upon at Five and Twenty; and if Youth might be reſtored to him who has liv'd to old Age, it would ſcorn to come back without its Follies.

Miſom. I believe it: Wiſdom is no Match for Paſſions when they are violent, and *Micio* was in the Right, for it is but (*a*) *Alia ætate quod ad omnia ſapimus rectius*, and not before.

Phil. The next thing that has exhauſted and ſpoil'd the Tone of your Spirits, was the Labour of the Brain in that five or ſix Years hard Study commenced ſoon after your Eſtate was ſo unexpectedly fallen to you; and indeed the immoderate Exerciſe of the Brain, and Exceſs of *Venery*, are ſo generally the Occaſion of the Hypochondriack Paſſions, that in all my Experience I have hardly met with any, where I had not Reaſon to impute the Diſtemper, in Part at leaſt, to one or other of theſe, if not to both: I ſpeak of Patients, in whom the Malady has been confirm'd. It was then the Waſte of Spirits, that robbing the Stomachick Ferment of what was required for its Volatilization, occaſion'd thoſe fix'd acid

(*a*) *At another Age that in all things we can act with Prudence.*

Salts

Salts that gave you the Heart-burning, which was your firſt Complaint. The many abſorbent and alkalick Medicines you took would have removed your Grievance, if the Fault had not been in the Spirits; yet the continual taking of them, as well as the remaining Strength of your Conſtitution, hindred the Crudities from being more prejudicial, and inducing further Symptoms, 'till the great and prepoſterous Evacuations of your learned *Galeniſt*, quite deſtroying the Tone of your Blood and Spirits, compleated their Ruin. The large Bleedings having robb'd you of your vital Heat, and ſtrong Catharticks benumb'd your Stomach and Bowels after working, it was no wonder that the drinking of cold Waters totally aboliſhing their Functions, brought the *Lienteria* upon you; and conſidering the Circumſtances you were in that Morning at *Epſom*, when you took the burnt Claret, I reckon that the happieſt Chance that ever befel you (the Death of your Kinſman not excepted) was meeting with the Gentleman that preſcrib'd it. When the Wine and Spices had reſtored the Tone of your Stomach and Inteſtines, and the Looſeneſs was check'd, your Blood and Juices being now as well purified of their Dregs, as deprived of their more balſamick Parts, it was reaſonable to think,

that by giving a Relaxation to your Mind, and more Exercise to your Body, than was usual, remaining in the Country Air, and using a laudable Diet, you would in a manner recover your Strength: The Enemy however was left behind, and from the time of your drinking the Waters it is, that I date your Distemper: For tho' you enjoy'd a tolerable Health for a considerable time after; yet upon every Disorder, that has succeeded it, the Deficiency of your Spirits has manifested it self more and more.

Misom. It is very strange, and sure something belonging to my Distemper, that whatever Resolution I take up against Physick and Physicians, I should always hearken to the last Comer. It is without doubt the ardent Desire we have for our Welfare, that in spight of our Reason makes us so fond of believing: I find my self again perswaded, and tho' I have often fancied the same in vain, yet now methinks I am convinced of the real Cause, not only of the Crudities and their grievous Effects, but likewise of all the innumerable other Symptoms that have ever disturbed me: For tho' the Enemy has now withdrawn his Forces and is retir'd, I am sensible that he is still lurking within: The beating, throbbing, and sometimes trembling in every Part of me, and especially

ally the Shakings in my Back, which I not only feel upon Surprize or Paſſion, but even the leaſt Emotion of my Mind that is ſudden, now I am as it were in perfect Health, admoniſhes me continually of my precarious Condition, and gives me a clear Idea of the broken Contexture of my Spirits.

Phil. There is not a Symptom you have labour'd under, that might not with great Eaſe be accounted for from the Deficiency of the Spirits, if a Man would ſet about it.

Miſom. I can but admire at my own Fickleneſs. A little while ago I diſputed with you, and denied the Exiſtence of animal Spirits; but now again, when I come to reaſon *a Poſteriori*, I think it impoſſible that there ſhould be none.

Phil. Such muſt be the Minuteneſs of their Bulks, and the Rapidity of their Motion, that their Exiſtence is one of thoſe Truths that admit of no Demonſtration *a Priori*.

Miſom. I could eaſily fall in with Dr. *Morton*, who in his (*a*) ΠΥΡΕΤΟΛΟΓΙΑ endeavour'd to prove, that the Diſorder of the animal Spirits was the Cauſe of moſt Diſeaſes.

(*a*) *A Diſcourſe on the Spirits.*

I can now ſolve very well how cloſe Study comes to diſpoſe People to the Hypochondriack Paſſion; but why the *Germans* ſhould call it the Diſeaſe of the Learned, in their Language, when ſo many others are afflicted with it, I can't conceive.

Phil. They call it ſo, becauſe among the Learned there is a greater Number troubled with it than you can find in any other Claſs of Men: It is common among them, as Palſeys and Convulſions are among Silverſmiths and Braziers; *Hernia's* among Trumpeters, and thoſe that break Horſes for the great Saddle; *Aſtmah's* among Hat-makers, *&c.* (a) *Non quod ſoli literati*, ſays *Etmuller*, *huic morbo obnoxii ſint, ſed quod plurimi eo malo vexantur*; the Reaſon of which he thinks to be their ſtooping and ſqueezing the Belly againſt the Books, which hinders the free Deſcent of the *Diaphragma*, and conſequently the Circulation of the Humours.

Miſom. This is very far fetch'd. I wonder what *Etmuller* would ſay to a learned Divine of my Acquaintance, who is Hypochondriacal, and yet generally ſtands upright, or walks, when he ſtudies. But I

(a) *Not, that only learned Men are ſubject to this Diſtemper, but becauſe a great many of them are troubled with it.*

think

think this *High German* Reaſon not worth the refuting; what you have ſaid of the Labour of the Brain, by which the fineſt Spirits are exhauſted, and the Neglect of Exerciſe by which the groſſer Humours ſhould be eliminated, is very Rational, and a better Cauſe cannot be aſſign'd; therefore I think it ſhould hold good in all, Learned or Not learned, that commit the ſame Errors.

Phil. So it does; for whether a Man has an Eſtate to live upon, is a Merchant, an Artiſt, or follows any other Trade or Employment that allows of a Sedentary Life, ſo he but over-charges his Head with Buſineſs, and keeps the reſt of his Body unactive; it is certain, that he bids fair for the Diſtemper; and as for the leaning the Stomach and *Præcordia* againſt large Books, Desks, and Tables, tho' it is not ſufficient to be an *Adæquate* Cauſe, I have had Reaſon in a great many to ſuſpect it as an acceſſary one.

Miſom. Something comes into my Head, that very much corroborates this Opinion of yours concerning Digeſtion, and which I wonder neither of us ſhould have thought of before; for I am ſure you muſt have read it, as well I. It is a notable Inſtance of a great Diſorder in the Stomach occaſion'd by a Deficiency of the Spirits, inſerted in the

Philo-

Philoſophical Tranſactions. I believe it is in the Year 1673. I can find it preſently: If I am not miſtaken it is very *à propos*, and I will have the Pleaſure of reading it to you. ——

(*a*) " A Miniſter of about fifty Years of " Age, being much indiſpoſed, and often " relapſing into a Diſtemper accompanied " with vomiting and purging, his Phyſi- " cian, when I had the Opportunity of " ſpeaking with him about it, told me, " That he was perſuaded that his Cure was " obſtructed by the Patient's being obliged " to ſtudy; for when by the Help of Me- " dicines preſcribed to and uſed by him he " was brought to a conſiderable degree of " Recovery, his ſtudying and preaching " made him conſtantly relapſe. This ap- " pearing to me ſomewhat ſtrange, that " ſtudying and diſcourſing ſhould caſt a " Man into ſuch violent Diſtempers; and " the Reaſons given by the Doctor for it, " not prevailing with me; he one Day ſur- " priz'd me with relating what himſelf " had ſeen, giving the ſaid Miniſter a Vi- " ſit, which might confirm his Conjecture " concerning the Spirits being drawn away " from the Stomach, and leaving the di- " geſtive Power languid; which was, that

(*a*) *Phil. Tranſ.* N° 96.

the

" the Preacher falling into a Relapſe after " a Sermon preach'd by him, and Vomits " coming ſtrongly upon him, he caſt out " among other Matter, ſeveral Pieces, ſome " as large as the End of a Man's Finger, " ſome leſs, of a Subſtance to the Touch " and Eye perfectly reſembling Tallow; " four Pieces whereof weigh'd half an " Ounce. What may be inferr'd hence " for the Doctrine of Concoction I muſt " leave to others to conſider.

Phil. I own I had forgot it, tho' it is very *à propos*, and may ſerve likewiſe to make us conceive more eaſily why the hypochondriack Paſſion ſhould be called the Diſeaſe of the Learned. But I'll proceed.

Immoderate Grief, Cares, Troubles and Diſappointments are likewiſe often Concomitant Cauſes of this Diſeaſe; but moſt commonly in ſuch, as either by Eſtate, Benefices, or Employments have a ſufficient Revenue to make themſelves eaſie: Men that are already provided for, or elſe have a Livelyhood by their Callings amply ſecured, are never exempt from Sollicitudes, and the keeping not only of Riches, but even moderate Poſſeſſions, is always attended with Care. Thoſe that enjoy 'em are more at leiſure to reflect, beſides that their Wiſhes and Deſires being larger, themſelves are more likely to be offended at a great many Paſ-

ſages

ſages of Life, than People of lower Fortunes, who have ſeldom higher Ends, than what they are continually employed about, the getting of their daily Bread; which if they accompliſh to Satisfaction, they are commonly pleas'd and happy, becauſe they think themſelves ſo; and ſuch, as cannot obtain it, labour under ſuch a Variety of Neceſſities, and are ſo diverted with their preſent Circumſtances, that they have not Time ſtedfaſtly to think on one thing, and conſequently the Vexations of the Mind have not ſo great an Influence over them. It was unexpected Fortune, that firſt made you in love with Buſineſs, and the Management your large Inheritance required, cured you of your careleſs Temper; Give me leave to obſerve, that if you had been reduced to the Want that threatned you, and forced to maintain your Family, either by Copying, Hackney-writing, or ſome other miſerable Shift, where you muſt have work'd (*a*) *de pane ad panem*, and always lived from Hand to Mouth, I am of Opinion, that your Diſtemper (if it had ever troubled you at all) would neither ſo ſoon, nor ſo ſeverely have attack'd you.

You have been tormented with more Symptoms than ever I knew any one Pa-

(*a*) From Loaf to Loaf. *A Proverb. The ſame as from Hand to Mouth.*

tient;

tient; and yet there are ſeveral others, as Lypothymies, Weakneſſes, Pains in the Arms, Legs, &c. that are familiar to hypochondriacal People, of which I have not heard you complain. It is likewiſe obſervable in your Caſe, that your Pains have been uſed to be more cruel, your Fancy leſs diſturb'd, and the Intervals of Eaſe you enjoy in the Summer of longer Continuance than they are generally found, where the Diſtemper may be ſaid to be arrived to the higheſt Degree.

As to Prognoſticks, conſidering the many Cauſes that have concurr'd to the ruining the Contexture of your Spirits, the long Duration of your Diſtemper, and the Violence it has been of, as is reaſonably to be preſum'd from the viſible Alterations it has made in your very Temper and Conſtitution, my Sentiment is, that an entire Cure, ſo as never to relapſe into any of the Symptoms, that are become habitual to you, is never to be expected, nor is your priſtine Vigour ever to be reſtored; but if your Diſtemper be skilfully managed, and Preſcriptions diligently comply'd with, your grievous Pains, the Diſorders of the Fancy, and habitual Coſtiveneſs, which influences the reſt, may be removed, the Return of all that is diſmal in your Affliction be prevented, and your Life again be made eaſie and comfortable. Of this I can aſſure you, with

as

as much Certainty, as Mortals can make Promiſes to one another.

Miſom. I ſent for you at firſt, *Philopirio*, only out of Curioſity, to know your Sentiments concerning the Hypochondriack Paſſion, without any Deſign of taking your Advice, much leſs your Medicines, though I heard you prepar'd and adminiſtered them your ſelf, a Practice I have always coveted in a regular Phyſician; but what you have told me of Phyſick in general, and the Cauſes of my Diſtemper in particular, as well as the Conſtancy with which I ſee you ſtill adhere to Obſervation in the tracing of Nature, and the uncommon Method of your reaſoning, by drawing all your Arguments from the ſolid Baſis of well-weigh'd Experience, have alter'd my Reſolution, and again conquer'd that Prejudice I have ſo often taken up againſt Phyſick: Wherefore to ſhew you how unwilling I am to loſe any further time, and with how much Reſignation to your Skill, and Candour, I confide in your Promiſe; from this Moment I commit my ſelf entirely to your Care, without any Enquiry into your Method of Cure, deſiring you would let me have this very Night whatever you think proper, with neceſſary Directions: To-morrow I ſhall have a Veniſon-Paſty for Dinner, of which if you'll take part,

part, you'll oblige me: My uſual Hour is One; againſt you come, for your Information, I'll look out ſome of the Preſcriptions that I uſed to find the greateſt Benefit by, and when you have ſeen them we'll talk of another Patient, I have in view for you.

Phil. You load me with Civilities, *Miſomedon*; but in Obedience to your Commands, I'll take care of the Medicines To-night, and wait on you To-morrow.

Miſom. Then I'll detain you no longer, and expect you: I can promiſe you no *Formian*, nor *Chios* Wines, but excellent *French* Claret,

—— (*a*) *quod minimum Falernis*
Invidet uvis. ——

Phil. (*b*) *Sufficit; at liceat culpâ potare Magiſtrâ.*

(*a*) *That is not in the leaſt inferiour to* Falernian *Wine*, which was very much eſteemed among the *Romans*.

(*b*) *It is enough*; or as one would ſay in *Engliſh*: *I don't queſtion the Goodneſs of it; but I beg the Liberty not to drink more of it than I care for.* Culpâ potare Magiſtrâ *is a Phraſe made uſe of by* Horace *for moderate drinking. It is a noted Place for its various Lections, and the Criticks are not agreed yet, whether it ought to be read,* Culpâ, Cupâ, *or* Cuppâ.

Miſom. (*a*) *Liber eris: non enim ſoleo convivas urgere. Tempus dixi, ne ergo nobis in morâ ſis rogo.*

Phil. (*b*) *Tempeſtivus adero; nam illius horæ ventrem ſemper monitorem habeo.*

(*a*) *You ſhall be free* to do as you pleaſe. *For it is not my Cuſtom to force my Gueſts* againſt their Inclination. *I have told you the Time; therefore pray don't let us wait for you.*

(*b*) *I ſhall be with you at your time; for my Stomach always helps me to remember that Hour.*

THE THIRD

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

PHILOPIRIO *a Physician,*

AND

Misomedon *and* Polytheca

His PATIENTS.

MISOMEDON.

THESE are the Prescriptions I spoke of; but before you look on them, I want to have a Doubt or two resolv'd, which, as I was thinking on our Discourse of Yesterday, I started to my self this Morning, concerning what you have laid down as the chief Cause of Hypochondriack and Hysterick Diseases.

Phil. What may be certainly known from Obſervation and Experience, about the Cauſes of theſe Diſtempers, can only relate to the external and procatartick; but as to the immediate Cauſes that within the Body produce theſe Diſtempers, whatever I or any body elſe can ſay about them, can only be conjectural.

Miſom. Yet you are of Opinion, that the Exiſtence of animal Spirits is rather a Fact, than a Suppoſition; and that their being divided into finer and groſſer Spirits, is no more than a neceſſary Conſequence of their being made by Separation from the Blood or other Juices.

Phil. That I can frame no better Idea of theſe things, I own; but I have drawn no Concluſions from that Idea, which I have form'd of it; and, when I had anſwer'd, as well as I could, the Objection you made againſt the Exiſtence of animal Spirits, I told you afterwards that I did not inſiſt upon it, and only made uſe of the Name to expreſs the Inſtruments of Motion and of Senſe, whether there were or were not animal Spirits, as are commonly allowed; or whether the Nerves perform'd this by any Motion undiſcoverable by us, or by any Juice, or Spirit, or *Æther*, or whatever it be. Men muſt either be altogether ſilent about the Oeconomy of the Brain, and the Commerce be-

tween the volatile Particles that are employed in the Act of Thinking, and the reſt of the Body; or giving Names to things inexpreſſible, utter the looſe Conjectures of the Imagination. The Obſervations, that lead us to the Knowledge of a Diſeaſe, and what Experience has taught us concerning the *Juvantia* and *Lædentia*, what things will facilitate and promote, or obſtruct and retard the Cure of it, are the Corner-Stones on which Phyſicians ought to build their Practice. They are known Parts, in which there are certain Roads to travel in, whilſt all the reſt that is between them is a *terra incognita*, which every body may conceive of as he pleaſes.

Miſom. Yet there is a great Difference in the making of Conjectures, and abundance of Ingenuity may be diſplay'd in them. When the ſo much celebrated Headleſs Statue of a *Faunus* was firſt found, every Body could tell, that a Head muſt once have belong'd to that Body; and an hundred Men might have conceiv'd the Form or Figure of it an hundred different ways; but when *Michael Angelo* had ſupply'd the Defect, it was evident, that the Head that was miſſing, muſt have been ſuch a one as that, which he had made, or a worſe. When we look upon the whole Statue as it is now, and compare the ſhort Horns of the *Faunus*,

with the little Tuft of his Tail, and the drunken Grin of his Face, with the frolickſome Poſture of his Limbs, and all the reſt of the groteſque Figure, what a deal of fine Judgment is there to be ſeen in his gueſſing!

Phil. Still *Michael Angelo* knew his Task; and tho' perhaps no body beſides himſelf could have made a Head anſwerable to ſuch a Body; yet it was no Secret, which Part of the Statue it was that was wanting: but in the latent Cauſes of Diſeaſes we can form no Idea of what we are ignorant of; that is, we don't know the Figures nor the Properties of the things that are hid from us, and we are obliged to make Sounds for, and adapt Words to things that are inexpreſſible.

Miſom. I am convinced that reaſoning about the internal and immediate Cauſe of Diſeaſes, and the ſolving *Phænomena* by an *Hypotheſis*, are of little uſe to cure ſick People; Nay, I am perſuaded moreover, that *Virgil*, whoſe Authority is of great weight with me, was well acquainted with this Truth; and that he pointed at it in theſe two Lines.

(*a*) *Scire poteſtates Herbarum, uſumque medendi*
Maluit, & mutas *agitare inglorius Artes.*

(*a*) *He choſe rather to underſtand the Efficacy of Simples and the Cure of Diſeaſes, and void of Glory to practiſe the dumb Arts.* Virgil's Æneids, *Book* 12.

Japis

Japis preferr'd the real Service he might be of to his Father, to his own Glory; and therefore choſe to underſtand the Efficacy of Simples, and the practical Part of Phyſick; and I don't queſtion but *Virgil* call'd theſe the dumb, ſilent Arts, in Oppoſition to the other, which *Apollo* had offer'd him the (*a*) *Augurium*, the (*c*) *Cithara*, and the (*d*) *Celeres ſagittæ*, that Men could not excel in without acquiring Renown; or elſe the Epithet *inglorius* would have been impertinent to *Japis*. I can plainly ſee, that when he ſaid *mutas artes*, he meant ſuch Arts as might be ſecretly practis'd, and which it ſignify'd nothing to talk or reaſon upon.

Phil. This could not have been found out without great Sagacity.

Miſom. That this was *Virgil*'s Meaning is moſt evident from two Words that follow ſome twenty or more Lines after, (*e*) *medicans occultè*.

Phil. You ſpeak like a true Worſhipper of the Ancients. *Virgil* was, as well as *Homer*, an inſpired Writer, and no Man of Claſſick Faith did ever doubt the Univerſality of their Knowledge; nay, to imagine that either of them could have been ignorant of any thing, paſt, peſent, or to

(*a*) *The Gift of Prophecy.* (*b*) *Muſick.* (*c*) *The Art of Shooting.* (*d*) *Healing covertly and in ſecret.*

come, ſhews a great Tendency to Prophaneneſs.

Miſom. (*a*) *Hic Funis nihil attraxit.* No Banter can ſtick there: But what I was going to tell you is, that, tho' I am convinced from what you have ſaid, that Reaſoning about Cauſes is not to be depended upon, and tho' I am confirm'd in this Opinion by *Virgil*'s Authority, yet I find it is impoſſible to do without. There is a Gap between the Obſervations made on the Symptoms of a Diſeaſe, and what Experience teaches us about the Cure of it: I want to have that Gap fill'd up; and the moſt airy Speculations are more ſatisfactory, than a Man's ſaying that he knows nothing of it. To conſider the Nerves as the Snouts of an Alembick, and make the Brain ſerve for a Spunge, requires at leaſt as much Capacity, as to be altogether ſilent concerning the Operations of either. Therefore I deſire you would continue to ſpeak of theſe things according to the Idea you have form'd of them. Your Notion of the Maſs of Spirits, that it muſt be a Compound of heterogeneous Particles, and that ſome of them muſt be abundantly finer than others, has nothing in it that is unreaſonable or improbable. You'll pardon

(*a*) This Rope has drawn nothing. *It is uſed proverbially to an Adverſary, when what he ſays is of little or no Force.*

my

my Fickleneſs; it is Part of my Diſtemper; and I can't help altering my Opinion as often as the Appearances of things do change.

Phil. But which, pray, are the Doubts you intended to propoſe?

Miſom. The firſt is this; I have allowed you that the Deficiency of Spirits was a natural Conſequence of hard Studies, and other Labours of the Brain; becauſe it could not be ſuppoſed, but that great Quantities of them muſt be conſumed by thoſe difficult and often-repeated Employments of our Thoughts; but upon conſidering that the Act of Thinking, and conſequently the Labour of the Brain, is continual, and laſts without Intermiſſion, as long as we live; I can ſee no Reaſon, why in the ſame Operation the Spirits ſhould be more exhauſted at one time, than they are at another.

Phil. When we leave our Fancy at its own Diſpoſal, and, as it were, a grazing, without charging the Spirits with any particular Buſineſs, they may be juſtly ſaid to be at Play; and therefore, in Men, whoſe Brains are not uſed to be idle, this is call'd unbending of their Thoughts, or elſe a Relaxation of the Mind; but when at our Soul's Command our Thoughts are determined to any one Subject, and the volatile Meſſengers of our Will diligently employ'd

in finding out, ſeparating, joining, and fitting the ſeveral Images that may ſerve our purpoſe, are ſent with unconceivable Swiftneſs to penetrate every Cranny of the Brain, then certainly our Spirits are at work, and the more fix'd and intenſe our Thoughts are, the greater, without doubt, is the *Waſte of Spirits:* It is with our Thoughts, as it is with our Eyes: The latter we keep open without any Trouble all Day long, and if we walk abroad we ſee the Houſes, People, Coaches, Streets and Horſes all at once; but this does not hurt or weary the Eyes ſo much, as when we contract the Sight, and directing it to a particular Place, keep it employ'd in examining ſome very minute Points; as is manifeſt in Engravers, Painters in Miniature, and others, whoſe Buſineſs requiring a Nicety of Sight, generally proves prejudicial to their Eyes; and daily Experience ſhews us, that thoſe, who read or write much, are ſooner forced to wear Spectacles, than other People.

Miſom. This I ſuppoſe the Phyſicians in *Spain* take for granted; who, tho' they are never ſo young, hardly ever ſtir without Spectacles, and have them faſten'd to their Heads even when they ride abroad.

Phil. What, you think then, that by this they would hint to the World, that the Severity of their Studies and Lucubrations has impair'd their Sight? Our

Our Thoughts don't ceaſe even when we are aſleep; but then the Spirits, not adminiſtring any Images to the Soul from the outward Senſes, are only wandring at leiſure about the Images that are within, and commonly the moſt obvious. You ſee I obey your Commands, and I ſpeak of theſe things according to the Idea I can form of them, and only as they appear to be to our Underſtanding, being otherwiſe well aſſured, that we are wholly ignorant of the real Oeconomy of the Brain.

Whilſt I think on this, I cannot forbear to take notice, that nothing more egregiouſly expoſes the ridiculous Vanity of thoſe that pretend to explain mechanically the Motions of the Spirits, than what happens to us in our Dreams. In them it ſeems to us, that our Fancy is either placidly ſoothed, or frightfully diſturb'd, according to the different Images the Spirits chance to light on; yet Experience teaches us, that our having either delightful, or elſe troubleſome Dreams, is not a thing ſo fortuitous, as the Generality of People imagine; and it is demonſtrable, that it depends immediately upon the Tone and Contexture of the Spirits, and conſequently in a great meaſure upon the diſpoſition of the Body: Overloading the Stomach at Night, even when we are in Health, often influences our

Dreams,

Dreams, and makes the Fancy uneaſie. The generality of hypochondriack and hyſterick People have at all times, either diſmal and confus'd Dreams, or elſe ſuch as they can but ſeldom and faintly remember. I wiſh the ingenious Gentlemen, that can ſo ſagaciouſly penetrate into the Mechaniſm of the moſt minute Particles, would oblige us once with a Reaſon, why all *Valetudinarians*, in whom the Contexture of Spirits is much broken, ſhould ſo often, the Minute they fall aſleep, be troubled with a Dream of ſinking down, or falling into a Pit, which ſhall wake and often make them tremble: And that this depends as much upon the Mechaniſm of the Body, as any muſcular Motion we can make, is certain; but who is the mighty Man that can enter into it? Tho' it is manifeſt, that this Dream is more peculiarly the Conſequence of a Deficiency of Spirits than any other; becauſe it likewiſe happens to People in Health after great Evacuations, unuſual and immoderate Exerciſe, eſpecially to ſuch as have overwatch'd, or wearied themſelves with Thinking.

I would likewiſe ask thoſe clear-ſighted Philoſophers, that pretend to diſcover which way all Medicines are oblig'd to work upon human Bodies, to give us an Inſight into the manner of Operation, which is conſtantly

ſtantly obſerv'd of *Opium:* Nay, let them but mechanically account for one *Phænomenon* of that wonderful Charmer of the Spirits, I mean the ſedate and agreeable Dreams which a little Quantity of it ſhall generally occaſion in all healthy People, and I'll not trouble them to explain any other Qualification of that divine Medicine.

Miſom. I ſee your Opinion of the Effects which *Opium* has upon the Spirits, is contrary to that of *Willis*, who ſays it kills and deſtroys them, and ſpeaks of its Particles entring the Brain, as a Man would of a flying Army that ſurprizes a Frontier Country. He tells us, *That meeting in the* Cortex *of the Brain, with the firſt Party of the Animal Spirits, they defeat, or rather deſtroy a great many of them, that are in the Forlorn-hope; by which means afterwards the remaining Spirits of the ſame Troop being now grown weaker, retreat, and ſeeing their Emanation is ſtopt, fly back toward the Middle of the Brain*; and that, *whilſt they are withdrawing themſelves from the Battle, and marching off, the reſt that are lodg'd in the Organs of Senſe, as in ſo many Watch-Towers, having loſt their Recruits, immediately follow them, and leaving their Guard retire to take their reſt.*

This

This is no doubt a very witty *Simile*; but to ſay no more of his Poetical Army of *Myrmidons*, nor your Digreſſion upon Dreams, I'll go back from whence I ſtarted, and own my ſelf anſwer'd as to my firſt Doubt. What you have ſaid has fully convinced me, that tho' our Thoughts never ceaſe, the Labour of the Spirits requir'd in the Performance of them is infinitely greater on ſome Occaſions, than it is upon others; and tho' I muſt own, that I don't know what Sleep conſiſts in exactly; yet, from the Refreſhment, Vigour and Strength it gives to our Thoughts, I now dare conclude that the fineſt Spirits are at a certain Eaſe in it, which they never enjoy whilſt we are awake. The Wearineſs of our Limbs is cured by ſitting or lying ſtill, and the groſſer Spirits employed in muſcular Motion may be in a great meaſure recruited by Food and Quietneſs without Sleep: But the Loſs of the moſt ſubtile Spirits, always officiating between the Soul and ſome of the Senſes, and more or leſs buſied in forming ſome Thought or other whilſt we are awake, cannot be repair'd but by Sleep, the Want of which we ſee ſoon diſorders the Brain, and conſequently the Tone and whole Contexture of the Spirits.

Phil.

Phil. In the ſame Road of Thinking you'll find the Reaſon why Hypochondriacal People are generally ingenious, without the Aſſiſtance of an imaginary Ferment of the Spleen, which, as we have ſhew'd before, ſome Phyſicians would have to be the Cauſe both of their Wit and their Diſtemper: For, as Thinking conſiſts in a various Diſpoſition of the Images received; ſo what we call Wit is nothing but *an Aptitude of the Spirits by which they nimbly turn to, and dexterouſly diſpoſe the Images that may ſerve our purpoſe.* From hence it follows, that if witty Men and Blockheads ſpend the ſame Time in Thinking, the firſt muſt in all likelyhood waſte the moſt Spirits: Nay, it is unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that the ſlow and heavy Thinking of a drowſy thick-ſcull'd Fellow, ſhould require as much Agility and Workmanſhip of the Spirits, as the quick and ſprightly Thoughts of a clear-headed, ingenious Man; and to me it ſeems highly probable, that there is no more Action, or greater Labour perform'd in the Brain of the firſt, when he is as broad awake as he can be, than there is in that of the latter, when he is half aſleep.

The Thinking then of Blockheads, beſides that they ſeldom delight in it, can do them no hurt, becauſe it does not exhauſt the

the Spirits; and they are almoſt as ſecure from becoming hypochondriacal, as thoſe, that cannot Write, from being pillory'd for Counterfeiting other People's Hands.

Miſom. The *Hypochondriaci* are oblig'd to you for the Compliment; but I can't ſee, that their Wit any way diſpoſes them to the Diſtemper, as Learning does; the Acquiſition of which adminiſters a palpable occaſion to it.

Phil. I do not ſay it does: Ingenuity only makes them proper Subjects for the Diſeaſe to work upon, and the moſt witty Men, if they commit no Exceſs in thoſe things that exhauſt the finer Spirits, but divert themſelves daily with Hunting, the Tenniscourt, or other brisk Exerciſes, will be as exempt from the Diſtemper as the greateſt Logger-heads.

Miſom. The other Scruple I have reſpects more particularly the Cauſe of the Hyſterick Paſſion in Women; which you ſay is the ſame with that of the hypochondriack Paſſion in Men. I want to know, ſince the Labour of the Brain has ſo great a Part in exhauſting the Spirits in Men, as to be always one of the Procatartick Cauſes of the hypochondriack Paſſion, what Equivalent can you name that waſtes the Spirits in Women, and is likewiſe able to make them ſubject to the Hyſterick Paſſion: for ſtudying and

and intenſe thinking are not to be alledg'd as a Cauſe in Women, whom we know (at leaſt for the generality of them) to be ſo little guilty of it; and yet the Number of hyſterick Women far exceeds that of hypochondriack Men. What is it that ſo much conſumes the Spirits in Girls of eighteen, ſixteen, nay, fourteen and younger?

Phil. The Difficulty you ſtart is very material, and what I would have taken notice of my ſelf, if we had treated of the hyſterick Paſſion (*a*) *ex profeſſo.*

To find out the Procatartick Cauſe of the Deficiency of Spirits in Women, and eſpecially young Girls, where Cares, Grief, or Study cannot be accuſed, we muſt obſerve that there are two Reaſons why the Spirits are deficient: The one, that they are too much waſted when they are made; and the other, that there is no ſufficient Quantity made of them: And after this you'll find, that in all hyſterick as well as hypochondriack Diſeaſes, where the Deficiency of the Spirits cannot be imputed to the firſt, it is always owing to the latter. Before young Girls come to be Hyſterick, you ſhall always obſerve, that their Blood has been much depauperated by Agues, Green-ſickneſs, or other Cachexies, whoſe

(*a*) *Profeſſedly.*

Origins

Origins may generally be derived from very groſs Errors in Diet; and the Blood being once depauperated, from what Cauſe ſoever, it is impoſſible that it ſhould yield to the Brain the Spirits which it has not.

Miſom. I expected you would lay the Fault where you do; but before I allow that their Diet can injure them, I muſt put you in mind of what you ſaid in your *Theſis De Chyloſi vitiatâ.* If young Women eat green Fruit, Oat-meal, Chalk, Cinders, *&c.* it is a certain ſign that they have a Fancy for them, and then in Conſequence of what you have ſaid they can do them no hurt; for when the Appetite is depraved, the ſame fine Spirits that prompt them to deſire the Traſh, will likewiſe enable the Stomachick Ferment to digeſt it, as you have demonſtrated in thoſe remarkable Inſtances of the great Quantity of Herrings, and the infected Onion, that were devoured without the leaſt Injury to the Parties that fancy'd them.

Phil. That the Digeſtion in every body is much influenced by the Appetite, is undeniable: But the Efficacy of the Spirits in aſſiſting the firſt is only proportionable to the greatneſs of the Impreſſion they receiv'd from the latter; and where we ſee the one is but indifferent, we cannot expect the other

other ſhould be extraordinary. There is a vaſt Difference between the violent Eagerneſs of Longing, and the fanciful hankering after Traſh, generally obſerv'd in Green-ſickneſs Girls; of whom it cannot be ſo properly ſaid, that they long for what they eat, as that by degrees they have brought themſelves to like what at firſt was indifferent to them, and taſted by them only out of Wantonneſs.

But tho' we muſt not think, that the Force of the Spirits upon the Ferment can be exceſſive, but where the Impulſe of the Fancy upon them has been the ſame; yet I would not, as you perhaps imagine, derive the Crudities immediately from the Traſh they eat. It is very obvious, that young Women devour a world of unripe Goosberries, Currants, Apples, *&c.* ſo much as almoſt to live upon nothing elſe for Weeks together, without perceiving the leaſt Diſorder in their Stomach or Bowels all that time; but then I have often obſerved, that notwithſtanding they had not felt any Indiſpoſition for a great while, in tract of time, even tho' they mended their Diet, they became Cachectick, and after that Hyſterick. From this Obſervation, which all Phyſicians that have ſeen many Hyſterick Caſes in Young Women, muſt likewiſe have made, it is plain that the

Stomach continues to perform its Office, tho' the Aliment is improper, as long as the Ferment of it is ſupply'd with the Spirits it requires; but that whenever they fail the Digeſtion is ſpoiled, though our Food be never ſo laudable.

Miſom. But from the enſuing Illneſs in theſe Caſes, I would rather judge, that the Traſh they eat had not been well digeſted, tho' the Diſorders of the Stomach had not been minded, and perhaps not perceived; for if the Chyle had been good, it would have been turn'd into good Blood, which the Cachexies, they are brought into, evince that it was not.

Phil. No Faults of all our Oeconomy can leſs conceal themſelves from us, than thoſe of the Stomach; the leaſt of them are ſoon perceptible, either by Vomiting, Pain, Belches, Tenſions, Grumbling, Laxity or Denſity of the Belly; and you may depend upon it, that where none of theſe Symptoms appear, the Stomach duly performs its Office. We can ask no more of the Stomachick Ferment, than that inſinuating itſelf into the Pores of our Aliments it diſſolve the Contexture of them, and make them into ſuch a Pulp, as being afterwards mix'd with the Gall and Pancreatick Juice, ſhall ſuffer its fineſt Parts by the Periſtaltick motion to be tranſco-

lated through the Glandules of the Inteſtines into the Lacteal Veſſels: This is all that belongs to a good Chylification, which may be done, and yet the Chyle be unfit to make good Blood, if the Aliments are improper; the Stomach is only to be conſider'd as a good Cook, who may dreſs every thing to the beſt Advantage, but cannot make the Fleſh of a ſtarv'd old Cow ſo nutritious, as that of a young well-fed Heifer. If the Food, when we eat it, is not endued with a great many balſamick, ſpirituous, or what we call nouriſhing Parts, the Blood cannot receive them from it, how well ſoever it may be aſſimilated with its Maſs.

Miſom. But if the Blood be ſo poor and void of Spirits, that no ſufficient Quantity can be ſeparated from it to ſerve the ſeveral Functions that require them, How comes it that the Brain does not ſuffer firſt of all by this Scarcity? Why is the Soul her ſelf not ſenſible of it? For it is very probable that the very act of Thinking, in which you ſay ſo many of the fine Spirits are employed, would be immediately interrupted, or at leaſt impair'd by ſuch a general Want of them, which yet we don't perceive it is.

Phil. We muſt believe that it is in the animal Government as it is in all others;

whatever Poverty the Country endures, the Court has always Plenty, and very rarely is deſtitute of Neceſſaries. It is reaſonable to think, that the Soul, who has ſuch a great Command and is ſo arbitrary over the Spirits, will have them (if they are to be had) for her own immediate Uſe; and conſequently the Brain, where ſhe keeps her more particular Reſidence, ſhall be the laſt Place in all the Body that wants them; and yet this often happens in hyſterick Women, when any thing extraordinary diſturbs them; for upon the leaſt Violence, that hurries any Quantity of Spirits another way, the Brain remains unſupply'd, as is manifeſt from their fainting Fits, in which the Act of Thinking is always more or leſs impair'd.

Thus I have ſhewn, that the Want of Spirits in hyſterick Women may often be imputed to their Diet; in which the Generality of them commit ſo many Errors. But beſides theſe, their idle Life, and Want of Exerciſe, likewiſe diſpoſe them to the Diſeaſe; but above all, the innumerable Diſorders, which upon account of the menſtrual Flux, and the whole *Uterus*, they are ſo often ſubject to,

Miſom. If the Chyle be but nutritious, and the Blood is ſtock'd with Spirits, they will be ſeparated from it in a ſufficient

Quan-

Quantity to ſupply the ſtomachick Ferment: So that as long as they take care of having good Food, according to your Notion, it will be well digeſted, and the Blood will continue to abound with nutritious Parts: The Conſequence of which muſt be; that thoſe Women can have no Defect in their Spirits, unleſs they are waſted by ſomething extraordinary, whatever Diſtemper they may otherwiſe labour under.

Phil. This perhaps might follow from what I have ſaid, if the Paucity of the Spirits was the only Fault that could attend their Maſs. For tho' we don't know, as I have ſaid already, what Particles that incomprehenſible Mixture conſiſts of, yet it is certain, that the Spirits may be peccant in Quality as well as Quantity; and by reaſoning *à poſteriori* we are ſure that they muſt have a *Craſis*, Tone and Elaſticity belonging to them, as well as the Blood. When People in Health by ſome Accident ſuffer a great Loſs of Blood, the Veſſels are quickly repleniſhed, and the Blood as to its Quantity is ſoon reſtored, but the Quality of it is not ſo eaſily recover'd; The ſame may be ſaid of the Spirits, and the conſtitutive Parts of them; it is poſſible that the Body may abound with both, and yet each of the Mixtures,

by being deſtitute of ſome neceſſary Particles or Qualifications, be very imperfect. The Muſcles and Tendons in Women may conſiſt of the ſame Number of Fibres, and be as much extended with Spirits, as they are in Men; and yet how vaſt is, generally ſpeaking, the Difference of Strength that is between them? This without doubt depends only upon the Elaſticity of the Spirits; Women are not of that robuſt Conſtitution as Men are, they are ſooner offended by, and more impatient of, Heat, Cold, and other Injuries; they have not that Conſtancy, Reſolution, and what we call Firmneſs of the *Mind*, which yet the Mind has nothing to do with: For tho' Grief, Joy, Anger, Fear, and the reſt of the Paſſions, make greater Impreſſions upon them, and ſooner diſcompoſe their Bodies, yet the Qualifications, in which we excel them, are only owing to a certain Tone and Diſpoſition of the Spirits, and no ways related to the Soul. Their immortal Subſtance is without doubt the ſame with ours, and it is only the Body in which we differ: We are of a ſtronger, but they of a more elegant Compoſure, and Beauty is their Attribute, as Strength is ours: Their Frame, tho' leſs firm, is more delicate, and themſelves more capable both of Pleaſure and of Pain, tho' endued with leſs Conſtancy of

bearing

bearing the Exceſs of either, generally ſpeaking. This Delicacy as well as Imbecility of the Spirits in Women is conſpicuous in all their Actions, thoſe of the Brain not excepted: They are unfit both for abſtruſe and elaborate Thoughts, all Studies of Depth, Coherence and Solidity, that fatigue the Spirits, and require a Steadineſs and Aſſiduity of thinking; but where the Advantages of Education and Knowledge are equal, they exceed the Men in Sprightlineſs of Fancy, Quickneſs of Thought and off-hand Wit; as much as they out-do them in Sweetneſs of Voice, and Volubility of Tongue.

Miſom. I believe, with you, that the Tone and Elaſticity of Spirits in Women are weaker than they are in Men; but if their Tenderneſs and Imbecillity diſpoſe them to be Hyſterick, Why does it not the ſame in Children, in whom the Contexture is yet more infirm?

Phil. To anſwer this, I muſt divide the hyſterick Women into two Claſſes; a Diſtinction, which tho' it is very obvious in Practice, and as material to the Knowledge of the Cauſe in each, is yet generally overlook'd by Phyſicians. There are Women, in whom, beſides the Frequency of Fits and the Diſorders of the Nerves, to which they are ſubject without any viſible Cauſe, we may diſcover many Symptoms of Indigeſtion,

that are familiar to them, even when the Paroxyſm is not upon them: Theſe are the Hyſtericks of the firſt Claſs. But then there are others, that being to all appearance in perfect Health, upon ſome Accident of Grief, Paſſion, Surprize, immoderate drinking, *&c.* are thrown into convulſive Fits; theſe Women as ſoon as the Fits are off are well again, and almoſt ſure that they'll never have any more, unleſs ſome new Violence diſturb them afreſh: Theſe, ſeveral of which have not a Fit in many Months, others are Years without them, and ſome have but one or two in all their Lives, I call Hyſtericks of the ſecond Claſs.

After this we'll examine, how much the Imbecility of the Contexture of Spirits in Women contributes to the Cauſe in either. Firſt, that it renders them all obnoxious to what is the immediate Cauſe of the Diſorders in the Functions of the Brain and Nerves, or both, I mean a Confuſion of the Spirits, is as evident, as that the weaker an Army is the ſooner it is routed. But beſides this Confuſion of the Spirits to make the Diſtemper habitual, and render Women Hyſterick of the firſt Claſs, there is requir'd, and always obſerv'd, another Antecedent Cauſe, that is able to bring about the Confuſion I ſpeak of, without the

Aſſi-

Aſſiſtance of any external Violence, and that is the Deficiency of the finer Spirits, which the Stomachick Ferment ſuffers by, whereof I have ſaid ſo much: To the producing this Effect, the Imbecility of them is likewiſe ſo far acceſſary, that where there is any thing to exhauſt the Spirits, the Weakneſs of their Contexture occaſions it to be ſooner accompliſh'd; and the leſs Force ſerves to diſſipate and deſtroy them: One Hour's intenſe Thinking waſtes the Spirits more in a Woman, than ſix in a Man.

Having thus demonſtrated how far the Weakneſs of the Spirits diſpoſes Women to the hyſterick Paſſion, let us now ſee, what Effect the ſame Cauſe muſt have upon Children. From what I have ſaid it is plain, that it cannot make them Hyſtericks of the firſt Claſs; becauſe the fineſt Spirits can hardly ever be deficient in them: For in the firſt Place, if we examine whatever may conſume them, we ſhall find that they commit nothing to exhauſt them. The Action of Thinking is but very imperfect in them, whilſt they are very young; and even when they grow up, they are ſo diverted, and continually employed by the Glut of new Images, which the Senſes are always crowding in upon them, that it is impoſſible they ſhould think long on one thing; and the Organs of Generation not

per-

performing their Functions yet, nothing is conſum'd that Way; ſo that their Stomachs can never want: and it is very reaſonable to think, that proportionably greater Quantities of the finer Spirits are employed about their Ferment, than in adult Perſons, which is likewiſe agreeable to all the Obſervations we can make of the moſt obvious *Phænomena*.

The ſecond Cauſe, from which I ſaid the Deficiency of Spirits might proceed, is likewiſe ſeldom found in Children. The nouriſhing Diet commonly provided for them, their ſound Sleeps and florid Blood; but above all their ſharp Appetites and quick Digeſtions, ſo manifeſt from the Frequency of their Meals and Stools, leave us no room to doubt, but that in their tender Age the Spirits are more copiouſly ſeparated into the Brain, than they are at any time after ———

Miſom. I am anſwer'd as to the firſt Claſs; But ought not the Weakneſs of the Contexture of the Spirits, which, without the Concurrence of any other internal Cauſe, renders all Women more or leſs liable to become Hyſtericks of the ſecond Claſs, as ſoon as any Violence offers, have at leaſt the ſame Effects upon Children, in whom it is more conſpicuous?

Phil.

Phil. If you would have given me Leave I was a going to tell you, not only that it ought, but likewiſe that it has; this is the Reaſon why Children are ſo much troubled with Fits. In them they are generally the Fore-runners of the Small-Pox, and Attendants on many other Fevers: Vaſt numbers of Infants are afflicted with them, not only upon Diſcraſies of the Blood, but likewiſe upon the leaſt Diſturbance of their inward Oeconomy; and Boys as well as Girls, of five or ſix Years old, and upward, are often Epileptick, 'till the Years of Puberty, when the Contexture of the Spirits growing more firm they are cured by Nature, without the Aſſiſtance of any Phyſick. The Fits I now ſpeak of, I know are not call'd Hyſterick, but they proceed from the ſame Original, and without that Imbecility of the Contexture of the Spirits, Children, nay Infants, as well as the Women, which I call Hyſtericks of the ſecond Claſs, would be no more ſubject to Fits than Men.

Miſom. Your Obſervations on the various Contexture of the Spirits, pleaſe me extremely; but when you ſpoke of Women, and the Elegancy of their Frame, I thought that I heard you ſay, that among other things they exceeded the Men in off-hand Wit, where the Advantages of Education

tion and Knowledge were equal. Wit, according to your own Definition in the active Senſe, is *an Aptitude of the Spirits, by which they can nimbly turn to and dexterouſly diſpoſe the Images received:* This Aptitude is not adventitious, but the Gift of Nature; then what are Education and Knowledge to Wit, which every Body knows is not to be taught?

Phil. More than is commonly imagin'd: For it is evident, that the Aptitude of the Spirits, which you call a Gift of Nature, is no more ſo, than the Aptitude of the Organs of Speech, and that both are only to be attain'd by Imitation and Practice. Of this we ſee a thouſand Inſtances every Day in Infants, before they have yet learn'd to Speak or Think diſtinctly; in whom it is ſo viſible, that ſtriving to imitate the Actions of others by degrees they model their manner of Thinking, as well as that of Speaking, by what their Senſes communicate to them of the Thoughts and Words of thoſe they converſe with. What Nature can beſtow conſiſts only in the Formation and Quickneſs of Parts, the reſt of the Aptitude depends wholly upon Uſe and Example. (*a*) *A teneris aſſueſcere multum eſt*, is as true of the Manner of Thinking, as it is of any thing elſe. *Miſom.*

(*a*) *To uſe our ſelves to things from our Youth is of great Moment.*

Miſom. Would you give all to Education, and allow nothing for Birth? Is that of *Horace* all Fiction?

(*a*) *Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis;*
Eſt in Juvencis, eſt in equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Phil. You leave off too ſoon.

(*b*) *Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,*
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

Horace does not lay greater Streſs upon the Birth of *Druſus*, than upon his Inſtitution under *Auguſtus Cæſar*. It is demonſtrable from the great Reſemblance between Children and Parents, not only in the Lineaments and Features, but Temper and Diſeaſes, that ſome of the Spirits that are mix'd with the Seed muſt contain many things that are of an incomprehenſible Nicety; yet whatever it be, it can only be-

(*a*) *The Royal Bird of mighty* Jove
Never brought forth a timorous Dove.
To valiant Fathers, valiant Sons ſucceed;
Thus Bull from Bulls deſcend, and martial Horſes breed.

(*b*) *Yet the beſt Blood by Learning is refin'd,*
And Virtue arms the ſolid Mind.
Creech's *Tranſlat.*

long

long to the Formation of the Parts, and the little it can influence the finer Spirits, may be ſoon over-rul'd by the force of early Example, as we may learn from the ſame *Horace*, in his admirable Compariſon between Youth and a new Earthen Veſſel.

(*a*) *Quo ſemel eſt imbuta recens ſervabit odorem*
Teſta diu ——

If we could ſo exactly judge of the Gifts of Nature, as to chuſe two Children of equal Parts, that (if you will) ſhould likewiſe be of the ſame Parents, of which the one ſhould be brought up at Court in Crowds of witty People, and the other in the Country among a few ſtupid Peaſants, it would quickly convince us, that the greateſt part of what we call Wit is adventitious, and not natural: but how inſenſibly we copy after and model our ſelves, both as to Thoughts and Actions, by thoſe we converſe with, is evident from the innumerable Cautions all Moraliſts have given againſt Evil Company.

(*b*) *Corrumpunt bonos mores colloquia prava,*

(*a*) *A new Earthen Veſſel retains long the Flavour it is once imbued with.* (*b*) *Evil Communications corrupt good Manners;*

is

is a Saying of that Veracity, that tho' a Heathen Proverb, St. *Paul* himſelf has not ſcrupled to give it a Place among the Oracles of Eternal Truth. So much for the Aptitude of the Spirits; as to the ſecond Part of the Definition, the dexterouſly diſpoſing the Images received, there is no doubt, but the Aptitude of doing this would be very inſignificant, or at leaſt of little Uſe, where the Brain has not received a great many of thoſe Images, in which, and the Retention of them, it is certain that Knowledge conſiſts.

The brighteſt Parts then ſtand in need of Education and Knowledge, before the Operations of their Brain can produce what we call Wit; and it is commonly owing to the two latter, that the firſt are render'd conſpicuous; for how little we are to expect from the Briskneſs and Agility of the Spirits, without the Aptitude of them, and a ſufficient Stock of Images received, is plain from what we may frequently obſerve in the wild roving Expreſſions of ſprightly Children, in which there are often found a great Vivacity of Genius, Ignorance, and Abſurdity all at once.

Miſom. The Reaſon, why I have made you ſay ſo much on account of the Hyſterick Paſſion, is that a Daughter of mine is miſerably afflicted with it, and She is the Patient

I hinted

I hinted to you Yesterday. She is forty Miles off; but my Wife, who is very much troubledwith Vapours herself, will give you an exact Account of her Distemper. She told me, that as soon as she could dispatch the two Ladies you saw at Dinner, she would come up to us; in the mean time I desire you would look upon some of these *Recipe's.* —— All these are purging: When first of all I began to be Costive, this did me abundance of good.

℞ *Pulpæ passular. minor.* ℥ij. *arcan. duplicat. Mynsicht.* ℥i. *Salis Armon. depurati* ℈ij. *flaved. cort. citri, aurantior recent. aa* ℥ss. *Misce & c. s. q. Elect. amar. minor. s. Elect.*

This would serve me for eight or nine times taking; and when it was too gentle, I have sometimes taken the following *Bolus* with Succes.

℞ *Calomelan. gr.* xij. *Diagrid. gr.* viij. *Res. Jalap. gr.* vj. *Elect. lenit. Syr. e sp. c. ana q. s. ut f. Bol.*

At last I grew weary of *Bolus's,* and often took this Potion.

℞ *Passular.*

℞ *Paſſular. minor.* ʒij. *Coquantur in aquæ lib.* ij. *& Colaturæ ferventi adde fol. Sennæ* ʒſs. *Cremor. Tartari* ʒi. *Sem. fœnic. aniſ. contuſor. ana* ℈ij. *Colat. adde Syrup. Roſac. Solutiv. C. Hellebor.* ʒij. *m. f. Apoz.*

Of this I took a Wine-glaſs full twice a-day; and ſometimes inſtead of the Currants I had it made with Prunes. Sometimes I had a fancy for Powders. Among theſe you'll find the *Pulvis Cornachini*, and the *Pulvis Baſilicus.* Here is a Preſcription I took but once.

℞ *Diagrid. Cremor. Tartar. Sal. ejuſdem ana gr.* x. *m. f. Pulv. ſumend. ex vehicul. quovis innoc.*

It work'd tolerably well, but I remember it was very nauſeous; and ſo are the two former: The Smell of *Diagridium* is very offenſive to me. This *Apozem* I have taken ſeveral times; I like the working of it very well, but there is too much of it. I hate a Slop of above a Quart in one Morning.

℞ *Aq. Strathamenſ.* ℔ iv. *coque ad conſumpt. dimid. ſub finem addendo Zingiber. Sem. Carvi ana* ʒi. *Colat. adde Mann. opt.*

opt. ʒi. *Aq. Cinam. fort. Sal. mirab. G. ana.* ʒfs. *m. f. Apoz.*

After all, *Senna* is a fine Medicine: This Potion has ſeveral times work'd with me, when nothing elſe would. You'll ſay it is not under-doſed.

℞ *Infuſ. Sen.* ʒiv. *Elix. Salut. Syr. e ſpina c. ana* ʒi. *m. f. pot. p.*

All theſe are Cathartick *Bolus's* and Potions that I have made uſe of, when my Body refus'd to obey the more gentle Medicines: I can recommend but few of them, becauſe they generally put me to great Miſery; what I have the leaſt to complain of was,

℞ *Magiſt. Scammon. Jalappæ ana gr.* x. *Cremor. Tartar.* ϑi. *Sal. Jovis gr.* iv. *Trochiſc. alband. gr.* i. *Miſce & c. ſ. q. Diaprun. lenitiv. f. Bolus, ſumen. mane ſuperbibendo pot. ſeq.*

℞ *Baccar. Juniper. lauri ana* ʒi. *Semin. fœnic. aniſi, Carvi ana* ϑij. *Fol. ſennæ* ʒij. *Coquantur in aquæ fontan.* ℥x. *& colatur.* ʒvj. *adde Syr. roſac. Solutiv. de ſpina Cervina ana* ʒfs. *f. pot.*

This for ſome Years never fail'd of purging me, and injur'd my Bowels leſs than

than other Preſcriptions ſeemingly more artful; but this, as all other Purges, that ever I try'd, as ſoon as it had done working, lock'd up my Body as much as it had been before, and it is above three Years ago, that I have left of all Catharticks: I find far greater Benefit by Emeticks; for beſides that they always eaſe the Pains in my Stomach, and lower Belly, I have obſerv'd that the Stools they procure are leſs offenſive to my Bowels, than the beſt of Catharticks. I have taken all manner of Vomits, gentle and ſtrong; from *Carduus* Poſſet to the *Helleborus albus*. Sometimes I have fancy'd the *Aſarum*, and have made uſe of it both in Subſtance and Infuſion; but neither that, nor the *Oxymel ſcylliticum*, *Decoctum digitale*, *Ipecacuana*, or any other Vomit, has done me half the good, that I have conſtantly receiv'd from the Antimonial ones; and having tried all of them, I now ſtick cloſe to that old-faſhion'd Emetick, the Antimonial Cup, or the Infuſion of *Vitrum Antimonii*. This I prefer to the *Sulphur auratum Antimonii*, the *Regulus Antimonii martialis*, *Crocus metallorum*, *Mercurius Vitæ*, or any Emetick Preparation whatever, of that excellent Mineral.

Phil. It is beyond Diſpute that the Antimonial Vomits taken by way of Infuſion exceed all the reſt, and are as ſafe as any;

which has made me often wonder, how there could be so much Ignorance in so great an Assembly of Physicians, as that of the *Facultas Medica*, at *Paris*, which consisting of an hundred and twenty Members, did not only forbid the Use of, and by a publick Decree banish from the Common-wealth of Physick, all antimonial Infusions as poysonous; but likewise made a great Bustle to have this wise Decree confirm'd by Parliament, as at their Request it was done in the Year 1566.

Misom. But a hundred Years after they grew wiser; for the same Faculty of Physick had it repeal'd in the Year 1666, when they made another Decree, by which they voted antimonial Infusions very safe, and useful, as you may see in the *Ephem. Galliæ.*

All these were Prescriptions to waste or lessen my Milt; for about eight Years ago I had a hard Swelling near the lower Orifice of my Stomach, and being perswaded it was my Milt, all the Medicines I took were directed that way; nay, once I thought that I found a great deal of good by this.

℞ *Specier. diacum.* ʒi. ℔ *Depurati, Rad. Pirethri ana* ℈i. *Ol. dest. Cumini gt.* iij. *M. f. Pulv. pro tribus dos.*

I found

I afterwards found, that this Medicine, except that it has the Addition of the *Radix Pirethri*, is the ſame as the *Diaſpoliticon Galeni*, by which *Bartholetus* ſays, that he has cured ſo many hypochondriacal People. Here's another Preſcription of *Galen*'s, by the Uſe of which, he ſays, the Milt of a Pig was conſumed in three Days time, as appear'd by its being open'd.

℞ *Fruct. Erucæ* ʒiv. *Piperis albi. Nardi Syriac. Gum. Ammoniac. ana* ʒij. *Arida tundantur & cribrentur, ammoniacum aceto ſcyllitico diſſolvitur & pulveri additum cogitur in trochiſcos, qui fiunt drachmæ pondere, danturque ex aceto mulſo ad drachmam.*

I tried it a Fortnight, but without the leaſt Succeſs: for the Swelling rather encreas'd and grew harder, which made me conclude, that either mine was not the Spleen, or elſe that *Galen*'s Medicine was only good for Hogs. The Method that cured me then was this; I had a Fomentation applied to the Place affected three times a-day, for a Week, and after that a Plaiſter; twice a-day I took a *Bolus* out of ſome medicated Wine, and within a Month the Hardneſs and Swelling both were removed, and I found my ſelf much better. Theſe four, except two or three Purges, were all the Preſcriptions I follow'd.

℞ *Rad. altheæ, hyper. ana* ℥ij. *Cort. rad. Cappar. chamædr. ana* ℥i. *Fol. Tamariſc. Puleg. Calaminth. ana m.* i. *Semin. Lini, Fœnugræc. Aniſ. ana* ℥ ſs. *Coquantur in Cereviſiæ illupulat.* ℔ vi. *Aceti* ℔ ij. *f. Decoct. pro fotu. quocum quam callidiſſime fomentetur pars affecta ad minimum bis indies.*

℞ *Gummi ammoniaci, Galbani, Bdellii ana* ℥ij. *Sperm. Ceti* ℥i. *Sem. Cumini, rutæ ana* ℥ſs. *Picis naval. Ceræ flav. ana q. ſ. Diſſolvantur gummata cum aceto & ſ. a. f. Emplaſt.*

℞ *Rad. Zedoar.* ℥ ſs. *Cort. rad. hellebor. nigri, cappar. tamariſc. aurant. ana* ℥ i. *Summitat. abſynth. Ceterach. ana* ℥ ij. *Sem. Agni Caſti* ℥iſs. *Chalyb. præp.* ℥ vi. *Flor. ſalis ammon.* ℥ i. *M. & C. S. Q. Syr. abſynth. Compoſ. f. Elect. cujus Doſ.* ℥i. *bis indies ex* ℥ iv. *vini ſequentis.*

℞ *Limaturæ Martis* ℥ iv. *Rad. enul. Camp.* ℥ij. *Raphan. ruſt. Gentian. ana* ℥ i. *Cort. Winteran.* ℥ vi. *Cinnamon.* ℥ ſs. *Macis* ℥iſs. *Ceterach. m.* ij. *Calaminth. m.* i. *Salis Tartar.* ℥ ſs. *Vini albi gallic.* ℔ vj. *Macer. per dies octo.*

A Year or two after I had ſeveral other ſorts of Chalybeat Wines preſcrib'd me.

In

In this the Quantity of Steel is much leſs than it is in the former.

℞ *Herb. Abſynth. m.* ij. *centaur. min. m.* i. *Cort. Rad. Hellebor. nigr.* ℥ij. *Polypod. quercin. Cort. fraxin. tart. albiſſ.* ℥ſs. *Limatur mart.* ℥iij. *Spir. Sal. dul. gr.* xxv. *Infunde frigide in Vini alb. Gall.* ℔ v. *dies* iv. *Doſ.* ℥iv. *bis indies.*

This I thought did me good. I have likewiſe found great Benefit in a Decoction and Electuary, preſcrib'd me by an eminent Phyſician.

℞ *Rad. Lapath. acut.* ℥i. *Chelid. major. Sarſaparill. ana* ℥ ſs. *Fol. Scolopend. m.* i. *Flor. geniſtæ m.* ſs. *Coque in Aq. ferrar.* ℔. ij. *ad dimid. & cola.*

℞ *Cort. Peruv.* ℥ ſs. *Rad. helleb. nigri, Zedoar. ana* ℥ij. *Ebor. pulver. Oculor.* ℈. *Corallor. rubr. Salis abſynth. ana* ℥i. *Conſerv. abſynth. q. ſ. M. f. Elect. cujus capiat* ℈iv. *ſuperbibendo Decoct. præſ.* ℔ ſs. *bis indies.*

Here is a Chachectick Powder, which I took for ſix Weeks together, Mornings and Nights.

℞ *Martis pp.* ʒij. *Oculor.* ℈. *Corallor. rubr. ana* ʒi ſs. *Rad. Pirethr. Sal. nitri ana* ʒi. *Charyoph. Macis ana* ʒ ſs. *M. f. Pulvis, doſ.* ℈ij. *ex hauſtu decocti ceterach. in aqua ferrariorum.*

I never found any thing of greater Efficacy againſt the Sour, and Wind in my Stomach, than what I read to you laſt, and I would never have left it off, but that I imagin'd it bound me up; after that I remember I made uſe of this abſorbent Electuary.

℞ *Conch. pp.* ʒiij. *Oculor.* ℈. *Lapid. hæmat. ana* ʒi ſs. *Croci Martis aper. Chryſt. mont. Bol. Armen. Antimon. Diaphor. ana* ʒi. *M.* & *C. S.* ℥. *Conſerv. flor. geniſt. f. Elect. cujus doſ.* ʒi. *bis indies.*

This likewiſe did me good; but I am now of ſuch an unhappy Conſtitution, that not only aſtringent, and emplaſtick Medicines, but likewiſe Teſtaceous Powders, and all *Oſtracodermata* make me Coſtive. Laſt Winter I had a very ſtubborn Pain in my Bowels, that at laſt gave way to theſe Preſcriptions.

℞ *Rad. Angel.* ʒi. *Fol. rutæ p.* i. *lauri* N° vi. *Flor. Chamom. p.* ij. *Coqu. in ſ. q. aquæ*

aquæ font. & colat. ℥viij. *adde Vini Antimonial.* ℥i. *Salis gemmæ* ℈ij. *Trochiſc. alhand.* ℈ſs. *M. f. Clyſma.*

℞ *Myrrh. Elect. Succini flavi ana gr.* viij. *Caſtor gr.* vj. *Salis vol. Ammon. gr.* iv. *Ol. Macis gr.* ij. *conſerv. Aurantior.* ℥ſs. *Laudan. Londin. gr.* i. *M. f. Bolus qui propinetur ex* ℥iv. *decocti ſequentis, & repetatur quartâ quâque horâ.*

℞ *Flor. Verbaſc. Chamomill. Hyperic. ana m.* ſs. *Baccæ Juniper, Lauri ana* ℥ij. *Sem. Fœnic. Aniſi ana* ℥i. *Aquæ fontan. Vini Malvat. ana* ℥xij. *C. & f. Decoct. pro vehiculo Bol. præſcript.*

I took the *Bolus* immediately after the *Clyſter*, and repeated it twice before I was eas'd. ——— The next is a Preſcription that I have recourſe to when the Pains in my Head are violent, *poſt longam alvi Conſtipationem.*

Radatur caput, & applicetur Emplaſtr. Vigon. c. Mercurio, & de Betonica a. q. ſ. ad integrum caput, facie excepta, tegendum, Detur clyſma ſequens.

℞ *Ol. lini rec.* ℥x. *Trochiſc. alhand.* ℥ſs. *Salis gem.* ℈ij. *M. f. Clyſma, poſt operationem*

rationem cujus propinetur Vomitor. ex vini antimon. ℥i. *Quo peracto,*

℞ *Culebar.* ℈i. *Caſtor. gr.* x. *Salis volat. ſuccini gr.* v. *Balſ. paralyt. q. ſ. ut f. Bolus.*

℞ *Raſur. Saſſafr. Serpyll. Majoran. Betonic. ana m.* i ſs. *Flor. Roriſmar. Lavendul. pug.* ij. *Infunde in ſ. q. aquæ comm. & hujus colaturæ* ℥iv. *adde Tincturæ Melampod.* ℥ ſs. *Spir. Vitriol. Philoſoph. gt.* v. *Syr. de Stœchade* ℥ ſs. *M. f. Julap. pro vehiculo Bol. præſcript. repetend. quartâ quâque horâ.*

This I have tried ſeveral times, and always with Succeſs as for that Part; but very often as ſoon as the Pain is gone out of my Head it returns into my Bowels; ſo that inſtead of curing the Diſtemper I only force the Symptoms of it to another Place.

Phil. Moſt of the Bills you have read are judiciouſly writ, and the chief Ingredients of them enter all the Preſcriptions that are generally recommended in your Diſtemper, by the moſt eminent Phyſicians of *Europe*, but the Intricacy of——

Miſom. With your Leave, *Philopirio*, we ſhall break off the Diſcourſe we are upon for

for a quarter of an Hour. —— Here comes my Spouſe, who will give you an account of the *Hyſterick* Caſe I told you of.

Polytheca. You Gentlemen of Learning make uſe of very comprehenſive Expreſſions; the Word *Hyſterick* muſt be of a prodigious Latitude, to ſignify ſo many different Evils, unleſs you mean by it a Diſeaſe, that, like the Sin of Ingratitude, includes all the reſt: Whoever cures me, I am ſure muſt encounter with half a ſcore Diſtempers at once; for beſides the Head-ach, which I am hardly ever without, I am always either troubled with the Cholick, a Pain in my Back, that reaches quite up to my Shoulders, or elſe a trembling at my Heart, that as it goes off leaves me ſo weak and faint, that I am forced to ſit down, and can hardly keep upright in my Chair. Sometimes my Spirits are oppreſs'd of a ſudden with an unaccountable Sadneſs, and I feel a great Weight at my Heart; at the height of this Anxiety I am often ſeiz'd with ſuch terrible Fits of Crying, as if I was to be diſſolv'd in Tears, by which yet I am generally reliev'd. Whilſt I was a Child I was always very weakly, but about my Fourteenth Year I began to alter much for the better: I married at Seventeen, and enjoyed a great Share of Health many Years after: I had ten Children before I was Thirty,

Thirty, but none ſince: When I was big with the laſt I had a Fall from a Horſe, which ſo much diſorder'd me, that every Body thought I ſhould have miſcarried, yet I went out my Time, but had a very ſevere Labour; and a worſe Lying-in than ever I had undergone before: Since that I have had abundance of Illneſs, which in tract of Time has ſo ruin'd my Conſtitution, that theſe eight Years laſt paſt I have never been well for two Days together. The leaſt Cold, which I am very apt to catch upon every Occaſion, in Summer as well as in Winter, makes my Head ready to ſplit; and any thing of Anger, Vexation, Diſappointment, or ſudden Noiſe, has the ſame Effect. 'Tis incredible, how watchful I am forced to be over my Temper and Behaviour; for I am not only influenced by Sorrow and Surprize, but even Mirth will diſcompoſe me; nay, I am ſo weak, or at leaſt ſo ſenſibly touch'd by all that happens, that when any thing is ſaid or done much to my Satisfaction, it often ſets my Back a working, and makes me tremble for a conſiderable time, and I am almoſt afraid of being pleas'd. I ſeldom have any Appetite, and what Nouriſhment I take is more out of a Senſe I have of my Duty to feed my Body, than any real Deſire to eat; but if at any time I make a tolerable Meal, it is a great Chance if I don't bring

bring it all up again. No body certainly has a colder Stomach than my ſelf.

Miſom. I believe ſo too, or elſe the hot Things you are continually a taking would have burnt it up before now.

Polyth. I cannot help your reflecting upon me for it; but I am well aſſured, that if I ſhould neglect my ſelf, and was to paſs but half a Day without ſome Cordial or other to keep up my Spirits, the Wind would ſo over-power and ſtrangle me, that I ſhould not be able to live.

I have always been of a gay Temper, ever holding up my Head as long as I was able, and as ſoon as the Violence of my Diſtemper abates, or my Pains are but tolerable, I know that my Countenance is ſo deceitful, as to make People think I am in perfect Health; but this Fraud of my Looks, inſtead of comforting me, adds as much to my Miſery as the greateſt of my Sufferings; for never complaining but when I am extraordinary ill, I am ſeldom regarded before I am ready to die. The Variety of Symptoms I am haunted with, and the ſhort Remiſſions that ſucceed them, are all conſtrued to my Diſadvantage; whenever I diſcover a quarter Part of what I feel, my whole Diſtemper is counted a whimſey, and I have the Mortification into the Bargain, of paſſing for Fantaſtical, in the midſt

midſt of ſo many real Evils. I never dare ſpeak of Vapours, the very Name is become a Joke; and the general Notion the Men have of them, is, that they are nothing but a malicious Mood, and contriv'd Sullenneſs of willful, extravagant and imperious Women, when they are denied, or thwarted in their unreaſonable Deſires; nay, even Phyſicians, becauſe they cannot cure them, are forced to ridicule them in their own Defence, and a Woman, that is really troubled with Vapours, is pitied by none, but her unhappy Fellow-ſufferers, that labour under the ſame Affliction.

I am no more fond of Phyſicking than other People; but Neceſſity has no Law; and you may reaſon as you pleaſe, but I ſhall never be perſwaded that any thing is prejudicial to me, when by the Uſe of it I always receive an immediate Benefit, and am at Death's Door whenever, to humour others, I try to leave it off.

Miſom. I have no mind, my Dear, to deſtroy the good Opinion you have either of the Medicines you take, or *Pharmenio* the judicious Apothecary, that ſo plentifully provides them, and did not imagine you wanted any other Advice for your ſelf; I thought, as the Doctor knows, that you only intended to conſult him about your Daughter.

Polyth.

Polyth. Neither have I any other Deſign. *Pharmenio*, whom you are pleaſed to call Judicious in Jeſt, is a skilful Man of great Experience, that underſtands my Conſtitution thoroughly; he is of Opinion that I am incurable, I have heard the ſame of eminent Phyſicians; yet he has the Patience to weigh my Complaints, or at leaſt the Goodmanners to hear them, and ſeldom fails of giving me Eaſe, even when I am at the worſt; which is what others, that boaſt of greater Learning, either could not, or would not do; ſo that I ſhould think my ſelf unwiſe to leave him. ———

As to the Reaſon, Doctor, why I ſpoke ſo much at large of my Ailments, it was firſt for my own Information; for tho' Exceſs of Grief, for the Loſs of Children, of which I have buried Seven, and other ſurpriſing as well as ſorrowful Accidents, have made me often faint away, yet I never was troubled with Convulſions or any other Fits, that return'd periodically, which are the greateſt, if not the only Grievance my Daughter complains of; and therefore, hearing by every Body, that her Caſe and mine have but one common Name, and are both called Hyſterick, I would have asked you, how two Diſtempers, that are of ſuch different Symptoms, and have ſeemingly ſo little

little Affinity with one another, could come under the ſame Denomination.

Beſides, I thought that the Knowledge of my Illneſs, and what firſt occaſion'd it, might be of Uſe to you in tracing that of my Daughter, becauſe it is ſhe that is the Child, which I told you was my laſt, for whom I am to ask your Advice. This latter indeed was the chief Motive that made me ſay any thing of my ſelf, and without it I would not have troubled you with ſo much impertinent Stuff of my own; for my Ailings I know are very trifling, at leaſt in ſome People's Opinion. But as to my Daughter ———

'Tho' I had a miſerable Time of her, as I told you already, and a great deal of Illneſs after it, yet the Girl, as ſhe was very well when born, ſo ſhe continued healthy, and was a fine thriving Child. She bred her Teeth with abundance of Eaſe, and did run alone ſooner by a quarter of a Year, than any Child I ever had; about her fifth Year ſhe had the Small-pox, which were very favourable to her, and I think ſhe has had two or three Fits of Sickneſs beſides that were not very conſiderable, which were all the Illneſs that attended her 'till ſhe was eleven Years old; when about the Middle of *Auguſt*, having eaten a great quantity of Mulberies for two or three Days together, ſhe was taken with a Scowring,

Scowring, which being ſtopt two or three times return'd as often, and laſted 'till the latter end of *September*. She had hardly been well of it a Week, but ſhe was ſeiz'd with a *Quartan* Ague: After eight or nine Fits, that ſhook her very much, by great Perſuaſion ſhe took the Bark, and was cured; within a Month by taking Cold ſhe relaps'd, and having had four or five Fits more, rather worſe than the former, by uſing the ſame Remedy ſhe got rid of it the ſecond time; but ſtill neglecting to repeat the Bark as ſhe ought to have done, it always came again and again, and held her off and on near two Years; at the end of which, from a plump well-look'd Girl, ſhe was become a mere Skeleton, and had no more Colour than this Apron. Five or ſix Months before her Ague left her, her Appetite, which hitherto had been good, declin'd viſibly, and ſhe began to complain of a ſwimming in her Head, which daily increaſing, in a ſhort time came to ſuch a height, that often, unleſs ſhe caught hold of ſomething, it would throw her down. She was Thirteen when I ſent her into *Northamptonſhire*, where ſhe had not been a Week, but ſhe loſt her Ague. In leſs than two Months I heard, that ſhe was much mended, and had a very good Stomach; ſhe had lived there near a Twelvemonth, and I made no queſtion but ſhe was

perfectly recover'd, when she writ me word, that she was grown very tall; but that since the Giddiness in her Head, which she formerly used to complain of, had left her, instead of it she had now and then been troubled with fainting Fits, that lasted several Minutes; adding as an Excuse for her not acquainting me with it sooner, that the Fits coming upon her but very seldom at first, she thought that as her Strength encreas'd they would have worn off, but that finding them to become more frequent, and grow worse every Day, she thought it her Duty not to conceal it from me any longer. I sent for her up immediately, and wanted for no Advice: Being now grown wiser her self, she was very willing to take whatever was order'd her, and followed abundance of Prescriptions, but found no manner of Benefit by any thing for many Months, and her Fits continued a long time very afflicting to her: When they held her but a little while, they came very often, and she had sometimes five or six of 'em in a Day; but if they stayed away longer than ordinary, they were more lasting; and before that Winter was expired, she has lain in them eight or nine Hours, and been sometimes a whole Day, before she could be brought to her self again.

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As ſoon as the Seaſon was come, I ſent her to the *Bath*, which together with the Medicines ſhe took there gave her great Relief, and every body thought her Fits had left her; but this Happineſs was of no long Continuance, for in leſs than a quarter of a Year, and at times, ſhe has been as bad ſince as ever ſhe was before. They were uncertain, without keeping to any Period all along; but now ever ſince laſt *Michaelmas* ſhe has had them conſtantly once a Month. The Fits ſhe had at firſt of all uſed to give her little or no Warning, and then the Moment they went off ſhe had a ſtrange ſort of Taſte in her Throat, that ſhe could not compare to any thing ſhe knew: But ſince that, before they take away her Senſes, ſhe feels a great Oppreſſion at her Stomach, a grumbling in her Bowels, and ſomething, ſhe ſays, riſes up in her Throat, that is ready to choak her, which is preſently follow'd by a Shortneſs of Breath; ſhe complains likewiſe, that ſomething rowls about her Belly as big as both her Fiſts, and ſhe breaks abundance of Wind.

But the uncertain Fits ſhe had before, differ'd very much from the Periodical ones ſhe has now every Month; in the former, when they were at the worſt, ſhe was as cold as Clay, her Cheeks were pinch'd in, her Noſtrils drawn together, and with her

Eyes ſhut, and a livid Paleneſs ſpread all over her, ſhe lay ſo motionleſs, that we could hardly perceive her to breathe, and often thought her dead: From them ſhe recover'd with ſighing, after which ſhe open'd her Eyes, then yawn'd and ſtretch'd, and with her Senſes, her Warmth return'd by degrees.

In the latter ſhe has hardly any ſuch Symptoms: The Cold, that at the beginning of them ſeizes her, is neither ſo violent nor ſo laſting, and in a little time is ſucceeded by an intenſe Heat, and ſtrong Convulſions: In her Fits ſhe ſweats and is very freſh-colour'd, which out of them ſhe is far from being. She ſhrieks out, mutters between her Teeth, and makes ſeveral ſtrange Noiſes, which once I thought like the crowing of a Cock. When the Strugling ceaſes, and the Fit goes off, ſhe is very ſick, and preſently after it brings up great quantities of a yellowiſh green Stuff, ſo ſharp, that it fetches the Skin off her Mouth. When ſhe has quite recover'd her Senſes, ſhe is ſore all over, and as weary as if ſhe had walk'd ſeveral Miles, complains of great Drought, and remains hot for many Hours after: When all theſe Symptoms have left her, ſhe is ſeemingly well, and has an indifferent good Appetite, 'till within a Day or two again of the next Fit; for then

then her Stomach fails, her Sleep is diſturb'd, ſhe has Cramps in ſeveral Places, and is very much blown up with Wind: All the time between her Fits ſhe never cares to ſtir, yet complains of nothing, but an intenſe Coldneſs, as if there lay a piece of Ice in the back Part of her Head, which I believe I forgot to tell you is what I am often troubled with my ſelf.

Miſom. I always was in hopes as ſhe came to Maturity, that the Fits by degrees would have left her; but I think ſhe is as bad as ever ſhe was; at leaſt I can find no Alteration in her for the better.

Polyth. The Benefit of Nature without doubt would make ſome Change in her, but what diſheartens me moſt is, that ſhe never had the leaſt Sign of it yet, tho' the 25th of laſt Month ſhe was Seventeen Years old. Some will have it that they are not Fits of the Mother, but the Falling-Sickneſs, and that ſhe'll never be cured; others ſay, ſhe is under an evil Tongue; but whether there be any ſuch thing or not I don't know. She has cloſely all along follow'd the Advice of ſome body or other, and gone through ſeveral Steel Courſes. What other Medicines ſhe has taken my Husband might inform you; but that he has ſo much to do with his own Diſtemper, he has not time to mind any body elſe.

Miſom. I never charge my Memory with Particulars of what People take, unleſs I find it does them good. I know that ſhe has had ſeveral Decoctions of Mugwort, Feverfew, Calaminth, Rue, Peony, Penny-royal, and ſuch like, with Baths of the ſame; ſometimes ſhe has taken for a conſiderable time Teſtaceous Powders, and others, with Crabs-Eyes, Red-Coral, Volatile Salt of Tartar, Diaphoretick Antimony, and Bole-Armenick; at other times, Uterine, and Stomachick Electuaries, with Savin, Nutmeg, Myrrh, Saffron, volatile Salts, fœtid Oils, *&c.* ſeveral Sorts of hyſterick Pills; but all to little or no purpoſe. When ſhe was at the *Bath*, and had the longeſt Intermiſſion of her Fits ſhe ever enjoy'd, ſince they firſt took her, I remember ſhe had a *Bolus* preſcrib'd her, which I thought very remarkable, and was

℞ *Cort. Peruv.* ℈i. *Pulv. ſecund. human.* *gr.* x. *Caſtor. gr.* vj. *Croci gr.* iv. *Salis Jovis gr.* v. *M. & c. ſ. q. Conſerv. abſynth. f. Bolus.*

This ſhe took twice a-day in ſix Ounces of a Decoction of Black-Hellebore and Briony-Roots, Penny-royal, Rue and Mugwort; and at the ſame time *in Regione Umbilici*, ſhe wore a Plaiſter of *Galbanum*, *Caracanna*, *Aſa fœtida*, and Oil of *Tacamahaca*. Theſe Reme-

Remedies, tho' ſhe received Benefit from them at firſt, ceas'd to have the ſame Effect upon her, when once ſhe was accuſtom'd to them. What ſhe has made uſe of lately I can't tell; for it is above ſix Months ago, that my Wife has left the whole Care and Management of her to her Apothecary, who I ſuppoſe won't let her want Medicines: He is a famous Man among the Ladies, for making up things very palatable, and a great Lover of keeping up the Spirits. I never yet examined any liquid that came from his Houſe, but it taſted of Wine or of Brandy.

Polyth. I know theſe things are chargeable, and wiſh with all my Heart, that neither your Daughter nor my ſelf had any Occaſion to put you to ſo much Expence.

Miſom. I don't ſpeak of the Charge; neither would I grudge any thing that is neceſſary for the meaneſt Servant I keep, much leſs for my Wife and Children, *Polytheca*; but I think it is an odd Fancy that People muſt have half their Diet out of the Apothecary's Shop. Can Wine or Brandy become more Cordial by being call'd Alexipharmick, or receive any Sanction by being balderdaſh'd with two or three ſorts of Simple Waters, that are equally inſipid, tho' not half ſo clear, as what you may have

either from the Pump or the Sky? Or do you think that a candy'd Syrup of two Years ſtanding, becauſe it comes out of a Galley-pot, that has a fine Label on the outſide, tho' perhaps it is mouldy within, and cover'd with Furr of an Inch thick, is more wholeſome to ſweeten any thing with, than double refin'd Sugar, that won't ſtand you in half a quarter of the Money?

Polyth. To be ſaving, I believe, is a great Virtue; but I think it is no where ſo unſeaſonable as in the Recovery of ones Health; as to the Goodneſs of Medicines, I am well perſwaded, that no body has better, or is more nice in them, than *Pharmænio*; but Phyſick, I know, *Miſomedon*, is a Chapter that you and I ſhall never agree about. — Pray, Doctor, your Opinion of my Daughter: What muſt I call her Diſtemper, and may I ever expect to ſee her cured?

Phil. As to the Name, Madam, there's no manner of doubt but your Daughter's Caſe, as well as your own, tho' they differ much from one another, are both Hyſterick. This Diſeaſe manifeſts it ſelf not ſo much by any peculiar Signs, which are never found in any other Diſtemper, as by the Complication of a great many, ſeveral of which are likewiſe obſerved in other Diſtempers; but a Perſon is properly enough ſaid to be Hyſterick, who has four or five:

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Otherwiſe the Catalogue of Symptoms belonging to it is ſo large, that it is impoſſible one Woman ſhould have them all: For, beſides the Complaints you have mention'd, Hyſterick People are frequently troubled with an exceſſive Pain on the Top of the Head, in ſo ſmall a Compaſs that a Shilling would more than cover it. Some have hard Swellings in the Face, Hands, Arms, Legs, and Thighs; others ſpit as copiouſly as if they were in a Salivation for Weeks together. As to Fits, ſome are ſeiz'd with violent Coughs; others with Hickups; and abundance of Women are taken with Convulſive laughing. There are Fits that have ſhort Remiſſions, in which you would think the Woman was going to recover, and yet laſt many Hours. Some are ſo ſlight, that the Patients only loſe the Uſe of their Legs and Tongue, but remain ſenſible; others again are ſo violent, that thoſe who are ſeiz'd with them, foam at the Mouth, rave and beat their Heads againſt the Ground; but whether they reſemble an Apoplex, or are only fainting, or ſeem to be Epileptick, they all come under the Denomination of Hyſterick, if the Patients are ever afflicted with any of the other Symptoms already mention'd, eſpecially the ſtrangling in the Throat (from which the Diſtemper has its *Latin* Name, and is call'd

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in *Engliſh* the Suffocation of the Womb) and the Coldneſs in the back Part of the Head; both or either of which (notwithſtanding moſt Phyſicians tell us that the Hyſterick Paſſion has no *Pathognomonick* Signs, that is ſuch as are peculiar to this Diſtemper and no other) I have always obſerv'd Hyſterick Women complain'd of at one time or other.

My *Prognoſticks* on your Daughter's Affliction are theſe. What you ſay diſheartens you, gives me the greateſt Hopes of her Recovery: For tho' the hot Periodick and Convulſive Fits ſhe has now, are generally counted very obſtinate, and more difficult to be overcome, than the cold uncertain ones without Motion, which ſhe had before, when both are abſtractly conſider'd in themſelves; yet if we examine the Stock they ſprung from, and the Time in which they conſtantly return, we ſhall find, by ſeveral Circumſtances, that Nature, who ſtruggles with the Diſtemper, has already gain'd upon it, and points at the Relief ſhe wants to compleat her Conqueſt; wherefore if the Lady's Youth and Strength be prudently aſſiſted, I am of Opinion, Madam, that ſhe'll certainly be cured. In order to it, in the firſt Place, I would for one Month preſcribe a Courſe of Exerciſe, and no Medicines at all.

Polyth.

Polyth. A Courſe of Exerciſe! and no Medicines at all!

Miſom. Yes, my Dear, a Courſe of Exerciſe, and no Medicines at all —— I think it is very good Engliſh; tho' I confeſs, ſuch Language never came from an Apothecary's Mouth, nor from a Phyſician's neither, that was twice recommended by an Apothecary, and therefore I ought not to think it ſtrange if you don't apprehend it ſo readily.

Polyth. You are very pleaſant, *Miſomedon.* But how come the Apothecaries in? Or muſt you have a fling at them right or wrong? Sure there are honeſt Men among them, as well as there are in all other Callings.

Miſom. So there may, for ought I know; tho' no People of any other Calling lie under ſo great a Temptation of being otherwiſe; for if an Apothecary's Buſineſs be Selling of Medicines, and you commit a Patient to his Management, it is plain to me that he is left to himſelf to ſell him as many as his Conſcience will allow of, and is not this to lead him into a vaſt Temptation? Certainly the People that truſt to their Advice muſt be either Fools, or think that the Apothecaries are *Saints.* Pray tell me what Grocer, Druggiſt, Linnen or Woollen Draper, Mercer, Gold-ſmith, or other Tradeſman of the moſt reputable Employment, you can name,

would

would you put that Confidence in, that he ſhould ſell you as much of his Commodity as he thought you wanted? It is a Truſt not to be repoſed in Mortals. They have a whole Shop full of Medicines, of which a great many too are in danger of being ſpoil'd, and would you imagine, they won't diſpoſe of them, and vent as many as they can? Ought not every body to promote his Trade?

Polyth. But, good *Miſomedon*, may I not ſay the ſame of Phyſicians that give their own Phyſick? *Philopirio* is not much obliged to you, for the fine Harangue you have made.

Miſom. There is a vaſt Difference between Phyſicians and Apothecaries; for in the firſt place, all Phyſicians did originally furniſh their Patients with what now they only preſcribe, 'till growing weary of the Trouble they gave over that Branch of their Employ to others; but the Apothecaries were only deſign'd to be their Servants, and cook whatever they ſhould order; and when there is no Phyſician to preſcribe, there is no more occaſion for an Apothecary, even in an Hoſpital, than there is at Church for one to pull the Bellows when the Organiſt is out of the way. Therefore if a Phyſician has a mind to give his own Medicines, he only reſumes what his Predeceſſors left off either

either out of Pride or Lazineſs, and you can only blame him for medling with what is thought to be beneath him; but an Apothecary that preſcribes, commits an unpardonable Crime; becauſe he encroaches upon his Maſter, and undertakes what is infinitely above him.

Polyth. But all this is nothing to the Truſt, you ſay, is repoſed in their Honeſty: Why is there not the ſame Danger of being overburden'd with Phyſick from a Phyſician that finds his own Medicines, as there is from an Apothecary that preſcribes them himſelf?

Miſom. Becauſe he has not a quarter of the Opportunity. A Phyſician don't come but where he is call'd, and, generally ſpeaking, is never ſent for but when People are very ill, who have always done with him as ſoon as they are tolerably well again: He does not haunt your Houſes with impertinent Viſits, under Pretence of which he can vent his Medicines among ſome or other of the Family: But an induſtrious Apothecary never waits 'till you are ſick, if you are a good Cuſtomer, and a Well-wiſher to Phyſick; for either he makes a frivolous Errand to enquire after what is his only Grievance, your Health, or elſe comes as if he thought you had loſt your Almanack, officiouſly to put you in mind of the Approach

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of either the Spring or Fall; and having no other Deſign than to ſell his Ware, tells you perhaps ſome diſmal Accidents that befel ſuch, as being in perfect Health, neglected at thoſe Seaſons to diſturb their Bodies with violent Medicines.

I hope, Madam, you are convinced that Phyſicians, tho' they adminiſter their own Phyſick, have leſs Opportunity than Apothecaries of ſcattering it among the People, eſpecially ſuch as only apply themſelves to the Cure of one Diſtemper; ſo that what I ſaid could be no Reflection on *Philopirio*: and believe me, *Polytheca*, 'tis Madneſs to truſt any Tradeſman with ſuch an unlimited Authority of, I can't ſay ſerving, but ranging over a whole Family.— I have known an Apothecary in an idle Afternoon go to a Perſon of Quality's, where they made uſe of him. There happen'd to be no body at home but Children and Servants, who from the higheſt to the loweſt were all in perfect Health: If here he came for Buſineſs (you'll ſay) he was diſappointed; but you are miſtaken: the courteous Gentleman with an engaging Familiarity accoſts every Servant in the Houſe, and puts off a Purge to the Cook, a Vomit to the Butler, a Box of Pills to one of the Footmen, and a Pot of *Lucatellus* Balſam to old Nurſe. The Children abſolutely refuſing to take any Phyſick,

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at leaſt inwardly, he coaxes the little Maſter into the uſe of a charming *Dentrifice*, and a ſweet-ſcented *Collyrium* to rinſe his Mouth with after it, that ſhall preſerve his Teeth, and make them look like Ivory, tho' he was to eat nothing but Sugar and Sweetmeats all Day long; to pretty Miſs he'll ſend a Lotion for her Hair, and a Paſte for her Hands, that ſhall render the one as bright as Silver, and the other whiter than Snow; with a Beauty-waſh for their Maid, that aſſiſted in the perſwading of them. The affable Gentleman has every Body's good word: The Children are pleas'd, the Servants commend him, my Lady is obliged to him; and Ten to One but the firſt Opportunity of driving that Way, her Coach ſtops at his Door, and ſhe thanks him for the Care he took of her Family in her Abſence.

Tell me, pray, if a Fiſhmonger, or Poulterer ſhould go to a Cuſtomer's Houſe after Dinner, when the Maſter and Miſtreſs were abroad, adviſe the Servants, the one to a fine Salmon, the other to a Dozen of Turkey-Poults, and ſend them home accordingly, Would you not think them very impudent Raſcals? Yet the firſt is equally guilty with the latter, their Crime is the ſame, and all ſold their Commodity where they knew it was not wanted; with this Difference, that the Apothecary got more Money

by

by the Trifles that coſt him little or nothing, than either the Poulterer or Fiſhmonger, by ſubſtantial Dainties of real Value.

Polyth. What ſome poor Fellows might do I don't know; but there are a great many rich Men among the Apothecaries, that would ſcorn the little Tricks you talk of. As to the great Difference you make between Phyſicians and them, I am no Judge of it; neither can I tell to which of them the Maſterſhip belongs; but I am credibly inform'd that the latter could buy the former over and over, and that the Diſpute was between a Company of wealthy Men, and a Society of Beggars. As to the Apothecary I truſt to, he is none of the vulgar ones; *Pharmænio* is a Man of Subſtance, that has kept his Coach many Years.

Miſom. So had the Baker you turn'd off laſt Winter, becauſe none of us could eat his Bread. A Coach is a very weak Proof of a Man's Honeſty, that comes up from Nothing by buying and ſelling in a Trade, where Knaves have a great Latitude. Your Daughter has had the Advice of eminent Phyſicians that could do her no good; *Pharmænio* has all along made up the Medicines, yet after them he takes her in hand himſelf, and without percieving the leaſt Alteration

ration ſends her Loads of Medicines, Week after Week (becauſe he is not contradicted) as much as ſhe can ſwallow: I don't think a Man of extraordinary Probity would continue this for ſo many Months, in a Diſtemper, of which he muſt be conſcious, that he knows infinitely leſs, than thoſe that have tried their Skill upon her already to no purpoſe.

Polyth. This is your old Story; that Apothecaries don't underſtand Phyſick; but I could never ſee the Impoſſibility, why an Apothecary that applies himſelf to it, ſhould be leſs capable of attaining to the Knowledge of it, than any body elſe. All the Preſcriptions go through their Hands, they make them up, ſee the Effect of them, and are with the Patients, as much, if not more than the Phyſicians themſelves; as for Reading, ſure they may have Books too; and unleſs there is a Charm in the word *Univerſity*, that inſpires People with Knowledge, I am told that as for publick Diſſections, Hoſpitals, Phyſick-Gardens, and other things that are neceſſary to the Study of Phyſick, a Man may meet with three times more Opportunity of improving himſelf that way in *London*, than either at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. I know there are ſtrange hidden Qualities in the Air, the Soil, and the Water, and have often heard that ſome

Places yielded Cheeſe, others Butter, that could not be made ſo good any where elſe, tho' they had the ſame Kine, and to all appearance better Paſture; I believe the ſame of Brewing, tho' they have the ſame Malt; but it is the greateſt Myſtery to me in the World, that it ſhould be the ſame with the learning of Arts and Sciences, tho' they have the ſame Opportunity. Therefore, pray, *Philopirio*, let me have it out of your own Mouth, what is the Reaſon, that a young Gentleman of four or five and twenty, who has lived ſeven or eight Years at *Oxford*, as ſoon as he comes hither, ſhould be allowed to know more of ſick People, than a Man of above fifty, that has daily convers'd with them in and about this populous City, and been in good Buſineſs for twenty five or thirty Years together.

Phil. I muſt beg your Pardon, Madam, if I don't ſtudy a Reaſon for what I don't believe my ſelf: I am altogether of your Opinion; and an Apothecary that, being well-vers'd in Anatomy, Oeconomy, and the Hiſtory of Diſeaſes, has ſeen the Practice of able Phyſicians, and daily converſing with ſick People made judicious Obſervations of his own, for twenty or twenty five Years, I would defer as much to in matters of Phyſick, tho' he had never been

been ten Miles out of *London*, and was wholly ignorant of Languages, Poetry, Logick, Philoſophy, and every Branch of the Mathematicks, Arithmetick not excepted, as I would to the moſt Learned Profeſſor, that had practis'd the ſame time either at *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *Leiden*, *Montpellier*, *Altdorph*, or any other of the moſt famous Univerſities for Phyſick in Chriſtendom.

Miſom. This is prevaricating, my Dear. *Philopirio* has no mind to diſoblige the Apothecaries any further, than by adminiſtring his own Medicines, and therefore refuſes to come to the point; he is in the right, that he would defer a great deal to ſuch an Apothecary as he deſcribes: And if he had added Botany, and the Preparation of Medicines, he might have ſaid the ſame of a Hoſier or a Haberdaſher of Small-wares; the Queſtion is not, what ſuch an Apothecary deſerves, but where he is to be found, or at leaſt what Probability there is that any of them ſhould be ſo qualified, or take ſuch Pains, when they have other Fiſh to fry. When a Man is out of his Time, has a Shop to look after, Servants to mind, Acquaintance to ſeek, and perhaps a Miſtreſs to court, or a young Wife to pleaſe, and a Family to maintain by his daily Profit; What Leiſure or Inclination can you ſuppoſe he will have,

not only to begin, but go through a prolix, laborious Study, to which by his Trade he is as great a Stranger as a Colour-Grinder to the Art of Painting? For if without any Skill in Anatomy, and the Hiſtory of Diſeaſes, which *Philopirio* ſpoke of, he pretends to jump into Practice, he is never to be truſted; and, tho' he had ſeen thouſands of Patients, and ten thouſand Preſcriptions, is really as impudent, as (to keep up to my Simile) a Colour-Grinder, that without any Skill in Drawing would pretend to manage a Pencil. The one may ſee the firſt Strokes chalk'd out, prepare the Colours himſelf, and afterwards ſee his Maſter at Work: The other hear the Patients examin'd, make up the Medicines himſelf, and obſerve their Effects; yet neither of them, without being firſt inſtructed in the various Rules, as well as firſt Rudiments, of the reſpective Arts, ſhall enter into the Skill of either the Phyſician, or the Painter, tho' they look'd on them 'till Dooms-day. What Pity 'tis the Imitations of both cannot be equally expos'd to view; that the unskilful Management of the one might be as conſpicuous, as would be the ridiculous Dawbing of the other.

Polyth. I am glad you are pleas'd with your own Diſcourſe; but otherwiſe there is

is no arguing with you; for you never keep to your Text. Inſtead of giving a Reaſon why it is better to have Medicines from a Phyſician, than an Apothecary; you talk of the Probability of what People would do, or would not do, when they ſet up for themſelves. I don't underſtand the Rules and Rudiments you ſpeak of, but if they are not at leiſure to learn them when they are out of their Time, they do it without doubt whilſt they are in it; or elſe what do they ſerve it for? Are not Apothecaries, as well as Phyſicians, all along brought up to Phyſick?

Miſom. Yes, to bray it in a Mortar, but not to preſcribe it. As to the Reaſon you ſpeak of, I did not queſtion but convincing you, that the Phyſicians had not the ſame Opportunity of putting off their Medicines upon all Occaſions, had been a ſufficient one; I did not tell you, they were honeſter than the Apothecaries, and yet ſomething ought to be allowed for Principles and Education: Even in the Choice of a Footman, I would make a Difference between one, that had lived for ſeven or eight Years in a Biſhop's Family, and another that had ſerv'd the ſame time among the Pickeroons, or the Pirates of *Madagaſcar*; but without making Devils of the one, or Saints of the other, to judge impartially of the Morality of both;

let us take a view of the Difference that is between them, both as to the Parts that are given them, and the Stages they act upon, in order to capacitate themſelves for their ſeveral Employments.

A Phyſician is brought up among Gentlemen, and from the moſt early beginning of his Studies is treated, and every way encouraged to behave himſelf as ſuch: He has the Advantage of paſſing his Youth, where Wit, Learning, and Good-manners are in greater Eſteem, and the baſe Thought of Lucre more deſpis'd than any where elſe; and, whatever may afterwards debauch the Principles of his generous Education, he is ever taught to direct his Labours to a noble End, the Godlike Office *of reſtoring the Afflicted.*

An Apothecary commencing with the ſervile Drudgery of a Foot-boy, is bred in a paultry Shop, which by his Labour he is firſt made to clean, and afterwards to furniſh. If he be not a Natural, by comparing together the ſupine Negligence of his Maſter in the diſpenſing of Medicines, which he leaves to his Servants, and the uncommon Pains he takes in the diſpoſing of them, in which he is wholly employed himſelf, he ſoon enters into the main Drift of his Trade, and before he is out of his Time, he is not only made perfect both by Precept, and Example,

ample, in all the insinuating Tricks and other vile Artifices in vogue among ordinary Retailers, but likewise imbued with the barbarous, as well as sordid Craft of pinching on the one hand the industrious Wretch, that, for want of Employ, attempts to live by Simpling; and squeezing on the other an unreasonable Profit from the pitiful Halfpenny of the most Necessitous.

Polyth. You are very impartial, I must confess, in giving every thing the worst turn your Wit will let you, in speaking of the one; and setting a handsome Gloss upon all that can be said in Commendation of the other, without a Syllable of the Debaucheries of Youth, and the many ill Examples they meet with at the Universities, that the World is so much convinced of.

Misom. Indeed, Madam, you wrong me: I have exaggerated nothing, nor made any Hyperbole in the Account I have given of either; and the Reason that the Physician's Education has an agreeable Aspect, whilst that of the Apothecary looks a little upon the dismal, is, because every thing one meets with in the first is commendable, and there is nothing handsome belonging to the latter. If I had touch'd on the dissolute Lives of some Reprobates at the Universities, and mentioned either *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, What must I have said of *London*, that in

Corruption of Youth exceeds all the Univerſities in Chriſtendom? But I had no other Deſign, than to hint at the different Habit each of them muſt have acquired, as to Meanneſs or Generoſity of Spirit, from the Maſters that taught them, and the Stations they were bred in; and had no mind to meddle with the Vices, that either of them might be perſonally guilty of: To blacken the one, I could have ſpoken of the Badneſs of Medicines, and their undermining of Phyſicians; and if I would have favoured the other, I muſt have traced them both from their Childhood, Infancy and Birth, and ſhewn the Difference, that is generally obſerved as to Circumſtances and manner of living between People, that can afford their Children Univerſity Learning, and others that are forced to put them out to a Trade, that may be followed with little; for there is no doubt, but the Minds likewiſe of Children are even in their tender Years differently influenced, by either the creditable Plenty of the one, or the ſneaking Scantineſs of the other.

Polyth. There is no heed to be given to what you ſay; for at other times I have heard you rave worſe at the Phyſicians, than now you rail againſt the Apothecaries; and I am perſwaded, that, if you had a mind to change Sides, you would ſoon find Matter

for

for Satyr on the firſt, and Panegyrick on the latter.

Miſom. Not as to Education; it is impoſſible.

Polyth. I am ſure you would firſt of all have ſaid, that the Apothecaries are brought up Scholars, and laid a mighty Streſs upon their underſtanding *Latin*, the Language you have ſuch a Value for; in the Second — but the beſt of it is, they ſtand not in need of your Praiſes, more than they do in fear of your Laſh: The Generality of the World pays a great Deference, to them in relation to Phyſick; their Advice is made uſe of, even in noble Families, with Applauſe; many of them are eminent Men, and in thoſe paultry Shops (as you call'd them with ſo much Spleen) they get abundance of Money.

Miſom. That's what all other Dealers complain of, that they get ſo much Money by laying out ſo little: As to the eminent Men they have among them, they are only ſo in reſpect to others of the ſame Trade that are not, and what can be ſaid of that is no Compliment to the whole, as I ſuppoſe you deſign'd it; for there is no Calling or Occupation without: There are eminent Barbers, and without doubt eminent Coblers, but that is nothing to the Credit of their Employment. The Dignity or Repute of Trades is not derived from the

Riches

Riches of private Perſons, that are of them; but the Excellency of one Trade above another is only calculated by, and altogether depends upon, the Sums of Money given with Apprentices, and the Stocks that are required to ſet up in thoſe Trades: And in regard of either, they can hardly be reckon'd among the Shopkeepers of a middle Rank, at leaſt they are many degrees below the better ſort of them; and all the Eminency they can boaſt of is, that for fear they ſhould over-run the Country, they are obliged, before they can be made free, to a Year's Servitude longer than other Mechanicks.

But to come to their *Latin*, which you think I ought to lay a great Streſs upon, becauſe I eſteem it; I muſt inform you, that it is with the underſtanding of that Language, as it is with having an Eſtate; there are ſeveral degrees of it: Some People have a ſmall Income, they can hardly ſubſiſt upon; others are well to paſs, and can live handſomly; a third Claſs are very Rich; and above them there are Men of Princely Revenues: The Eſtates, the Generality of Apothecaries poſſeſs in *Latin*, are of the loweſt degree.

Polyth. How then come they to underſtand the Phyſicians Bills ſo readily, that are all writ in *Latin?*

Miſom.

Miſom. The Body of a Bill is only compos'd of Medicines they have in their Shops, and contains nothing but the Names of what they ſell: The only Difficulty they can meet with lies in the Directions at the Bottom, which being commonly very ſhort, and ſtudiouſly made, as little intricate as poſſible, are eaſily underſtood by the pooreſt Scholar; yet I have ſeen them puzzle even a Wholeſale Apothecary, when by Inadvertency the Phyſician has made uſe of a more elevated Style, than ought to be writ in to thoſe Latiniſts; as to the Words themſelves, let them be never ſo hard, they have a Dictionary for them; which is as conſtant a Shop Companion as the great Mortar, tho' not ſo much in ſight; ſo that their Buſineſs does not require them to underſtand *Latin* in greater Strictneſs, than Freeholders are obliged to be Men of Eſtates.

Polyth. Nay, *Miſomedon*, I remember, that formerly I have heard you complain you could make nothing of thoſe Bills; ſo that they muſt be either more difficult, than you talk of, or elſe the Apothecaries are better Scholars than your ſelf.

Miſom. I confeſs, that before I knew any thing of Phyſick I did not underſtand them; but this was not for want of *Latin*, but becauſe I was yet unacquainted with their Short-hand, a few Heathen Characters they have

have borrowed from the Aſtrologers and Chymiſts, and ſome abominable Terms that the Phyſicians, in behalf of the Apothecaries, are obliged to uſe, that the Meanneſs of the Ingredients may be concealed from the People that are to pay dear for them.

Phil. But give me leave to tell you, that you put a wrong Conſtruction upon what is done with a good Intent. A great many Patients are either too nicely ſqueamiſh, or elſe unreaſonably ſcrupulous; and if the Preſcriptions were to be underſtood by every body, ſome might have a Prejudice, others an Averſion, againſt Medicines, that yet are of great Vertue; and therefore inſtead of making uſe of their plain *Latin* Names, they are forced to wrap up ſeveral things, either in *Greek*, or elſe a Circumlocution; ſo they call a Toad *Phyſalus*, Quick-ſilver *Zibach*, and the *Peruvian* or Jeſuit's-Bark, *China Chinæ*, *Pulvis Patrum*, &c.

Miſom. That Excuſe may paſs upon thoſe that know no better; but what Prejudice have People againſt White-wine, that in *Bates*'s *Pharmacopæa* it muſt be called *Leucænus*. If the Obſcurity was only invented for the purpoſe you mention, it would be commendable, and I would not take it amiſs, that they ſhould call old Cheeſe *Palætyrus*, and Dog's-turd *Cynocropus*, becauſe a great many People have an Averſion to both; but

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can you ſay the ſame of Bran, or Spring-Water, that the one muſt be call'd *Leptopityron*, and the other *Hydropege*, and twenty other things that are as innocent, and almoſt as cheap as either of them, and yet induſtriouſly diſguis'd under hard Terms, that a Stranger to their Cant, tho' he is the beſt Latiniſt in the World, can never underſtand, unleſs he is likewiſe a good *Græcian*, and ſomething of a Conjurer beſides? What Reaſon can Phyſicians have for writing *Confectio Fracaſtorii*, for that which formerly they conſtantly call'd *Diaſcordium*, but that the Name of *Diaſcordium* is known by every body? by which it is plain that all the Harm to be fear'd from theſe things being underſtood, reſpects the Apothecary, and not the Patients. If you ask for a Drachm of any Electuary, and two or three things more, ſingly, the Apothecary ſhall perhaps not have the Impudence to demand above Six or Eight Pence for all of them, tho' then he gets half in half; but if by the Phyſician's Order, in Phyſical Characters, they are put together, and divided into two *Boluſſes*, he'll not only ſet you down a Crown for them, but give the Phyſician an ill Name if he ſhould order them to be taken in Ale, Wine, Tea or any thing that you are not oblig'd to have out of his Shop; becauſe he hinders him from ſelling, where

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it might handſomly be done, two *Vehicles* for three Shillings, that, with the Phials that hold them, ſeldom ſtand him in much more than ſo many Pence.

But if you think I don't do them Juſtice, pray, my Dear, give your ſelf the Trouble of reading this little Book, where the Myſtery of compound Medicines, as to their intrinſick Value, is very handſomely unfolded: It is the Work of an eminent Phyſician, Dr. *Pit*, who, for the Good of the Publick, has ſhewn the vaſt Difference between the prime Coſt that Simples are bought at from the Druggiſts, and Herb-women, and the extravagant Rates they are ſold at by the Apothecaries, when they have diſguis'd them in Mixtures of ſpecious Titles. It is very diverting, and a Treatiſe of that Uſefulneſs, that no body, who deals much with Apothecaries, ſhould be more without, than Merchants and others that have Buſineſs at the Cuſtom-houſe, and employ a great many Porters, Carmen, *&c.* ought to be without the Book of Rates.

Polyth. It may be ſo, but I have other things to mind. ——— Oh the tormenting and throbbing Pain I feel in my Head! This Minute my Brains are a boiling, and if there were half a dozen of Trunk-makers at work under my Skull, I don't think I could be ſenſible of more Noiſe and Beating

ing than I am. I can ſtay no longer. What Directions you leave with my Huſband, or elſe in Writing, my Daughter ſhall punctually obſerve. I beg your Pardon, *Philopirio*, for my Rudeneſs, but I am forced to withdraw. Oh! the Miſery of —

Phil. I am afraid you have diſobliged your Lady, and made her leave us much ſooner than otherwiſe ſhe would have done.

Miſom. How ſtrangely can a Diſtemper alter People for the worſe! She was once the gayeſt-temper'd and moſt obliging Woman in the World, and now ſhe nothing but thwarts and contradicts me: I did expect it would put her into the *Vapours*, if I ſpoke more againſt the Apothecaries than ſhe could anſwer.

Phil. (*a*) —— *denique te ipſum*
Concute. ——

Whilſt you ſpeak of your Lady's Diſtemper, and the Change it has made in her, I doubt you forget, that you have likewiſe one of your own, of which you have confeſs'd the ſame; it could not be to pleaſe her, that with ſo much Eagerneſs you ſnatch'd at every Opportunity of ſpeaking againſt the Apothecaries; and indeed, in my Opinion, you have been too ſevere upon them. If they

(*a*) *At laſt look into and examine your ſelf.*

were

were all as careful of providing good Medicines, as I know ſome are, the Dearneſs of them might well be borne with.

But it is a general Obſervation that the beloved Theme of all *Hypochondriaci* is Satyr; which I know is worth nothing, unleſs it bites.

Miſom. I have charged them with nothing but what is litterally true, and could have ſaid abundance more, if I would have come to ſome Particulars, which if they vex me I ſhall one Day or other acquaint the Publick with.

Phil. You made the Price of *Boluſſes* greater than they are generally charged at; and the Book you recommended, is not only wrote with great Partiality, but ſeveral things in it likewiſe are not true.

Miſom. It is Generoſity in you to be an Advocate for the Apothecaries; for very few of them ſpeak well of *Philopirio.* But let's have done with the Subject: (*a*) *Valeant Pharmacopolæ*, with the (*b*) *Ambubajarum Collegia*, and the reſt of the fine Company *Horace* puts them in. — Pray tell me now, what Courſe of Exerciſe you would have my Daughter go through.

(*a*) *Let us leave, and bid farewell to the Apothecaries.*
(*b*) *Societies of Fidlers.*

Phil.

Phil. Every Morning, as ſoon as ſhe riſes, (which I would have her do before ſix) let her be ſwung for half an Hour, then eat her Breakfaſt, and get on Horſeback for at leaſt two Hours, either gallopping or trotting as much as her Strength will permit her. Immediately after this let her be undreſt, and by ſome Nurſe or other chafed or dry-rubb'd for a conſiderable time, 'till her Skin looks red, and her Fleſh glows all over: Let her begin to repeat the ſame Exercíſes about Three in the Afternoon, and after Supper keep upon her Legs two Hours before ſhe goes to Bed. The Swing I ſpeak of may be made after what manner your Daughter fancies moſt; that which they call a Flying-horſe, makes a very agreeable Motion; but if ſhe be apt to be giddy, ſhe may ſwing in a Chair, or other Seat to which ſhe is faſten'd; otherwiſe a Rope tied with both Ends to a Beam is ſufficient: However ſtrange and abſurd this Preſcription may appear, I can aſſure you that I have ſeen admirable Effects of it.

Miſom. What you recommend is no new thing, it is without doubt (*a*) Πέτεως ἐν ἄνεμα, and conſequently the Swing muſt be either the ſame with, or elſe an Equivalent for, the *Petaurus* of the Ancients.

(*a*) *To fly in the Air.*

Phil. I am not much concern'd about either the Name or Original of Swinging, tho' what you ſay of it expreſſes my Meaning very well, and that Motion which reſembles a flying in the Air, is the Exerciſe I require. A great Part of your Daughter's Diſtemper lies in the Brain and Nerves, and I could never meet with any thing ſo innocent, that was half ſo efficacious in ſtrengthening and reviving the Spirits, as the Motion I ſpeak of.

I don't pretend to know any thing of the Seat of *Quartan*-Agues, but Experience teaches us, that where they are of long Continuance, they generally leave Obſtructions of the Lower-Belly behind them. That this was your Daughter's Caſe, is evident from the emaciated as well as chachectick Condition it had reduced her to. Conſidering every Circumſtance, tho' her Ague has left her four Years, and ſhe gain'd Strength ſince, and is grown tall, it is very natural to think, that all the *Meſeraick* Veſſels, the *Glandules* of the *Inteſtines*, and other Paſſages, are not yet entirely clear'd of thoſe morbifick Remainders; and it is certain, that to remove thoſe obſtinate Stoppages (*a*) *in Hypogaſtrio*, there is not a more effectual Remedy than Riding: It is incre-

(*a*) *In the lower Belly.*

dible,

dible, to thoſe that have not obſerved it, what powerful Influence the repeated Succuſſations of a Horſe have upon thoſe Parts, as well to digeſt, as to eliminate whatever crude or otherwiſe peccant Matter they may contain.

The chafing, or dry-rubbing, I ſpeak of, does not only levigate and beautify the Skin, open the Pores, and promote Perſpiration; but likewiſe by quick'ning the torpid Motion of the Blood in the Capillary Veſſels, it enlivens the Circulation of its whole Maſs, attenuates the Lymphatick Juice, and by ſqueezing it through the Fibres of the Muſcles is a vaſt Help to Nutrition.

Miſom. But might not Marriage be as effectual as all theſe Exerciſes?

Phil. Yes; but I never preſcribe an uncertain Remedy, that may prove worſe than the Diſeaſe; for not to ſpeak of the many Inconveniencies the adviſing it often puts People to, (*a*) (*præterquam quod januam aperit nequitiæ*) in the firſt place it may fail, and then there are two People made unhappy inſtead of one; Secondly, it may but half cure the Woman, who lingring under the Remainder of her Diſeaſe, may have half a dozen Children, that ſhall all inherit it. A Phyſician has a publick Truſt repoſed in

(*a*) *Beſides that it opens a Door to Vice,*

him: His Preſcriptions by aſſiſting ſome ought never to prejudice others. Beſides that a young Lady has no Reaſon with the ſame Fortune to expect ſuch an agreeable Match, whilſt ſhe labours under ſo deplorable an Infirmity, as if ſhe was in perfect Health; therefore let her either be firſt cured, and then marry without being injurious to her ſelf, her Husband, or her Poſterity; or elſe remain ſingle, with this Comfort at leaſt in her Affliction, that ſhe is not liable to entail it upon others who ſhould be no leſs dear to her than her ſelf.

I know every thing that can be ſaid of the *Venereal* Ferment, the Power it has over all the Fluids, and the Means that can moſt effectually raiſe it; yet from frequent Obſervation I can aſſure you, not only, that the three Exerciſes I mentioned are jointly of greater Efficacy upon every Part of the Body as to the enlivening it, but likewiſe that the repeated Motions of only the firſt will often quicken and invigorate the Blood in ſuch a manner, as in raiſing the Spirits and mending the Complexion not to be inferiour to the (*a*) *Amplexus Viriles* themſelves.

Without Marriage then you may depend upon it, theſe Exerciſes will aſſiſt and revive Nature, which in your Daughter has

(*a*) *Conjugal Embraces.*

of

of late been fatigu'd and oppreſs'd with Loads of Phyſick. It is obſervable in Spiders, when any thing beſides their Prey falls into their Nets, that diſturbs them, they don't ſtrive to remove it with their Legs, leſt that ſhould more entangle it, but endeavour to get rid of it by continual ſhaking of their Webs, which generally proves ſucceſsful. I have often thought of thoſe Inſects, when I have ſeen the Variety of Motion alone expel heterogeneous Particles, and remove Diſtempers, which Remedies more likely to outward Appearance would have fix'd for ever, and render'd incurable.

If you would be further ſatisfy'd of the Advantages to be expected from the Rules I have now given, ſee what *Sydenham* ſays of Riding, or *inſtar omnium*, read *Fuller*'s (*a*) *Medicina Gymnaſtica*, where the Power of Exerciſe in the Cure of ſome Chronic Diſtempers is ſet forth in much better Language than I ſhall ever be Maſter of.

Miſom. I very much approve of your Preſcriptions, for I naturally hate Phyſick, and have often wonder'd, that all *Gymnaſtick* Rules are ſo wholly laid aſide among us, when it is evident that the Phyſicians of old *Greece*, whom every body owns to have

(*a*) *A Book ſo called, treating of Exerciſe for Health.*

been the beſt, never undertook the Cure of any Diſtemper either Chronic, or Acute, without; tho' conſidering how much the Warmth of their Climate, as well as the Simplicity of their Diet, was beyond that of ours, they ſeem to have ſtood in leſs need of it by far than our ſelves. What *Sydenham* ſays of Riding, I remember very well, and have received Benefit from it more than once my ſelf: The other Author you recommend, I have likewiſe peruſed two or three Years ago; tho' long before that, I had read the learned *Mercurialis*; who, as *Le Clerc* ſays of him, ſearches to the Bottom of thoſe things. *Fuller* has writ in an admirable Style, and I was wonderfully pleas'd with him, 'till I came toward the latter end ——— I'll ſhew you the Paſſage, here it is, *p.* 239. *Suetonius* tells us, *That* Germanicus *was cured of a* Crurum Gracilitas, *as he expreſſes it, I ſuppoſe he means an* Atrophy, *by Riding.*

I would have every body make the moſt of his Argument, but I hate a Man ſhould wilfully pervert the plain Senſe of a good Author, merely to make it ſerve his turn. The matter of Fact is this; *Suetonius* deſcribing the Perſon of *Germanicus*, from Head to Foot, tells us, that in his Youth he had Spindle Legs, but that by frequent Riding, this Defect had been much remedied.

From

From this, what Mortal would ſuppoſe that he had an Atrophy?

Phil. This is a piece of Criticiſm of ſmall Importance, and whether *Germanicus* ever had an Atrophy or not, is very immaterial to the Scope of *Fuller*'s book; I hope ſuch a ſmall Miſtake could never make you diſlike all the reſt.

Miſom. Truly when I had ſeen this I threw by the Book, and took up a Prejudice againſt all I had lik'd before: (a) *C'eſt outrer la choſe*; but I hate to be impos'd upon, and when an Author, to perſwade me, flies beyond what the thing in reality will bear, I have done with him, and the more witty and elegant he is, the more I ſuſpect him: Beſides, I am of *Soſia*'s mind in the *Andria*: (a) *Nam id arbitror adprime in vita eſſe utile, ut ne quid nimis.* Exerciſe, without doubt, is good for ones Health, where People can bear it; but I ſhall never believe that it will cure all Diſtempers, or ought to be preſcrib'd to a Man in a Fever, as *Herodicus* did, who was the firſt that order'd Gymnaſtick Rules by way of Phyſick. Could any thing be more extravagant than what *Plato* relates of him, that he adviſed ſome Patients to walk from *Athens* to *Megara*, which was

(a) *It is running upon Extreams.* (b) *For in my Opinion the moſt uſeful Maxim in Life is, in every thing to avoid Exceſs.*

five and twenty Miles, and as ſoon as they had touch'd the Walls of that City, to come back the ſame Way without ſtopping a Moment? Would ever Mortal expect ſuch a Preſcription from any Body but a Collegiate of *Bedlam?* and yet this worthy Gentleman was the Maſter of *Hippocrates*, that you all make ſuch ado about.

Phil. The chief Inſtruction *Hippocrates* had in Phyſick, was from *Heraclides*, his Father; that he learn'd likewiſe of *Herodicus* is true, but how little the clear-ſighted Pupil follow'd him in the Errors of his Practice, or approv'd of them, may be ſeen in the Sixth Book of *Epidemicks*, where he blames his Maſter for pretending to overcome the Fatigue of Sickneſs with another Fatigue, and ſays, that he had killed ſeveral that were ill of Fevers, by too much walking, wreſtling, and Fomentations. It is beyond Diſpute that *Herodicus* over-did it; but as for *Plato*'s ridiculous Story of him, it is to all appearance, as the learned *Le Clerc* ſays, no more than a Calumny upon him, to expoſe the Phyſicians that preſcrib'd Gymnaſtick Rules.

Miſom. But do you think they will be ſufficient to cure my Daughter of her Fits?

Phil. I don't intend to truſt to them alone. By the time that ſhe has continued

the

the Courſe I have order'd, for three or four Weeks, and her Body is thereby freed from her Load of Phyſick; I ſhall ſee a great Alteration, and from thence be able to judge, what further Remedies are to be apply'd; a few internal Medicines, perhaps, will compleat the Cure; but if her Caſe ſeems to require more, I ſhall beſides them order Baths, Fomentations, *&c.* and perhaps Bleeding or Cupping, according to the Indications I ſhall receive from Nature, (*a*) *quæ quo vergit ducenda eſt*, and by ſuch Management her cachectick Habit will be changed, her Blood exalted, and all the neceſſary Secretions performed: Upon the Eruption of the (*b*) *Catamenia*, her whole Body will be invigorated, her Countenance become florid, and her Fits if not wholly ceaſe, every time viſibly diminiſh, both as to Strength and Duration, 'till Youth and Nature thus powerfully aſſiſted on all ſides, ſhall have entirely triumph'd over the Diſtemper; which (*c*) *ſummo aſpirante numine*, I dare promiſe will be accompliſh'd in a few Months, not only in your Daughter, but any other in the ſame Condition.

Miſom. I wiſh you Succeſs, *Philopirio.* Depend upon it, your Orders ſhall be punctu-

(*a*) *Which ought to be led that Way to which it is inclin'd.*
(*b*) *Courſes.* (*c*) *With the Bleſſing of God.*

ally

ally comply'd with ——— But what muſt I do with my ſelf? The Vomit I took this Morning by your Direction has work'd very well, as I told you before we came up; my Stomach is very eaſy, and I am much leſs diſturb'd with Wind in my Bowels than I was Yeſterday; but this is no more than what I am uſed to: Vomits always relieve me for the preſent.

Phil. I would have you take two more, reſting a Day after each; then, whilſt the Seaſon is ſo favourable, take the Benefit of the Country, and a wholeſome Air. As to Reſt and Exerciſe, follow theſe Rules; Immediately after your firſt Sleep, what time ſoever you may wake, riſe, but never leave your Chamber before the Sun is up; an Hour after take your Diverſion upon ſome gentle, but merry Horſe, which continue as your Strength and Pleaſure ſhall direct you.

Miſom. I believe Exerciſe in the Morning will do me good. (a) *Optimum obſonium labor ſenectuti.*

Phil. The ſame Exerciſe repeat at five in the Evening; and after Riding, both Nights and Mornings, make uſe of a warm Bath, with emollient Roots and Herbs; be-

(a) *A Proverb, importing, That moderate Labour is very wholeſome to Old-age.*

fore

fore Bed-time, walk half an Hour, or longer if you can; the reſt of your Hours, relax your Mind from Cares, but avoid Idleneſs, and never ſuffer a Moment's time to lie upon your hands; be intent upon no one Buſineſs above an Hour, nor follow any Diverſion above two, and let Part of every Day's Employment be contriving how to ſpend every Hour of the next. Let your Diet be nutritious and inoffenſive, and your Cookery be ſimple, natural, and I won't ſay unartful, but not *operoſe*. As for Example, Let your Fiſh be neither ſtew'd nor fry'd, nor your Fleſh be otherwiſe than boil'd or roaſted; and neither of them be previouſly ſalted. If you love Muſtard, the keeneſt, as well as moſt innocent, is that which being baked and pulveriz'd and well-ſifted, is made up with fair Water inſtead of Vinegar.

Miſom. You would not bid me (*a*) *Sinapi victitare*: I am peeviſh and croſs-grain'd enough as it is.

Phil. You'll think this very low and trifling, I know.

Miſom. Not at all. But I can't ſtifle a Proverb, when I am put in mind of it. I deſpiſe no part of Knowledge, and think

(*a*) *To live upon Muſtard: which is proverbially apply'd to thoſe who are of a gloomy, ſour, and unſociable Temper.*

no-

nothing to be low that is uſeful. (*a*) *Zenonium eſt & lentem coquere*; and all Phyſicians ſhould be good Cooks, at leaſt in Theory.

Phil. Beſides Muſtard, make uſe of no manner of Sauces (Salt and Pepper only excepted) but plain Butter for Fiſh, and the natural Gravy for Fleſh. Be content with one Diſh at every Meal, and in the Choice of them conſult your Palate; tho' if you can equally like them, in your Caſe Fiſh is to be preferr'd to Fleſh.

Miſom. I am glad of that, for I am a great Lover of all manner of Fiſh, and have often fancy'd that it agreed with me better than any thing elſe.

Phil. If ſo, I can adviſe you to a Diſh, which tho' cheap, and in *England* unregarded, is for its Goodneſs of ineſtimable Value: What I mean is Stock-fiſh, a kind of Cod that is dried without being Salted.

Miſom. (*b*) *Pro Theſauro Carbones.*

Phil. I expected you would laugh at ſuch a mean, as well as uncommon Preſcription; but believe me, *Miſomedon*, nothing nouriſhes equally with it, that is as eaſy of Digeſtion, as it is. But this is

(*a*) *A Proverb, importing, That the Knowledge of the meaneſt things is not unbecoming a Philoſopher.* (*b*) Coals inſtead of Treaſure. *A Proverb uſed when Men are diſappointed, and get Trifles when they expected great Matters.*

not

not all: It powerfully corrects not only all peccant Acids of the Stomach, but likewiſe the Acrimony of the Blood, and fills the Body with volatile as well as balſamick Juices; the Fiſh I ſpeak of, and Grout or Burgoe, make up almoſt the whole Diet of the *Dutch* Sailors, who are fully as robuſt, and for the generality more healthy at Sea, than thoſe of other Nations that are fed at dearer Rates.

Miſom. (a) *Mira de lente.*

Phil. As to the Reliſh of the Meſs, I own it is not very inviting to them that are Strangers to it; but as it is plain, ſo it is altogether inoffenſive; it has no manner of ill Taſte, and leſs Smell than any other preſerv'd Fiſh: thoſe that don't love it, only complain that it is flat, and inſipid; yet by others that eſteem it (among which I have known many Epicures, and Men of exquiſite Palates) it is counted not only ſavoury, but delicious, and is generally more coveted than any thing elſe, by all that have once been uſed to it, if they are forced to be any conſiderable time without.

Miſom. (b) *De guſtu non eſt diſputandum:* I am no *Dutch-man*; however I could uſe my ſelf to any thing, if it was for my

(a) *A Proverb, made uſe of when vile or mean things are highly extolled.* (b) *There is no diſputing about Taſte.*

Health,

Health, but can't imagine what Rarity there can be in Stock-fiſh: To ſtrong People that are brought up to Hardſhip it may be a ſufficient Diet to keep them alive, and perhaps as harmleſs an Aliment as it is a poor one; but what is that to be compared to the noble Nouriſhment there is in Salmon, Lobſters, Prawns, or well-fed Silver-Eels, provocative Oyſters, or Luxurious Cray-fiſh?

Phil. I agree, with you, that the latter are not only of a more grateful and delectable Flavour, but likewiſe a richer and more powerfully reſtorative Food than the firſt, a thouſand times; but then they are only fit for People, that either are in tolerable Health, or if weak and languiſhing, at leaſt labour not under ſuch a mutinous Habit of deprav'd Concoction as your ſelf. For I have generally found that to thoſe who are much infeſted with Winds, and a vitriolick Sour, the generous Food you ſpeak of is very offenſive, which I have but rarely obſerv'd of the coarſe Meſs I recommended.

It is poſſible that the Salmon, Eels, Oyſters, *&c.* conſiſting of fine, tractable, and altogether nutritious Particles, require (to be converted into a laudable Chyle) a more gentle Ferment than thoſe Stomachs afford, in which being hurried away by the violent Acids that ſurround them, they are for want of an adapted *Menſtruum* turn'd into

into Crudities, and ſo only help to encreaſe the turbulent (*a*) *Saburra* that involves them: Whilſt the Stock-fiſh, in which the Aliment is more allay'd with groſs and terreſtrious Parts, is more able to reſiſt thoſe heterogeneous Acids, and by reaſon of its Viſcidity, not ſo ſoon forced to ſubmit to the ſole Cauſe of Winds, the preternatural Fermentations they meet with.

But I would not have you lay any Streſs upon my ſhallow Reaſonings, which being only conjectural, are liable to be fallacious; this is certain, that *cæteris paribus*, in the Diſtemper we treat of, as to the (*b*) *Ructus*, and other troubleſome Signs of Indigeſtion after Meals, the richer Food ſhall be always more complain'd of than the Poorer. I would not have inſiſted ſo much upon, or troubled you ſo long with ſuch a deſpicable Trifle as this may ſeem to be, if I had not known more than ordinary Effects of this neglected, but admirable Food, both from my own and my Father's Experience, who was likewiſe a Phyſician, and whom I have heard more than once declare, that to the Uſe of it he had often aſcrib'd the greateſt Share in the Cure of Patients, to whom he had adviſed it, in ſeveral Sorts of Cachexies, and even Conſumptions.

(*a*) *Load.* (*b*) *Belches.*

Miſom. I ſhall certainly try it.

Phil. It will be worth your while, depend upon it, if once you can get a liking to it.

Miſom. You ask'd me either Yeſterday or the Day before, whether I had read *Baglivi*: Pray don't you love Stock-fiſh your ſelf?

Phil. I own I do: It is a very delicious Diſh to me.

Miſom. I thought ſo.

Phil. But what Connection is there, I beg of you, between reading *Baglivi*, and your asking me that Queſtion?

Miſom. He has wrote a Chapter, you know, (*a*) *De Idolis Medicorum*; where he tells us, that Phyſicians always preſcribe to others what they like themſelves.

Phil. Believe me, *Miſomedon*, that my preſcribing it to you, had no relation with my Liking or Diſliking it.

Miſom. And believe me, *Philopirio*, I expected no other Anſwer from you. I don't labour to have my Phyſician (*b*) *Confitentem reum*: But don't you think there is ſomething in what *Baglivi* ſays in moſt Phyſicians?

Phil. A great deal, I believe, not only in Phyſicians, but in all Mankind. If Stock-fiſh had not reliſh'd with my Palate, I believe

(*a*) *Of the Idols of Phyſicians.* (*b*) *One that confeſſes himſelf to be guilty.*

I ſhould

I ſhould have ſaid ſomething concerning the Taſte of it. But (*a*) *Homo ſum & humani a me nihil alienum puto.*

Miſom. I muſt take care, I ſee, how I charge a Man home, that is ſo ready to acknowledge his Frailties, as your ſelf. But certainly *Baglivi* had a great deal of Reaſon to complain of this Idol. I have known a Phyſician, who lov'd Wine, that maintain'd the Uſefulneſs of it in a Fever; and another, who never drank any, that allowed his Patients Tea and Coffee even in nervous Caſes.

Phil. It is impoſſible to lay down general Rules for Diet that ſhall not be diſagreeable to ſome People. No *Regimen* of Life can be contriv'd that ſuits every body; nor is there any Food ſo delicious that it pleaſes all Palates. When in your Caſe I told you, that I preferr'd Fiſh to Fleſh, it was with a *Proviſo*, if you equally liked it; and I never preſcrib'd it, before you had inform'd me, that you thought it agreed with your Stomach. There are many to whom all Fiſh in general is offenſive. I have met with a young Man upon whom it had the ſame Effect, as if it had been a rank Poyſon. Whatever Sort of Fiſh he

(*a*) *I am a Man, and there is nothing that other Men are liable to, which I think my ſelf exempt from.*

had try'd to eat, tho' in a ſmall Quantity, it always ſwell'd him up, 'till he was ready to burſt; which Symptom was ſucceeded by a violent Vomiting and Looſeneſs that laſted for many Hours. He was a Servant, and had been meanly educated in a Country, where the Poor live moſt upon Fiſh; which was the Reaſon, that he had often been forced to make the Experiment againſt his Will. I ſaw him one Morning my ſelf, that his Hands and Face were all come out in large Blotches, much worſe than if he had been ſtung with Nettles; and when the Cauſe of this came to be examined into, it was found, that to waſh himſelf, he had taken the Water out of a Pail in which, unknown to him, ſome Stock-fiſh had been ſteep'd over Night. The Blotches did not tingle, and without giving him any Uneaſineſs went away in two or three Hours time. The Fellow ſaid, that Fiſh-water had always the ſame Effect upon any Part of his Skin.

Miſom. This is very remarkable, and that one Man's Meat is another Man's Poyſon was here literally true. Among the Writings of Phyſicians that treat of this Subject of Eating and Drinking, it is much eaſier to find out every ones particular Idol, than to find one that has none. Many of them are inconſiſtent with themſelves.

It

It is generally believ'd, that white Meats are the eaſieſt to be digeſted, and yet Pork is forbid to weak Stomachs, than which, nothing is whiter if it be good.

Phil. By white Meats are commonly meant Chickens, Turkeys, Rabbits, Veal and Houſe-Lamb: And that there are many People of weak Stomachs, who digeſt theſe things very well at the ſame time that ſtronger Meats are offenſive to them, is certain.

Miſom. But why have moſt Phyſicians ſuch a Spight againſt Fowls with flat Feet?

Phil. Becauſe they are Water-Fowls, which are not ſo eaſy of Digeſtion as others. When Men treat of theſe things they ſpeak in regard to Valetudinarians, People of weak Stomachs: Otherwiſe (*a*) *Sanis ſunt omnia ſana.* Ducks, Geeſe, Beef and Pork, are as wholeſome Food to a Man in Health and of a good Conſtitution, as Veal or Chickens.

Miſom. I know a Clergyman, who is but of a weakly Conſtitution, that can eat heartily of Ducks and Geeſe, without perceiving any Symptoms of Indigeſtion after them; whereas half the Quantity of Veal would infallibly throw him into a Looſeneſs.

(*b*) To thoſe that are in Health every thing is wholeſome. *A Proverb.*

Phil. Veal, and Lamb too, have that Effect upon ſome Conſtitutions, but one does not often meet with them.

Miſom. I believe there is a great Difference in Meat, as to Digeſtion, tho' it is of the ſame kind, and that the Fleſh of an old tough Hen is not ſo eaſily concocted, as that of fine tender Beef.

Phil. This latter you would not find true in ſome People. What is difficult to the Teeth is often eaſy to the Stomach; and it is not ſo much the Hardneſs or the Tenderneſs of the Fibres, which the Meat is compoſed of, that influences the Digeſtion, as the Quality of the Juice, the Nouriſhment that is contain'd in thoſe Fibres. When that Nouriſhment is too powerful for the Stomach it will be offenſive, tho' it requires no chewing at all; as is manifeſt from the ill Effects, that rich Soops and high Sauces generally have upon tender Conſtitutions and Perſons of a bad Digeſtion: Nay, plain Gravy, or Broth if it be very ſtrong, will often offend a Stomach, which the ſame Quantity of the very Meat they were made of, eaten with Bread, would have agreed with very well.

Miſom. I am of your Opinion, that no general Rules for Diet can be given, that ſhall ſuit all People: Nay I know by my own Experience, that the ſame Meat does not

not always agree with the ſame Perſons; and there are ſeveral Things which I dare not eat now, when I am at the beſt, that formerly ſate very well upon my Stomach: But there being ſo little Certainty in theſe things, what Rule muſt one go by? And I muſt ask with *Horace* (a) *Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur?* ——

Phil. Every body ought to conſult his Stomach, and whatever agrees with that perfectly well, is wholeſome for him, whilſt it continues to do ſo. There are often Particularities diſcover'd in Stomachs and Digeſtions, that are unaccountable, and would never have been found out but by the Obſervation of the Perſons that take notice of them in themſelves. Milk, Honey and Eggs, are three animal Productions that abound with fine, ſupple, balſamick, and nutritious Particles, and are eaſily digeſted, generally ſpeaking, by the moſt infirm and crazieſt Conſtitutions: Yet there is not one of the three, that is not highly diſagreeable to ſome Stomachs even of robuſt People, that eat and can digeſt almoſt every thing elſe.

Miſom. You put me in mind of what I heard once of an eminent Phyſician who preſcrib'd Medicines as ſparingly as your

(a) *What Rule of Diet then muſt a wiſe Man follow?*

ſelf: The Stomach, ſaid he, is the Conſcience of the Body; whilſt that is eaſy a Man has no Treſpaſſes in Diet to anſwer for.

Phil. The Alluſion is very juſt: I like the Doctrine, and adviſe every body to live up to the Belief of it.

Miſom. But my bodily Conſcience is often ſo ſcrupulous, that it reproaches me with every thing I eat or drink, if it has any Taſte at all. What muſt a Man do with ſuch a Stomach?

Phil. Do! What you do: Conſult a Phyſician to have it mended.

Miſom. And ſo truſt the Direction of ones Conſcience to Idolaters, as moſt of them openly are.

Phil. Openly; as how? I don't underſtand you.

Miſom. May I not ſay this, when I ſee Men ſet up and publickly worſhip their Idols, whilſt they are writing for Reputation, and to make themſelves known to the World? What Phyſician has wrote profeſſedly upon any one Herb, Plant, or other Simple, that has not done this, and ſaid more in Commendation of it, than ever will be found true? How extravagant are the Praiſes that have been beſtow'd upon Trifles, and even vile Things! Thoſe who have once taken a Vegetable or other Drug

under

under their Patronage, generally treat it as Biographers, or rather Romance-Writers do their Heroes, and ſeem on all Occaſions to have ſworn to ſtand by it with their Lives and Fortunes.

Phil. What you complain of is firſt learn'd at School, where all Boys are taught to make the moſt of their Theme, according as they are to ſpeak for or againſt things, and there is hardly any thing that ſome have extoll'd beyond its Worth, which others have not run down with as little Juſtice. There is a vaſt Pleaſure in ſaying ſomething that is not recorded to have been ever ſaid before.

Miſom. Or elſe no Man would have taken up the Cudgels for Acids, and maintain'd, that ſour things were the moſt wholeſome in the World, when the generality of Phyſicians in all Ages had pronounced them to be hurtful to the Body, and the Cauſe of many Diſeaſes. What fine things have *Schroder* and ſeveral others told us of *Bezoar*, the Occidental as well as Oriental! That they are Alexipharmicks and Sudorificks; that they are of great Efficacy in the Jaundice, the Palpitation of the Heart and Epilepſies. How extenſive have they made the Virtues of them! For beſides the Diſtempers already named, it is ſaid, that they are

good (*a*) *in partu difficili*, and at the ſame time that they cure the Stone and Melancholy. It has long paſt for current that they are animal Subſtances, that are produced in ſome ſort of Goats or Deer in the *Indies*: But ſeveral have made Enquiries into this Affair, and we can hear of none that ever ſaw this pretended Stone taken out of any of thoſe Animals: Therefore we have all the Reaſon in the world to think, that we are impoſed upon in this Drug by the *Indians*, and that it is a Compoſition, a thing made, and not a natural Stone.

Phil. If *Bezoar* be a factitious Subſtance; either the Secret, how to make it, is in very few Hands; or the Ingredients, ſome of them at leaſt, muſt be prodigious dear: one of theſe two muſt be true; otherwiſe it would grow cheap in time: But on the contrary we ſee, that as the Conſumption of the Oriental *Bezoar* has increas'd in *Europe* by Degrees, ſo the Price of it has gradually been advanced; which is never ſeen of things that may be procured by Art or Culture.

Miſom. But whether it be a Production of Art or of Nature, it is plain that it is good for nothing.

(*a*) *To forward Delivery in hard Labour.*

Phil.

Phil. I can ſay but little for or againſt *Bezoar* from my own Experience. I don't believe the tenth Part of what ſome have ſaid concerning the Virtues of it; but I am as far from taking every thing for granted, which others have ſaid to depreciate it. When I ſee a Man have an Idol of his own, I don't truſt to his Judgment on the Idols of others. What Quantity of Oriental *Bezoar* is conſumed in the Shops, is uſed in our *Gaſcoign*'s Powder, than which, nothing in the general Practice of Phyſicians, is more often preſcrib'd in moſt Diſorders of Children, and ſlight Fevers of adult Perſons; and it is by every body look'd upon as an harmleſs and every way inoffenſive Medicine.

Miſom. That latter *Encomium*, I believe, might with equal Juſtice be beſtow'd upon Powder of Poſt, if given in as ſmall a quantity. *Bezoar* does no hurt: Very well: But what good does it do; I mean to the Patients; that it ſhould be purchas'd at ſuch an enormous Rate? What Benefit can be expected from it, when the Experiments that have been tried upon that dear Drug, have made it evident that there is no more Virtue or greater Efficacy in it, than there is in Dirt or in dead Earth?

Phil. Indeed, *Miſomedom*, I endeavour to curry Favour with no Man; but I cannot

go

go thoſe Lengths. We are far from being ſo well acquainted with all the Properties and Power that belong to the Stomachick Ferment, to the Gall, and to the Pancreatick Juice, as to be poſitive, that ſingly or jointly they are not capable of opening the Texture of a Subſtance, and drawing from it ſomething that ſhall be ſerviceable to the Blood and ſalubrious; when all other Tryals, to diſcover any Virtues in that Subſtance, ſhall have proved ineffectual. *Bezoar* has neither Smell nor Taſte, and we are not able either by the Help of Fire, or any known *Menſtruum*, to diſcover that there are any Virtues in that Drug: All this I allow; but I don't think, that from thence we can conclude; that taken inwardly it can be of no greater Efficacy upon any part of the Body than dead Earth or Dirt.

Miſom. I commend you for your Moderation. But the Idol that *Baglivi* chiefly complain'd of, and which we have not touch'd upon yet is, that every Phyſician is influenced and over-ruled by that Paſſion, which in him is predominant; and that the Temperament and Inclinations of moſt of them may be traced in their Practice.

Phil. *So the Reſolute and Daring*, ſays he, *preſcribe violent Remedies without Neceſſity; whilſt the Cowardly and Fearful will ſuffer a Patient to die, rather than try an efficacious Medi-*

Medicine, even in the moſt deſperate Caſes: Which ſhews that *Baglivi* underſtood human Nature.

Miſom. It ſhews ſome Knowledge I own, but I think it too ſuperficial for an *Italian* at the Court of *Rome*. What he ſays may be true, of open and unartful People, whoſe Heads run upon their Patients and the End of their Calling: But among the Crafty and Polite, that in reality mind nothing but themſelves and getting Money, there is no Appearance of it. Thoſe, who make their chief court to common Fame, and expect all their Happineſs from popular Applauſe, are all equally cautious and follow prudential Rules, not from any Principle of natural Timidity, but the Dictates of acquir'd Cunning. Shall I hazard my Reputation, ſay they, on the poſſibilty of ſaving a Patient, when I may be ſure of preſerving it as well when he dies as when he lives? Nay it is certain, that ſhould a Patient miſcarry after a daring Medicine, a great Clamour would be rais'd againſt the Phyſician by his Enemies; and if Pearl or *Pulvis e Chelis*, with *Aqua Lactis* or *Ceraſorum* did ever kill a Man whoſe Diſtemper was not ſufficient to do it without them, I'll be crucify'd. No wiſe Man ought knowingly to lay himſelf open to the Cenſures of a malicious World, and therefore to preſcribe

other-

otherwiſe, than in the ſafe common Road, is what a Man cannot anſwer to his Family. This is the Doctrine of the Times: an Age, in which no Man is fit to live, that cannot be ſupple to his Intereſt, and make all other Paſſions give way to the moſt faſhionable, a violent Deſire after Riches and Greatneſs.

Phil. When we hear a Man complain of the Times, every body thinks him to be out of Humour. Human Nature is the ſame in our Age that it has been in all others under the ſame Circumſtances. All Lovers of their Country, and even the beſt of Men, have always wiſh'd and pray'd for Wealth and Power, with the Encreaſe of Knowledge to the Nations they belong'd to; and they have no ſooner enjoy'd what they wiſh'd for, but they have always grumbled and ſhew'd themſelves impatient to bear thoſe Evils which ever were and ever will be the Conſequences of thoſe Bleſſings in all large and flouriſhing Societies. The Theory of Virtue was never better underſtood than in the Reign of *Auguſtus*; but conſult your own dear *Horace*, and he'll inform you in more than fifty Places, how wretchedly deficient that Age was in the Practice of it.

Miſom. I know there have always been (a) — *fœcunda culpæ Sæcula*; but the pre-

(a) Ages fruitful of Guilt. *An Expreſſion of* Horace.

ſent

ſent exceeds them all. There never was more Selfiſhneſs or leſs Appearance of a publick Spirit in the World, not only in your Profeſſion but in all other Callings and Occupations, than there are now. Every Body takes care of one, and makes haſte for himſelf; it's no matter what becomes of the reſt; as if they were all at (*a*) *Extremum occupet ſcabies.* — Whatever may be the Idol of other People, my great *Foible* you ſee is rambling —— Pray, what further Directions would you have me to follow?

Phil. Let your Bread be thoroughly baked, and chuſe that which is moſt cruſty, or if your Teeth will let you, eat the whiteſt ſort of Sea-biſcuit, the Uſe of which is of greater Efficacy againſt the Sour in the Stomach, than moſt Powders given for that purpoſe. Avoid all Malt Liquors, and inſtead of Beer drink a Decoction of *French* Barley, with a few Hops, and a pretty deal of Liquoriſh boil'd freſh every Day: Of this, whether you are a-dry or not, take at leaſt half a Pint two or three Hours after Dinner, when the Symptoms of Indigeſtion are moſt diſturbing.

(*a*) *A Play of Children among the Ancients ſo called: It is uſed Proverbially in the ſame Senſe; that* The Devil take the hindmoſt *is in* Engliſh.

For

For your Breakfaſt, before you get on Horſe-back, take a ſmall Meſs of Water-Gruel, Burgoe, Panado, or Barley-broth, to which you may add a Glaſs of ſome rich Wine, ſuch as *Malaga*, *Madera*, or *Sherry*: The ſame you may repeat after your firſt bathing, or inſtead of it take a Glaſs of Tent and a Toaſt.

Nutritious Suppers I have often preſcrib'd with Succeſs, where I have found a Deficiency of Spirits; yet in your Caſe I am utterly againſt them. I would not have you forbear them all at once, but eating leſs and leſs every Night, leave them off by degrees.

Miſom. But if I eat no Suppers I ſhall be faintiſh, and more troubled with Wind than I am now.

Phil. I know it, if you ſhould take nothing to prevent it, but thoſe Inconveniences will be obviated by the Cachectick Powders and noble Stomachick I ſent you, which are both long-experienced Medicines, whoſe great Efficacy in this Caſe I can entirely rely on.

All *Hypochondriaci*, how quick ſoever the Appetites of ſome may be, are of a very ſlow Digeſtion. Thoſe that are not troubled with ſpontaneous Vomitings, generally eat their Suppers before their Dinners are half digeſted.

Miſom.

Miſom. How ſlow my Digeſtion is I can't determine, but I never ſup unleſs my Stomach ſtands for it; and, pray when Men are hungry, is not the *Indicatum* Eating?

Phil. Not always, when their Appetite is part of their Diſtemper. The heavy Loads and Diſtenſions in their Stomachs, commence immediately after Eating, tho' the tumultuous Agitations in them, and unſavoury Belchings are commonly not at the worſt, 'till three, four, and ſometimes five Hours after their Meals. As ſoon as theſe Symptoms remit, and a conſiderable Portion of the crude Chyle is mix'd with the Gall and pancreatick Juice in the *duodenum*; the Miſeries of the lower Belly increaſe, and impetuous Winds ravage through all the Windings of the Inteſtines, in which the Tenſions and Spaſms, Cholick — and other Pains are at this time generally the moſt afflicting, and the (*a*) *Borborigmi* the loudeſt. Whilſt this tempeſtuous Scene is acting round the Meſentery, the more ſtubborn Remainder of the ill-digeſted Pulp that is left behind continues to oppreſs the Stomach, and being now, by a vitious Fermentation, become violently ſharp, vellicates the Fibres of its inner Tunick, which occaſioning a gnawing

(*a*) *Noiſes of Wind in the Bowels.*

Unea-

Uneaſineſs renders the Patients both hungry, and maukiſhly Faintiſh by Turns.

Miſom. This indeed is an exact Deſcription of my Oeconomy in particular.

Phil. Whilſt they are eating, their Inteſtines are commonly eaſy, and all the Evils in *Hypogaſtrio* are the leaſt tormenting, which makes them as ſoon as the latter Symptoms appear, fly to what they know will cure them for the preſent. They eat in their own Defence, and are glad of the Opportunity, 'till the Diſturbances in their Stomachs returning, they repent of the ſhort-lived Remedy, and thus by heaping Meals upon one another, before the former are concocted, they not only feed their Diſtemper as conſtantly as themſelves, but likewiſe hinder the Poſſibility of being cured; for in thoſe Stomachs the moſt nutritious Food, as ſoon as it is ſwallow'd muſt degenerate into Crudities, and the beſt of Medicines be loſt in the corroſive *Saburra* they are never without.

Miſom. A miſerable Condition! when to keep themſelves alive, Men are forced to make uſe of a Remedy that perpetuates their Diſtemper, and occaſions the Return of the very ſame Afflictions it appeaſes.

Phil. No Coſtiveneſs ever becomes habitual, but a ſlow Digeſtion precedes it, the Signs of which can never be latent, for the Victuals

Victuals remain much longer in those Stomachs than in others, where the Concoction is perform'd in due time, as is manifest from the Savour of the Belches, by which it has been often discover'd that some Aliments, when they have been particularly disagreeable to the Ferment they met with, have been detained without passing the *Pilorus*, for two or three Days, or longer; and if as soon as this Slowness of Concoction was perceivable in your self, you had followed the Rules, which now I endeavour to perswade you to, it is not probable that the Density of the Belly, and many other Symptoms of your Distemper, would ever have afflicted you to that degree they have often done.

Misom. (*a*) *Venter non habet aures:* It is a hard Prescription, that People should not eat when they are hungry. Besides, (*b*) *Viro Seni maxillæ Baculus.*

Phil. Be assured that the Uneasiness, which fasting at Nights may create to you, cannot be compared to the mighty Service it will be of in the Removal of more troublesome Complaints. Neither is this a Prescription for Life; as soon as the great

(*a*) The Belly has no Ears. *A Proverb, of which the meaning is obvious.* (*b*) The Jaws are a Stick to an old Man. *A Proverb, importing, that Eating is the chief Support of old Age.*

Diſorders of your Digeſtion ſhall be redreſs'd, you will again eat your Suppers with as much Pleaſure as ever; but if you cannot leave them off wholly, let them at leaſt be diminiſh'd; abſtain from Fleſh, and let them be as ſlender and as innocent as your Breakfaſts. It is not always in the Power of Pharmacy, and Exerciſe, to cure Diſtempers that yet are curable, unleſs Dietetick Rules are brought into their Aſſiſtance. *Diet*, ſays *Le Clerc*, *was the firſt, the principal, and ſometimes the only Remedy that* Hippocrates *made uſe of*; And ſhall we lay no more Streſs upon it, than if it did not belong to the Art of Phyſick? It is but of latter Ages, and only ſince the World has been ſo much impoſed upon by Hermetical Pretenders, that the golden Rules of Diet have been look'd upon as inconſiderable Trifles; but before we reject a leſs powerful Aid, let us firſt ſee the mighty Performances of the *Herculean* Medicines they boaſt of, that in ſmall Quantities, and few Doſes, are to cure the moſt inveterate Diſtempers, without Rule or Obſervance; but we ought to ſtay 'till then. (*a*) *Spem pretio quid emimus?* Why ſhould we neglect the cheapeſt, the eaſieſt, and moſt wholeſome maxims of the

(*a*) Why ſhould we pay a real Value for Hopes? *It is uſed proverbially to ſhew that we ought not to neglect Certainties for Hopes of what is uncertain.*

true

true Art of Phyſick, for the vain Promiſes of lying Chymiſts, and ſuffer our ſelves to be robb'd of known Remedies, in expectation of greater, that perhaps are never to come?

Thouſands, and ten thouſands of Pounds are yearly thrown away upon Apothecary-ware, in this City alone, to remove what might be more effectually cured by Diet. It is incredible what prodigious Benefits may ſometimes be received, eſpecially in Diſorders of the Stomach, from Abſtinence alone; and it is certain, that Millions of People are now in their Graves, who have died of Diſtempers, as well Chronick as Acute, that at firſt of all one Night's Faſting might have prevented.

Miſom. I am perſwaded that what you ſay is true: Large Suppers are pernicious. *Horace* knew this very well.

(*a*) —— *vides, ut Pallidus omnis*
Cœna deſurgat dubia. ——

Beſides, I don't plead for Exceſs, and am not to learn at this Age,

(*b*) — *Victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum*
Adferat. ——

(*a*) *Obſerve how ſickly and pale every body riſes from a ſumptuous Supper.* (*b*) *What and how great the Benefits are, that accrue from a ſpare Diet.* Horace.

But when Mens Reaſons are over-ruled by their Appetites, they ought to be more pitied than blamed; and every body muſt own, that he who kills himſelf by Eating when he is Hungry, does it *ſe defendendo*. Yet how troubleſome ſoever I may find your latter Preſcription, aſſure your ſelf that all your Orders ſhall be ſtrictly obey'd.

Phil. Then I dare promiſe you that in a little time you ſhall ſee your ſelf chang'd into another Man. When the Vomits, by entirely cleanſing the firſt Paſſages, ſhall have made way for the Operation of the altering Medicines, and your Abſtinence from Suppers give them Leave to exert themſelves, they will corroborate your Stomach and Bowels, and give new Life to the Periſtaltick Motion. The bathing will remove the Tenſions, and relax the rigid Fibres of your Inteſtines. The noble Exerciſe of Riding will not only promote Digeſtion, and ſtrengthen your Body, but likewiſe compoſe and exhilarate your Mind, and all of them together invigorate both. And by theſe Means, and by a nutritious Diet, and perhaps the Addition of ſome Chalybeats, if there ſhould be Occaſion, you will in a few Weeks find your Coſtiveneſs worn off, your Conſtitution viſibly mended, and your Blood repleniſhed with ſpirituous as well as balſamick Parts.

Miſom.

Miſom. But I forgot to tell you, that after being in Bed, even when I'm at the beſt, I often lie toſſing two or three Hours before I can cloſe my Eyes, and that my firſt Sleeps ſeldom laſt longer than an Hour, or an Hour and an half: My getting up ſo ſoon as you talk of, will rob me of the moſt comfortable part of my Reſt. Conſider that I am growing in Years:

(a) —— *ubique*
Accedent anni, tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet.

Phil. What I adviſe is not to hinder, but protract your Sleeps. Your early riſing will wipe from your Spirits a certain Drowſineſs, which is commonly the heavy Companion of all thoſe that miſtaking Sloth to be the Equivalent of Sleep, lie ſoaking in their Beds uneaſie and awake; and being aſſiſted with the conſtant Variety of your Employments all Day long, will make you wiſh with Pleaſure for the Approach of Night, which now you often dread; for as no Hunger is more commendable than what is procured by Emptineſs and Faſting,

(a) *Beſides, old Age will come; and that muſt crave*
A ſofter Treatment far than Youth ſhould have.
Creech's *Tranſlat.*

ſo Exerciſe and Watching are the moſt natural Preparatives to Sleep. The firſt or ſecond Day perhaps you will not feel the Effects of this wholeſome Preſcription; but after that, aſſure your ſelf that you will, more and more, begin to long for Bed-time, the Thoughts of which are ſo tireſome to many, who never are fatigued but with Exceſs of Eaſe. The Means I order (allow me to ſpeak in the Style of *Willis*) will draw upon you, toward Evening, an agreeable Wearineſs, the moving Orator of ſweet Repoſe, that breathing Health and Peace to every Part, perſwades the Soul to Reſt, and having brib'd the watchful Spirits from their Poſts, locks up the unguarded Senſes in charming Bonds of Slumber.

Miſom. I want no Rhetorick to encourage me; the great Deſire I have of being cured is more eloquent than your Perſwaſion: I would bear any thing to be bleſs'd again with thoſe ſound ſpontaneous Sleeps I formerly enjoy'd. Oh Slumber! Thou perverſe and fooliſh Miſtreſs to Mankind, that none can live without, why ſhould you be ſo forward to the Poor and Thoughtleſs, on whom you ſteal unſought for, whilſt you are tyrannically coy to more deſerving Lovers that anxiouſly court you?

— *Somnus*

(a) ——— *Somnus agreſtium*
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Faſtidit. ———

I chearfully confide in your Knowledge, *Philopirio*, wiſhing for no better Succeſs than my Obſervance ſhall deſerve; and depend upon it, if the Event proves as happy as the Expectation you give of it ſeems reaſonable, you ſhall never find me ungrateful: What I do now is only to pay you for the Trouble I have given you, and the Time you have ſpent with me. —— But is this, pray, the general Method you take with all Hypochondriacks, (b) *mutatis mutandis*, which now you have preſcrib'd to me?

Phil. Mutatis mutandis it is; but that is all in all, for as the Symptoms differ, ſo I alter my Method; and I never ſaw yet two hypochondriacal Caſes exactly alike.

Miſom. Then what is your Secret in the Cure of this difficult Diſtemper?

Phil. I have ſeveral: I allow my ſelf time to hear and weigh the Complaints of my Patients.

Miſom. The firſt I have experienced to be true, and I have no Reaſon to doubt of the latter.

(a) *Kind Sleep ſcorns not* to enter *the low Cottages of* the Poor *country People.* (b) *Altering the things that are to be alter'd.*

Phil. I take pains to be well acquainted with the manner of living of my Patients, and am more curious in examining them than there is occaſion for a Man to be in any other Diſtemper; not only to penetrate into the Procatartick Cauſes, but likewiſe the better to conſult the Circumſtances as well as (*a*) *Idioſincraſy* of every particular Perſon: Some have ſtrange Averſions as to Diet; others peculiar Antipathies againſt ſome excellent Remedies; and every wholeſome Exerciſe ſuits not with all People. A third Secret is, that I am very careful in endeavouring to diſtinguiſh between the Efforts of Nature, whom I would aſſiſt, and thoſe of the Diſtemper, which I am to deſtroy.

Miſom. But I meant Medicines, when I ſpoke of Secrets.

Phil. Then I muſt anſwer you, that I have not one but what I am willing to impart to any Patient, as generous as your ſelf, that for his private Uſe, after having receiv'd ſome extraordinary Benefit from it, asks me for the Preſcription. For tho' I make uſe of Chymical as well as Galenical Preparations, yet I have no *Noſtrums* that I intend either to magnify or conceal, under the ſpecious Pretence of any mighty Labour, Coſt, or

(*a*) *The peculiar Conſtitution,*

extra-

extraordinary (*a*) ἐνχείρησις they require; no *Liquor Alkahiſt*, *Arcanum Corallinum*, nor other *Panacea's*, that can work Miracles to boaſt of.

Miſom. What, no *Catholicon*, no grand *Elixir*, no univerſal *Menſtruum!* There certainly is no where ſuch impudent Lying to be met with among any other Sort of People, as there is among the Chymiſts. They have infinitely out-done the Aſtrologers. What Prodigious Cures have that *Van Helmont* and *Paracelſus* boaſted of, thoſe (*b*) *Halopantæ!* What Mountains have they promiſed! I have read all their Proceſſes, and it has often raiſed my Indignation to think, what miſerable long Dances they have led ſome poor credulous People, that labour'd to decypher their Jargon, and try'd Experiments upon their Words.

Phil. The Medicines I make uſe of are ſuch as others have likewiſe recommended in the ſame Caſes; and all the Myſtery I know in Phyſick, as to Remedies, conſiſts in the Choice and Application of them. I never ſcruple to have my Bills ſent to the Apothecary's, if the Patient chuſes it: Nay, I verily believe, that we have as good Apothecaries at leaſt, as any Nation in *Europe*.

(*a*) *Manual Skill.* (*b*) *Great Lyars that hardly ever ſpeak Truth.*

Miſom.

Miſom. There are too many of them, which makes their Calling, the Buſineſs it ſelf, miſchievous; for all of them muſt endeavour to get a Livelyhood. In *Hamborough* now the Number of them is limited, and thoſe few that are allowed of have prodigious great Shops; but then they are Druggiſts withal.

Phil. How large ſome Shops may be in *Germany* I don't know, but that the Generality of ours afford a greater Store, as well as Variety of good Medicines, than are to be met with in the Generality of them abroad, I averr to be true: And as to Drugs, that the very worſt of thoſe that are imported here, are re-ſhipp'd and conſtantly ſent to foreign Markets, is a Fact which the Merchants that deal in them can witneſs.

Miſom. You are a profeſs'd Panegyriſt for the Apothecaries, I ſee.

Phil. Not at all; but I endeavour to be impartial, and would do Juſtice to all Mankind. That there are good Apothecaries I know, and I really believe that many of them are very honeſt Men: But I know likewiſe that there are others, who in diſpenſing and preparing their Medicines are leſs curious and more ſaving, than they ſhould be; and a Phyſician muſt be highly valued indeed, that can perſwade every body

to

to leave his own Apothecary, and go where he directs them.

Miſom. The Conſequence of which, muſt, at leaſt in ſome Caſes, be the ſame as if they had all bad Medicines. But the chief Miſchief is, that there is no Trade in which Men have leſs Encouragement to be honeſt: For, in the firſt place, if a Phyſician, for his own Reputation's ſake, refuſes to have Bills carried to every Shop, and is of that Eminence, that he can preſcribe the Apothecary as well as the Medicines, he ſhall be ridicul'd, call'd an Humoriſt, the honeſt Man he truſts to, be ſlander'd, and both of them have a hundred Stories father'd upon them, as falſe as they are malicious, by the reſt of the Apothecaries that are not of his choſen number. A pretty Reward for a Man's being honeſt at his own Expence!

In the ſecond; a Man that picks his Drugs, buys the beſt of every thing the Shops afford, and wholly employs himſelf in carefully diſpenſing his Medicines, if his Cuſtom lies among mean People, ſhall often be oblig'd to reckon Forty *per Cent.* leſs for things of the ſame Name, than his Neighbour, who he knows buys nothing but Rubbiſh, which he leaves a Boy to jumble together. At this rate who would be honeſt that could help it?

If the Butcher ſends us home ſtinking Meat, or the Shoe-maker ſells us bad Leather, they loſe our Cuſtom, becauſe every body can judge of the Impoſition, which makes them honeſt in their own Defence; but what Obligation lie they under to be ſo, *(a) quorum ſcelera terra tegit?* If a Patient be loſt for want of good Drugs, Pray whoſe Fault is it? Either his Time was come, or the Phyſician miſtook the Diſtemper, (the wiſeſt Man you know may err;) but as for the Medicines, without doubt they were made up according to order; if the Man be dead he muſt be buried, the Apothecary knows nothing of the matter, and writes out his Bill as merrily as the Undertaker.

Phil. Honeſt or not honeſt, the Apothecaries can never be my Friends, and I don't know how to blame them: My manner of preſcribing is ſo little adapted to their Profit, that if they were civil enough not to ridicule, they could at leaſt never like my Practice.

I religiouſly believe it to be true what *Arnoldus Villanovanus* ſaid; that it is a Cheat to uſe Compound Medicines, where Simples are ſufficient; and of the few Compounds I make uſe of, there are ſeveral that are

(*a*) *Whoſe Villanies the Earth covers.*

not

not in the Diſpenſatory. Theſe you'll ſay the Apothecaries would prepare for you, if you gave them your Preſcriptions: So they might and would, for a Man in great Vogue and Buſineſs that wrote handſomely; but very few of them would think it worth their while to do this for a Phyſician that is not likely to bring much Griſt to their Mills, tho' he had never ſo many Patients. Who would be troubled with a Man that talks of Exerciſe and Diet, and is a mortal Enemy to Phyſick, where it is poſſible to do without?

I have no Opinion of Syrups or Simple Waters; the Medicines I give are either taken in Coffee, Tea, Wine, fair Water, or other Liquors that are familiar to the Patients, and generally to be had at their Houſes, or near hand; or if any particular Vehicle be requir'd, I preſcribe a Decoction, or Infuſion of a few Simples, in plain Engliſh, which every body may make at home, or get made where he pleaſes.

Miſom. This indeed is prophaning of Phyſick, and it muſt ſound abominably in an Apothecary's Ear, to hear a Man tell People that there is no more Skill requir'd to boil two or three Roots of the Field, and as many handfuls of Phyſical Herbs, when they are told where to have them; than there is to boil Carrots or Turneps, with

Coleworts, or Sprouts; and that a little Boy may do it as well in fair Water, as his (*a*) *Servulus* in *Hydropege*: Eſpecially if he ſhould be ſo wicked as to add, what your Reprobates in Phyſick affirm to be true, that by doing this the Patient may often ſave as much in one Morning as will buy the reſt of the Family their Dinners. I hate Cheats of all Sorts; and in things of publick Concern, I think, a man ought to be hang'd, who for Lucre endeavours to render that myſterious, which in it ſelf is plain, or may eaſily be made ſo. Beſides, the more operoſe and expenſive Phyſick is made, the more you will always be peſter'd with Quacks. I have been highly delighted with reading a learned *German*, one *Daniel Ludovicus*, who ſeems to have been a Phyſician of great Experience and no leſs Humanity. He talks like you; he is for reducing the vaſt Heaps of Compounds contain'd in the Diſpenſatories, to a moderate number, and keeping only a few choice Remedies of known Efficacy: For the reſt, he recommends Simples and Medicines (*a*) *parvo parabiles*; and exhorts all Phyſicians to take the preparing and diſpenſing of Phyſick under their own Care and Inſpection. I have ſeen another Book on the ſame Sub-

(*a*) *A Boy-Servant.* (*b*) *To be had at a ſmall Expence.*

ject

ject in *English*, that was printed here in *London* above forty Years ago: It is call'd *A Diſcourſe concerning Phyſick, and the many Abuſes of it by Apothecaries:* It is wrote by an *Anonymous* Author, who entreats all Phyſicians in a preſſing manner to adminiſter their own Phyſick, and is very diffuſive in ſhewing the many Benefits that would accrue from it to the Publick. Since that, many things have been publiſhed to the ſame purpoſe; but from the growing Luxury of the Times I never expected to ſee this a general Practice, tho' nothing is more reaſonable on many Accounts. — I cannot expreſs it to you, *Philopirio*, how much I am pleas'd with your Sentiments as well as Method: But if ever you get into great Buſineſs, I am much miſtaken.

Phil. I could never go through a Multiplicity of Buſineſs. Every body ought to conſult his own Temper and Abilities in all Undertakings. I hate a Crowd, and I hate to be in a Hurry. Beſides, I am naturally ſlow, and could no more attend a dozen Patients in a Day, and think of them as I ſhould do, than I could fly. I muſt own to you likewiſe, that I am a little ſelfiſh, and can't help minding my own Enjoyments, and my own Diverſion, and in ſhort, my own Good, as well as the Good of others. I can, and do heartily admire at thoſe publick-

lick-ſpirited People that can ſlave at an Employment from early in the Morning, 'till late at Night, and ſacrifice every Inch of themſelves to their Callings; but I could never have had the Power to imitate them: Not that I love to be idle; but I want to be employed to my own liking; and if a Man gives away to others two thirds of the Time he is awake, I think he deſerves to have the reſt for himſelf.

Miſom. Pray, did you ever wiſh for a great Eſtate?

Phil. Often, and I ſhould certainly have had one before now, if wiſhing could have procur'd it.

Miſom. But I am ſure, you never ſought heartily after Riches.

Phil. I have always been frugal enough to have no Occaſion for them.

Miſom. I don't believe you love Money.

Phil. Indeed I do.

Miſom. I mean you have no Notion of the Worth of it, no real Eſteem for it.

Phil. Yes I have; but I value it in the ſame manner as moſt People do their Health, which you know is ſeldom thought of but when it is wanted.

Miſom. I love you. I wiſh with all my heart my Wife had ſtaid to hear us. Who knows but our Diſcourſe would have converted

verted her. I love the Woman very well, and ſhould be loth to loſe her.

(a) *Non enim poſthac alia calebo*
Fœmina. ———

What do you think of her? I know that ſometimes ſhe is very bad, but ſhe is ſeldom conſtipated, and the leaſt Laxative in the world moves her. I can't think but the greateſt Part of her Diſtemper is Fancy. Sometimes, when I have thought that ſhe made more of it, than ſhe really felt, I have conſulted *John Baptiſta Sylvaticus*, an *Italian* Phyſician, who wrote a Treatiſe to diſcover thoſe who feign'd Diſtempers. But I could never make any thing of it.

Phil. I generally obſerve, that People troubled with either *Hypo*, or *Vapours*, to a conſiderable degree, never think others ſo bad as themſelves; and yet are always wonderfully offended, if their own Diſtemper be any ways ſlighted.

Miſom. There is a great deal of Difference between my Wife and my ſelf; when Afflictions are ſo exceſſive as mine often are, they are paſt jeſting; tho', as if it was an additional Miſery entail'd upon them, I have ſeveral times met with things that way ſo in-

(a) *For I ſhall never hereafter love any other Woman.* Hor.

ſolent, and inhuman, (*a*) *quod vix a manibus me temperaverim.* When I have had a thouſand Pains about me, and been devoured with Grief even to Death, I have had a healthy Raſcal full of Eaſe and Wantonneſs come up to me in the Street, with a Smile in his Countenance, and cry, *Well*, Miſomedon, *how goes the* Hypo? I have ſaid nothing and gone my ways, but I could have knock'd him down with all my Heart.

Phil. Theſe things are provoking: But what makes them worſe is a ſpice of Envy, that often ſecretly diſturbs Valetudinarians, when they are in company of careleſs People that are in ſtrong athletick Health.

Miſom. You think (*b*) *Edentulus veſcentium dentibus invidet.*

Phil. There certainly is a great deal of Truth in that Proverb. We are naturally inclin'd to grudge others thoſe Pleaſures and Enjoyments which we ſeem to have an equal Right to, when we can have no Share in them our ſelves. This is no where more conſpicuous than in People of crazy Conſtitutions, eſpecially in the hypochondriack and hyſterick Diſeaſes. Imagining them-

(*a*) That I could ſcarce keep my Hands to my ſelf. *It is proverbially uſed, when we can hardly forbear ſtriking People.*

(*b*) He that has loſt his own Teeth, envies the Teeth of others, when they make uſe of them. *A Proverb; of which the Meaning is obvious.*

ſelves

ſelves to be very miſerable, and that they are viſibly ſo, they think that not to pity is to inſult them; and they can't help looking upon the Compaſſion of others as their Due, a juſt Tribute, that ought to be paid them by every body, who to their thinking are more happy, and ſeem not to labour under the ſame Afflictions. Therefore I would have you believe that your Lady's Diſtemper ought to be as ſeriouſly treated, at leaſt before her, as your own, without medling with the Degrees of Miſery in either. The Coſtiveneſs indeed is one of your greateſt Grievances; but there are many hypochondriack as well as hyſterick Patients, that are very rarely or never troubled with it, and yet very miſerable otherwiſe.

Miſom. You are in the right: I verily believe my Diſtemper has ſtrangely perverted my Humour; otherwiſe there is not a more tender Husband than my ſelf, in the main: And as to Compaſſion in my Nature, I am (*a*) *infima Auricula mollior.* But if I could bring my Wife over to us, could you do her any good?

Phil. If ſhe would uſe cold-bathing, and ſtir pretty much, I don't queſtion, but the

(*a*) Softer than the Tip of the Ear. *It is proverbially uſed for very ſoft, but moſt commonly apply'd in a figurative Senſe to thoſe, that are very meek and tender-hearted.*

drinking of Spaw-water, and a few Medicines beſides, would cure her; but not, unleſs ſhe could be perſwaded by ſlow degrees to leave off the pernicious, as well as only palliative Remedies, that under the ſpecious Titles of *Cordial*, *Reſtorative* and *Anti-hyſterick*, have ſpoil'd the Tone of her Stomach and Inteſtines, and almoſt utterly ruin'd her Conſtitution; I mean the hot Vinous Liquors, by the conſtant ſipping of which it is incredible how many have been deſtroy'd.

Miſom. Yet, tho' ſhe has try'd I believe almoſt every thing that is to be taken in Phyſick, ſhe finds Benefit by nothing elſe: Nay I can ſee, that ſhe is worſe, when ſhe ſtrives to forbear them; but ſince ſhe muſt take them, I am ſure, that no ſophiſticated Wine, nor any Malt, Sugar, or Cyder-Spirit, can be compared to true *French* Wine, and the beſt *Coniac* Brandy; either of which I am never without; what I complain of is, that ſhe will think nothing reviving, but what comes in Mixtures from the Apothecary, who, I'd pawn my Life, does not afford ſuch Prices for Wine or Brandy, to make his Slops with, as I am now forced to give to have them good.

Phil. That Wine as it comes from the Grape, and right *French* Brandy, as they are more grateful to the Palate, are likewiſe

wiſe leſs offenſive to the Stomach, than what you named after them, is beyond diſpute; but whether they come from the Apothecary, the Vintner, or the Merchant, all things that are ſpirituous and volatile, the Salts of Harts-horn, Amber, Urine, *&c.* not excepted, are deſtructive in the Caſe we ſpeak of, when they are conſtantly taken. In the *Sublimation* of *Sal Armoniack*, or any other volatile Salt with Steel, *Lapis Hæmatites*, or other Minerals that are not ſo, well pulverized and blended together, it is obſervable that a great many Particles of the latter are carried to the very top of the Alembick, that never would have got thither without the Help of the firſt. What we ſee in that Sublimation happens in our Bodies, and I believe that all *Volatilia* and *Spirituoſa*, that are naturally ſoon diſſipated, and which we mix with our Juices, when they go off, generally fly away with more than their own. Whether this Analogy will pleaſe you I don't know, neither would I conclude any thing from Speculation, but that there is ſome ſuch thing is notorious from Experience; which ſhews us, that all *Volatilia* and *Spirituoſa*, (given where the Spirits are deficient, and of a weak Contexture) when their Strength is ſpent, leave the People worſe than they found them; and how refreſhing and reſtorative ſoever

they may ſeem the moment they are taken, the Patients are always more diſpirited after them; which could not be, if by them they were not robb'd of ſomething.

The Reaſon, why in hyſterick Caſes, and other Chronick Deficiencies of the Spirits, many, otherwiſe ſober and moderate Perſons, have ſuch an entire Dependance upon them, is, becauſe they always give them a manifeſt and preſent Relief; for tho' the height of the Comfort, they give, laſts but for a few Moments; yet, as the Eaſe they procure does not leave them again all at once, but goes off gradually as the Strength of thoſe Liquors is diſſipated, 'till in a little time both are vaniſhed; the Certainty of the Benefit they conſtantly receive from them, continually tempts them to repeat what has ſo often reviv'd them; which if they forbear longer than ordinary, muſt without doubt make them very uneaſie, and conſequently worſe; and this latter is likewiſe the Reaſon, why it is ſo difficult to wean them from thoſe Draughts of Oblivion, when once they have got a Habit of relieving, or rather dozing and ſtupifying themſelves that way; for meeting with nothing, that gives them ſuch an immediate Eaſe, they never have the Patience to be ſo long without them, as might enable them to judge of leſs preſentaneous Remedies that would be more effectual.

Miſom. It is very probable that thoſe ſpirituous and volatile Remedies being blended with our Maſs of Spirits, may, as they are diſſipated, deſtroy ſome fine balſamick Particles that were entangled with them, in like manner as in the chymical Experiment, you alledge the volatile Salts in flying up, carry along with them the moſt ſubtile Particles of Steel, *&c.* they are mix'd with: But I cannot ſee why they ſhould not have always the ſame Effect, as well upon thoſe that are unacquainted with them, as others that uſe them conſtantly.

Phil. It is manifeſt that the Good we receive from them is whilſt they remain mix'd with our Maſs of Spirits, and it is as evident from Experience, that they are more eaſily diſſipated, and go off ſooner in the latter than they do in the firſt.

Miſom. It is indeed not likely that there ſhould be ſo many beaten Roads, and ſuch ready Paſſages to fly away thro' in People that are Strangers to them, as there muſt be in thoſe that continually make uſe of them.

Phil. The Reaſon you give may be good for ought I know: Being made *à poſteriori*, it cannot miſ-lead us, yet it is far from being ſatisfactory to me. If we look into the ſeveral Effects of Wine and Brandy, and the Variety of Symptoms that attend the Drink-

ing of all intoxicating Liquors, we ſhall find an unwearied Diligence in obſerving the different *Phænomena* of much greater uſe than the curious Endeavours of explaining them; becauſe we are altogether unacquainted with thoſe hardly conceivable *Minutiæ* of the Spirits, that are the conſtitutive Parts of all our Humours and Inclinations, and conſequently uttterly incapable of reaſoning upon them. The ſeveral ſorts of Drunkenneſs, which *Horace* attributes to the ſame Cask,

(a) *Seu tu querelas, ſive geris jocos,*
Seu rixam, & inſanos amores,
Seu facilem pia teſta ſomnum.

according as the Tempers differ'd of thoſe that drank of it, we may often meet with (tho' at ſeveral times) in the ſame Perſons, from the Difference of the inebriating Liquors themſelves. He that is only dull and ſleepy after ſtrong Ale, and other Malt-Liquors, may be quarrelſome after Brandy, with as little Provocation; and the ſame Man that fill'd with noxious adulterated

(a) *You my good Cask* ——
.
Produce your Charge whate'er it be,
Or Love, or Striſe, or loud Debate.
Or gentle Sleep, or Wit ſerenely fine. Creech *Tranſ.*

Wine

Wine abounds in Complaints, and weeps without Cauſe, ſhall often ſparkle with Mirth and be fired with Love, after drinking of fragrant *Pontac*, or ſprightly *Champaign*.

Miſom. I do not wonder that the Reaſons of thoſe nicer Diſtinctions ſhould be beyond the Reach of our Underſtandings, when even the ordinary Operations of Wine, if we were not convinced of them by fact, would exceed all human Belief. What Philoſopher, if he had not ſeen it, would imagine, that a Man in wretched Circumſtances, who neither pleas'd with himſelf nor his Company, ſits ſurly and demure, making heavy Reflections on the dark Reſults of Futurity, ſhould by a few Draughts, to which he ſubmits with Silence and Regret, in leſs than two Hours time become merry and facetious, courteous and obliging?

How vaſt is the Alteration! all his Fears and Diffidence are vaniſhed, his moſt ſlender Hopes receive an Air of Certainty, and he wonders, that he could ever have ſo much apprehended the firſt, or laid ſo little Streſs upon the latter. The Stranger he makes his Friend, and entruſts him with Secrets, which three Hours ago he would have kept from his Brother. With unaffected Freedom he ſpeaks to thoſe he ſtood in awe of before; others whom he thought below his Converſation,

ſation he eſteems as valuable Companions; and among all that are with him, he finds a Heaven of Equality as well as Delight. He feels every Glaſs add Vigour to his Body and Content to his Mind, and the more he reflects, the more he reckons his Condition to be envied, whilſt all he can ſee or think on is meliorating, and the whole Creation mends upon his Hands.

Phil. I did not expect to hear a Man of your Temperance and Sobriety out-do even *Horace* himſelf, in the Praiſe of Drunkenneſs, who thought it ſufficient to ſay of it; *quod*

(a) ——— *operta recludit,*
Spes jubet eſſe ratas, in prælia trudit inermem.
Sollicitis animis onus eximit; addocet artes:
Fæcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?
Contracta quem non in paupertate ſolutum?

Miſom. I did not deſign an *Encomium* upon Drunkenneſs, but only to relate the Effects, which good Wine generally has upon all People in Health; if their Tempers are naturally eaſie, and not over-rul'd by any predominant Vice.

(a) ——— *'tis free*
Of Secrets, and turns Hopes to Certainty.
It teaches Arts, and teaches how to think.
And what Man is not eloquent in's Drink,
And who, tho' trampt in narrow Want, 's not free?
Creech.

Phil.

Phil. But I think the Strangeneſs of its Operation more conſpicuous in thoſe, that are not ſo well qualify'd; for it is not only in the power of this Vegetable to make the Slave fancy himſelf to be Free, the Poor to be Rich; the Old, Young; and the Miſerable, Happy; but it likewiſe actually mends viſible Imperfections; renders the Infirm, Strong; the Decrepit, Nimble; and the Stammerer, Eloquent; and what neither *Circe*'s nor *Medea*'s Art could ever perform, turns Vices into Virtues, and by the Charm of it, the Coward, the Covetous, the Proud, and the Moroſe become Valiant, Generous, Affable, and Good-humour'd.

Miſom. I ſee you won't be behind hand with me: Yet am of Opinion, that what either of us can ſay of it muſt always fall ſhort of what *Horace* has left us upon the ſame Subject. I don't mean what you repeated from his Epiſtle to *Torquatus*; tho' that is generally cited upon the Occaſion. *Horace* was a general Poet, but his greateſt Talent did not lie in Heroicks; (*a*) *Il faut conſiderer chacun dans ſon fort:* It was Lyrick Verſe in which he excell'd. Read his whole Ode to *Bacchus*, and ſeveral others, where he ſpeaks of Wine, that now I don't call to mind:

(*a*) *We ought to conſider every Body in that, in which he is ſtrong, or excels.*

(a) *Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves*
Plerumque duro: Tu ſapientium
Curas, & arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo:
Tu ſpem reducis mentibus anxiis
Viresque: & addis cornua Pauperi,
Poſt te neque iratos trementi
Regum apices, neque militum arma, &c.

This is almoſt the ſame with what you quoted, but more Poetical and more elegant.

Phil. I always thought that there was as much good Senſe, polite Knowledge, and fine Raillery to be met with in his Epiſtles, his Satyrs and his Art of Poetry, as in any other Part of his Works.

Miſom. But the Verſification is ſlovenly, and often harſh: Half the Language is Proſe, and the Numbers are altogether neglected; whereas in his Odes, the Expreſſions are every where turgid with a rich

(a) *This whets the Dull, and Wit inſpires,*
The Grave with ſprightly Vigour fires,
And by a never-failing Charm
Unlocks the Mind and all its gay Deſires.
Wine with freſh Hopes the Coward cheers,
Revives the Wretched and Undone,
And makes the Slave his Lord diſown.
What Wretch, when arm'd by Bacchus, *fears*
To meet a Warriour's Arm, or ſtand a Tyrant's Frown?
Creech.

Vein;

Vein; the Verſes are harmonious, and there is Muſick in every Line.

Phil. I am no Critick; but well aſſured that, Poetical Flights a-part, the innumerable Miſchiefs, which Wine, as it is managed, creates to Mankind, far exceed whatever *Horace*, or any body elſe can ſay in Commendation of it.

Miſom. I ſtand in no need of any Warning againſt it. Before I thought of ſtudying Phyſick, I had ſeen *Turnebus de Vino*, who is very eloquent on the ill Effects of it. There are few things that have been ſaid on this Head which I don't know. When the Diſorders of my Stomach came to be very troubleſome, I have at different Times try'd all manner of Liquors, and conſulted all Authors I could hear of that had treated about them. One *David Potzius* an *Heidelberg* Phyſician has wrote an (*a*) *Anatomia Chymica* of *Bacherach:* Him I have read, and *Meibomius* (*b*) *de Cereviſis & aliis Ebriaminibus*, with *Gazius*, *Gratarolus*, *Haggecius*, *Schookius*, and ſome others which I cannot think on now, that have all wrote on this Subject. But what I have chiefly learn'd from them is, that the more a Man reads of theſe things, the more he is puzzl'd

(*a*) *A Chymical Anatomy of* Bacherach. A *German* Wine ſo called. (*b*) *Of Beers, and other intoxicating Liquors.*

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in his Choice. The Idols of Phyſicians are as much conſpicuous in Drinkables as they are in Eatables. There is hardly a Liquor to be named which ſome have not extoll'd to the Skies, and others have not condemn'd as low, without conſulting the Palates or Conſtitutions of the Perſons they ſpoke to. Punch is peculiar to our Nation. I know a Phyſician whoſe favourite Liquor it is, and who preſcribes it in the Stone and Gravel. Others again I have heard ſpeak of it, as of juſt ſo much Poyſon. As to my ſelf, I could never endure any Sort of it: All Acids were ever offenſive to my Stomach. But I know People with whom Punch, whether made with Arack, Brandy, or Rum, agrees very well, and better than any other ſtrong Liquor, tho' otherwiſe their Digeſtion is but indifferent. Nothing agrees with me. I have try'd all ſorts of Beer and Ale; but Small or Strong, they preſently turn ſour upon my Stomach.

Phil. Where the preternatural Fermentations are ſo conſtantly made, as it is evident they are in your Stomach and Bowels, I have generally obſerved that Malt Liquors are hurtful: Otherwiſe good Small-beer, as ſoon as it is fine, and before it has any Tendency to Staleneſs, is very grateful to moſt Stomachs, and, next to Water, the beſt Diluter in the World.

Miſom.

Miſom. I have had enough of Water, you know.

Phil. That it does not agree with every body, tho' taken in ſmall Quantities, I own: But there is a great Difference between taking three Pints or two Quarts of it upon an empty Stomach, as you did at *Epſom*, and drinking a Pint of it at three or four Draughts whilſt a Man is at Dinner. I have known ſeveral whoſe Palates diſlik'd, and whoſe Stomach could not bear cold Water, that when it was made hot and pour'd into their Wine, were highly delighted with the Mixture, and found it more comfortable by far, than cold Wine by it ſelf. There are others again, with whom cold Water, even in the midſt of Winter, agrees ſo perfectly well, that it ſeems to be a Specifick for Concoction; and I know Perſons, to whoſe Stomachs ſeveral things prove offenſive, when they have drank Wine at their Meals in any quantity, that can eat what they pleaſe, and digeſt every thing very well, whilſt they confine themſelves to drink nothing but Water.

Miſom. So much for the Quality of Liquids; can any thing be ſaid with greater Certainty about the Quantity that is to be taken of them, for the generality?

Phil. I ſincerely believe not. But I have obſerved, that among temperate Men this

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is more often under-done than over-done; and I have known ſeveral, who for Years together were troubled with an ill Digeſtion from no other Cauſe, than their being too abſtemious, and not taking Liquids enough to dilute the ſolid Meat they ate.

Miſom. I have read in ſeveral practical Authors, that hypochondriacal People, and ſuch as are ſaid to be troubled with the Spleen, are ſeldom thirſty.

Phil. But it is wrong to imagine, that Men are never to drink unleſs they are a-dry; and from part of what I have preſcrib'd to you this Afternoon, you might eaſily have gather'd, that I ſuſpected you to be guilty of this Error.

Miſom. Error, do you ſay? Pray is not the moſt natural Indication for Drinking, Thirſt?

Phil. Yes; and ſo is Hunger for Eating, when People are in perfect Health; but when we are ſenſible that we are out of order, we ought not to truſt to the Call of Nature labouring under Diſeaſes, but rather to ſuſpect the Directions we receive from within. A Dropſy and Diabetes are two different Diſtempers, that in many reſpects ſeem to be quite oppoſite to one another; yet Thirſt is a common Symptom in both, that is never abſent, when either of them is afflicting to any conſiderable degree; and

Expe-

Experience teaches us, that the more People indulge the Inclination they have to drink, the more they increaſe their Thirſt as well as their Diſtemper.

Miſom. In violent Fevers the Patients are likewiſe thirſty, yet there you preſcribe diluting, and let them drink as much as they pleaſe.

Phil. Thirſt, when it is permanent and the Symptom of a Diſeaſe, ſeems to me to be a ſign, that the globular, the oily Part of the Blood, in which the Principle of our natural Heat is contain'd, is predominant; and that there is not a ſufficient Quantity of watry ſerous Particles in its Maſs. Now whether the *Serum* is too precipitately caſt upon the Kidnies, and voided by Urine, as in a Diabetes; or that it is every where drain'd from the Maſs of Blood and thrown upon the Muſcles, or in the Cavities of the Body, as it is in Dropſies; it is certain, that in both theſe Diſtempers the ſerous part of the Blood is ſeparated from the globular to Exceſs, which is the Cauſe of Thirſt.

Miſom. But I thought, that what diſpoſed People to be dropſical, generally ſpeaking, was the Blood's being poor; that is, when the Quantity of *Serum* exceeds in proportion the globular Balſamick Part.

Phil. That's true; but dropſical People never come to be thirſty before it is viſible, that that copious and abounding *Serum* is ſeparated from the Blood, and got out of its Veſſels in great Quantity.

Miſom. I can't diſpute that with you: But ſince permanent, ſymptomatick Thirſt always proceeds from the ſame Cauſe, Why is Drinking indulg'd in a Fever, and not in a Dropſy or a Diabetes?

Phil. In moſt Fevers that are violent, the globular Part of the Blood is ſuperior in Quantity to the ſerous: this occaſions the great Heat of the Body; and as Heat conſumes Moiſture, ſo drinking of innocent Liquors ſupplies the Loſs of the watry ſerous Particles that continually exhale and evaporate; and the Subſtance of the Blood-Veſſels being tight and firm, the Maſs of Blood is actually diluted and cooled by drinking: And this is the reaſon that ſo many Fevers are cured by nothing elſe but ſeaſonable Bleeding, and the copious drinking of innocent Liquors. But in a Dropſy or Diabetes, whatever Liquors are pour'd down, they make no Stay in the Veſſels; and whether the Fault lies in the Tone and want of Springineſs of the Fibres of them, or in the Quality of the *Serum* it ſelf, whatever is carried to the Blood parts from it again immediately. It is like throwing Water into a Sieve: therefore drinking can do

do no good; and as moſt ſmall Liquors are apt to encreaſe the Flabbineſs and Laxity of the Parts, it can only ſerve to feed the Diſtemper.

Miſom. I am anſwer'd, and beg Pardon for having interrupted you. Pray what was it you would have inferr'd from the Thirſt which is obſervable in the Dropſy and Diabetes?

Phil. You ask'd me, you know, Whether Thirſt was not the moſt natural Indication for drinking? In anſwering which, I thought it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh between the Call of Nature, and the Call of a Diſtemper: For that Reaſon I mentioned the Thirſt, which is a common Symptom in both thoſe Diſtempers; to demonſtrate that in ſome Caſes Drinking is hurtful, and unadviſeable, tho' Men are thirſty. And now I leave it to your Conſideration, Whether it is not probable that, in other Caſes, the Stomach may want Liquids, tho' Men feel no Directions from within to crave them. A Perſon who eats Meat, and (including his Bread) takes eight or nine Ounces of ſolid Food, ought to drink at leaſt a Pint of Liquor to dilute it; and if he eats more, he ought to drink more in proportion; unleſs he plainly feels that it is offenſive to him: For it is impoſſible to lay down a Rule that ſhall ſuit all Conſtitutions. That every body ought to

conſult his Stomach, is to be underſtood of People in tolerable Health, and ſuch will crave Liquids as naturally, as they will more ſolid Food: Therefore the Loſs of Appetite, either in Drinkables or Eatables, is as much a Sign of Diſorder in the animal Oeconomy, as exceſſive Thirſt or a (*a*) *Fames canina*. The bodily Conſcience is as liable to be miſ-guided as the ſpiritual. In Caſes to all appearance deſperate, where the Patients loathing all manner of Suſtenance, for Weeks together, had all along been fed againſt their Inclination, and often by Force, I have known them recover contrary to the expectation of experienc'd Phyſicians; when at the ſame time it was evident, that without ſome Food or other, Nature could never have been ſupported for ſuch a length of Time, as their Inappetency had laſted.

Miſom. Let us return to our Subject. You was ſpeaking of Wine, and the innumerable Miſchiefs which it creates to Mankind. Among the Irregularities of my Youth which I hinted to you, Drinking was none of the leaſt: The Pleaſure I took in it was kept up and heighten'd by two things; the firſt was, that no Liquor nor any Quantity of it ever injur'd my Health, as I thought; and whatever I drank I was always well again,

(*a*) *Voraciouſneſs.* A Diſtemper.

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as ſoon as I had ſlept and was ſober: The other was, that among the (*a*) *Calicum Remiges* I met with Men of Taſte and polite Learning. Nothing was more common among us in our Cups, as we ſate (*b*) *Cothoniſantes*, than to hear the Words (*c*) *Epiſchytizare*, and (*d*) *Maſchalam tollere*, and we had *Greek* and *Latin* Phraſes for every thing that related to Drinking. This I was highly delighted with. But as ſoon as I had left my looſe Company I loſt the Inclination I had for the Bottle; and I have no reaſon now to fear the Return of it. What, I believe, I told you, that I had ſeldom drank to Exceſs ſince I have been married, is very true. In the Beginning indeed of my Diſtemper, when I was firſt ſeized with Melancholy Thoughts, I have ſometimes taken Sanctuary in a large Doſe of Claret to eaſe me; but there is no Pleaſure, (*e*) *ubi culpam pœna premit comes*: I never had any Relief from it, without a greater Puniſhment upon the Heels of it: It has laid my Pains, appeas'd my Soul, made me forget my Sorrows, and fancy over-night, that all my Afflictions had left me; but the next Morning, before the Strength of the Charm

(*a*) *A Phraſe uſed proverbially for Topers,* Great Drinkers. (*b*) *Toſſing the Bottle about.* (*c*) *A Verb proverbially uſed for hard Drinking.* (d) *A Phraſe of the ſame Signification.* (*e*) *Where the Puniſhment accompanies the Crime.* Horace.

has been quite worn off, they have in Crowds return'd upon me with a Vengeance, and my ſelf paid dearly for the deceitful Cure. 'Tis unſpeakable in what Confuſion of Horror, Guilt, Fear, and Repentance I have wak'd, in what depth of Grief, Anguiſh, and Miſery my Spirits have been ſunk, or how forlorn and deſtitute of all Hopes and Comforts I have ſometimes thought my ſelf after the Uſe of this fallacious Remedy.

If hard Drinking has the ſame Effect upon all *Hypochondriaci*, as it had upon me, it will ſoon either deſtroy them, or cure them of Intemperance; the Conſequences of which are the ſame to me as the worſt Symptoms of the Diſtemper, and conſequently equally dreadful; tho' I confeſs, that if the Benefit, which it is in my Power to receive from Wine, could be made as durable and laſting, as I might be ſure of enjoying it for a ſhort Time, and the Spirits of it as fix'd and permanent, as I know that they would certainly ſupply the Deficiency of my own, whilſt they ſhould be mix'd with them; I would deſire no better Cure, than what my Cellar could help me to.

Phil. Wine has wrought miraculous Cures in abundance of deſperate Caſes, (of which many were Hyſterick) and is without doubt, when

when in Perfection, the higheſt Cordial, and greateſt Reſtorative to the Spirits, that God hitherto has communicated to Mankind; but it is only ſo to thoſe, that are unacquainted with, or at leaſt make no conſtant Practice of uſing it: Upon us that either out of Luxury, Pride, or a fooliſh Cuſtom have brought our ſelves to drink it daily, and made it Part of our Diet, its Medicinal Virtue, at leaſt the greateſt Efficacy of it, is loſt.

Miſom. Can there be any hurt in uſing it ſo moderately as I do?

Phil. No other; than that by making it familiar to your Body, you deprive your ſelf of the greateſt Remedy in the World, whenever you ſtand in need of it. I know that moſt People in plentiful Circumſtances would laugh at a Man, that ſhould adviſe them now and then to forbear Wine for a Fortnight or longer, when they are in perfect Health; but if they underſtood the real Advantages accruing from ſo eaſy a Practice, the greateſt of the Nation would take it into Conſideration. For, beſides that thoſe, who have uſed their Bodies to this Change, may often drink a large Bottle without the leaſt Hurt to their Conſtitution, and ſoon redreſs the Injuries of a Debauch; they are never debarr'd from the Benefit, which in many Caſes Wine can give; nor liable to the

the ill Conſequences of any occaſional Abſtinence from it: Whereas they that have accuſtomed themſelves to drink two or three Glaſſes at Dinner, and as many at Supper conſtantly, receive no manner of good from it, and endanger their Health when they leave it off; ſo that they oblige themſelves to follow a Courſe, of which the Continuance can be of no Profit, and the Neglect will prove prejudicial; which is the ſame thing as entring into Bond without the leaſt Conſideration.

Whatever Medicines operate inſenſibly ought to be continued for a great while; but it is quite contrary with thoſe that make a viſible Alteration in the Body: Wine is without doubt of the latter.

Miſom. Yet in the Quantity I take it, I am never ſenſible of any Operation of it.

Phil. This is no Fault of the Medicine; but a certain Sign, that you either have made it too familiar to your Conſtitution, or elſe miſtake the Doſe; an Errror very common in Phyſick, even among Men of Skill, of which I ſhall be glad to talk with you more amply at another time.

Miſom. I have indeed detain'd you unreaſonably: And I am going now to take my ſtomachick Tincture, of which and every thing that does me good I ſhall claim the Receipt according to your Promiſe; but

but pray, ſince you are ſo communicative, why are you ſo ſcrupulous to ſay what they are before-hand?

Phil. Becauſe I have obſerved, that when People, who have found many Medicines ineffectual, meet with any Ingredients in a Preſcription, that are either the ſame with, or in their Opinion leſs efficacious, than what they have already try'd to no purpoſe, they often take up a Prejudice againſt the whole Compoſition. This ought to be prevented in all Diſtempers, but more eſpecially thoſe, in which the Fancy has ſo great a Share, and the leaſt Trifle is of moment. I am not only careful of the *Idioſyncraſis*, but likewiſe ſtrive to fall in with the very Humours and Inclinations of my Patients: As for Example, as ſoon as I heard you was a Man of Learning, and lov'd Quotations from Claſſick Authors, I anſwer'd you in your own Dialect, and often ſtrain'd myſelf to imitate, what in you is natural: I would not have talk'd ſo to a modiſhly ignorant Courtier, that would call it perhaps Pedantick.

In Diſeaſes of the Spirits, where no Violence is to be uſed, every thing that can help ought to be call'd to our Aſſiſtance; upon which Head I could ſay abundance, if my Time would permit me; but to explain my Meaning as ſhortly as poſſible, I

ſhall, with your Leave, read a few Lines to you of the late ingenious Author before you; who certainly look'd more narrowly into the Nature of what we talk of than any I ever met with: After which I ſhall beg to be diſmiſs'd. *This is a Diſtemper*, ſays he, *pag.* 142. (ſpeaking of the *Hypochondriacal*) *which will not drive, as we ſay, but if kindly treated will lead; that is, will not be expelled by Purging, Bleeding, Sweating, or the like; but muſt be treated by more gentle and leiſurely Methods; 'tis a Diſtemper of the Spirits and the Veſſels which immediately convey them; and therefore thoſe Means, by which they are more immediately affected, are the moſt likely to prove beneficial. Here it is, if ever ſtrictly true, that a little Matter gives the Turn; but then that little Matter muſt be equally applied; we muſt give an equal Lift to all the Parts of the Oeconomy at the ſame time.*

Miſom. This indeed jumps exactly with your Practice, and might ſerve to ſtrengthen my Confidence in you; if what you have ſaid your ſelf before had been leſs ſatisfactory: But without the Concurrence of the Opinion of any other, I am fully convinced that your Method of managing the Diſtempers we have treated of, is moſt rational, and think my ſelf extremely obliged to you for the Patience and good Humour you

have

have ſhew'd, not only in ſolving and anſwering the many Doubts I have ſtarted, and Objections I have made; but likewiſe in bearing with all my diffuſive Talk, and impertinent Digreſſions.

Phil. To over-pay a Man firſt, and thank him afterwards, I know is the Height of Civility; in return of which, as I am, (*a*) *Vitio gentiſque meoque*, an utter Stranger to Compliments, and yet willing to ſhew you how well I am pleas'd with my Afternoon's Work, in regard as well of your entertaining Company, as ſplendid Reward, I ſhall only ſay in *Ovid*'s Words,

(*b*) *Eveniant medii ſic mihi ſæpe dies!*

Miſom. By your Means, I believe, I ſhall be brought at laſt to forſake a Remedy, that to my Fancy has hitherto always reliev'd me.

Phil. What is that? Wine?

Miſom. No: It is what no Phyſician ever preſcrib'd to his Patient, at leaſt not heartily —— (*c*) *Non audeo eloqui. Divina.*

Phil. (*d*) *Non mea eſt Divinatio; Philopirio ſum, non Oedipus.* (*e*) *Eſtne quid obſcœni?*

(*a*) *Through a Fault both of my Country and my own.* Ovid. (*b*) *May I often have ſuch Afternoons!* (*c*) *I dare not ſpeak it out. Gueſs.* (*d*) *Divination is not my Buſineſs. I am* Philopirio, *not* Oedipus. This latter is an Alluſion to a Paſſage in *Terence.* (*e*) *Is it ſomething that is ſmutty?*

Miſom.

Miſom. (*a*) *Nihil minus, attamen fateri pudet: dicam in aurem.*

Phil. (*b*) *Vetus hoc eſt:* Novo Medico *gaudent omnes Hypochondriaci: ſed quod remedium credis flagitare ſymptoma morbi eſt.*

Miſom. (*c*) *Ergo tuum eſt tollere; quâ in re quæſo ut advigiles.*

Phil. (*d*) *Deſine: Præſcriptiones noſtræ hoc tibi cum cæteris effectum dabunt, & ſi faveant conatibus ſuperi, neque ipſe tibi deſis, propediem pancratice valebis.*

(*a*) *Nothing leſs, yet I am aſhamed to own it: I'll whiſper it to you.* (*b*) *That's old. All Hypochondriacal People are delighted with a new Phyſician. But to long for what you take to be a Remedy, is a Symptom of the Diſeaſe.* (*c*) *Therefore it is your Buſineſs to remove it: In which Affair I deſire you to take great Care.* (*d*) *Say no more. My Preſcriptions will among others have this Effect; and with the Bleſſing of God and your own Endeavours, you'll be well and luſty in a little Time.*

FINIS.

